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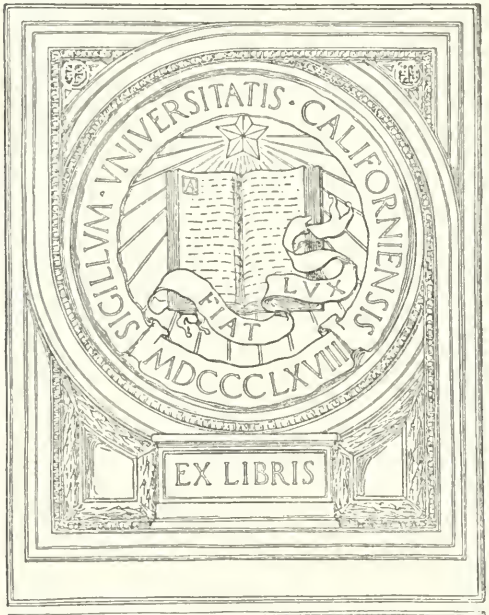

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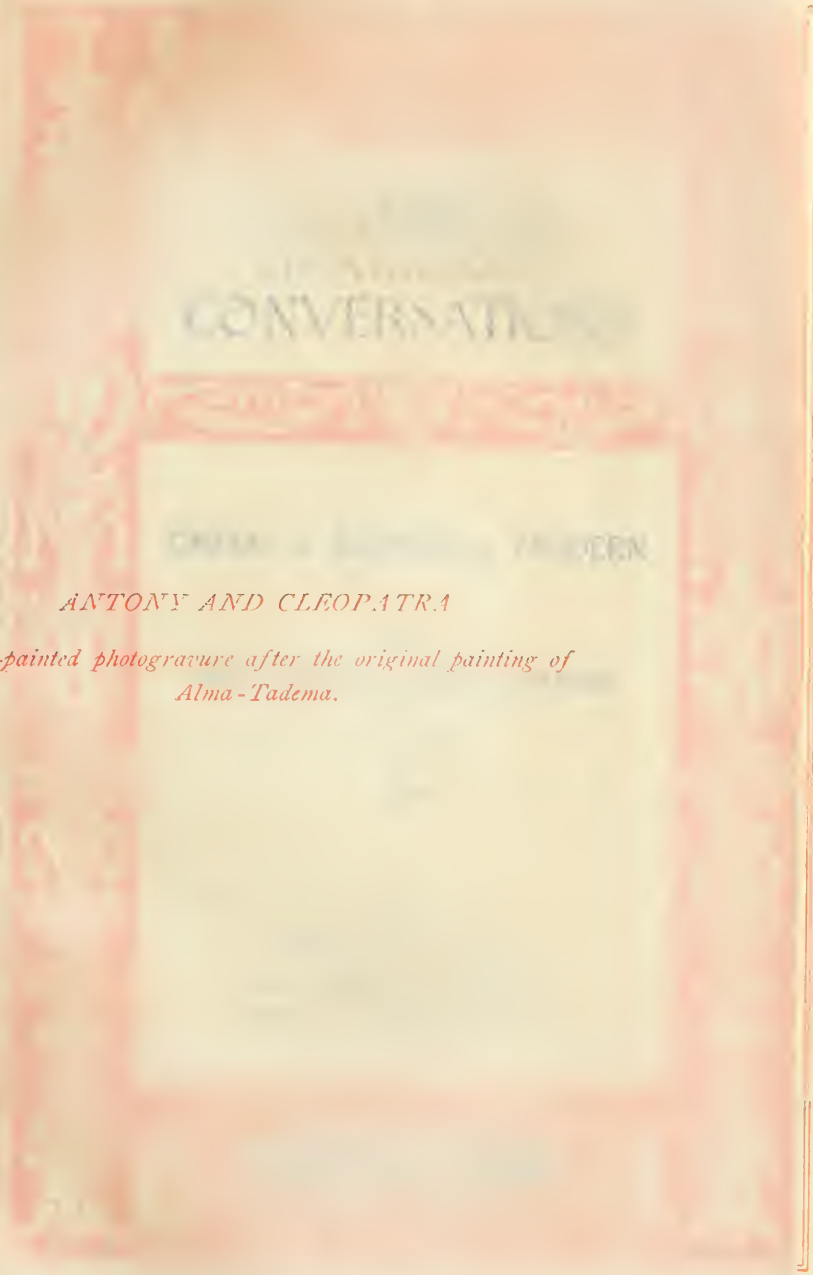

*ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA*

*Hand-painted photogravure after the original painting of Alma-Tadema.*

# CLASSICAL
## (IMAGINARY)
# CONVERSATIONS

GREEK ⊹ ROMAN ⊹ MODERN

BY

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

1148

£2

WITH

SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY

G. MERCER ADAM

"History of Canadian Literature," etc.

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# ILLUSTRATIONS

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA . . . . . *Frontispiece*

Hand-painted photogravure after the painting by Alma Tadema

VIRGIL AND HORACE . . . . . 255

Photogravure after the painting by C. Jalabert

# SPECIAL INTRODUCTION

1148

THE statement will hardly be challenged that the general reader knows almost nothing of the career and work of Walter Savage Landor. Even the student of literature, unless he is specially well read and himself a classicist, is apt to know little of the author of "Count Julian," "Gebir," and the "Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen" and his rare devotion to the Roman Muse. Nevertheless, he was in many respects a remarkable figure in the literary life and activities of his age, an unrivalled prose writer, and a poet of the motherland of many and great gifts, of whom so high an authority as Swinburne affirms that "he has won for himself such a double crown of glory in verse and in prose as has been won by no other Englishman but Milton." The eulogy may seem extravagant; but it comes from one who can well appreciate the rare craftsmanship of a fellow poet and man of letters, for Landor, whatever he lacked in imagination, had an incomparable literary style and did much fine creative work, however wanting it was in continuity, in unifying power, and in the qualities that inflame, inspire, and abide in the human heart. With all his defects, which, however, are mainly those of character and temperament, Landor is nevertheless worthy of high honor, and his genius should win for him a more exalted place in the annals of letters. What a new century may do for him and his reputation, it would be idle to speculate upon. Hitherto he has sung but to "the few and fit," and with all his accomplishments he has, in great measure, failed to win the ear of the world, or to be known save, for the most part, through anthologies and treasuries of choice prose. And yet Landor, we recall, was, in his own day, not unaware that his writings were a sealed book to the multitude, and that he

sang but to a small though select circle. This, however, did not distress him, as it might have distressed a vain, or a poor, man, dependent for his bread upon popular applause; for he remained cheerful through all discouragements, and to the close of his long and laborious life was proudly content and confidently satisfied with himself and his achievements, as the following quatrain of his felicitously shows:

> "I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
> Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art;
> I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
> It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

To understand Landor's work, one must know something of the poet's history and mental characteristics. Though, like most Greek and Roman writers, after whom he patterned himself, little of Landor's personality is to be gleaned from his writings — he was nevertheless an Englishman of a robust, independent, and even radical, type. Born in 1775 of good sound parentage, he inherited a sturdy physical frame, with a fondness for outdoor life which contributed to health and mental vigor, and kept him vigorous till his death in 1864.

Dowered with wealth, he received, also, an excellent college education, which his incorrigible schoolboy moods and untutored habits somewhat shortened, though not before he could write English prose with remarkable force and fluency, and give vent to his impatience with college Dons in strong, scurrilous, and sometimes in defamatory, Latin verse. When he left Oxford, he had the reputation of being an extraordinarily good classic, besides acquiring fame by his Oriental effusion, "Gebir," and by the publication of a miscellaneous collection of verse. His father dying early, he came into the possession of large estates, which he erratically mismanaged, and soon after selling them set out, in 1808, for Spain, then invaded by Bonaparte. There he raised and equipped at his own expense a body of troops, designing to take the field with them against the arch-enemy of his country; but being piqued at some slight offense he threw aside his patriotic enthusiasm and speedily returned to England. Of two follies he was guilty soon after his return to

his native shores, one of these was the sinking of a large sum of money in an ambitious estate in Wales; the other was his hasty and ill-assorted marriage with a maiden in her teens, sixteen years younger than himself. Meanwhile his pen had been hard at work, and its product at this time was the fruit of his chivalrous expedition to Spain — the lofty tragedy entitled "Count Julian." This dramatic poem deals with sombre incidents in early Spanish history: It did little, however, to enhance Landor's fame, even when its authorship was avowed, though like all the author's work, it has many magnificent passages, but which were entirely unsuited for the stage.

"Count Julian" was followed by a collection of Latin poems, and by the initial series of the delightful "Imaginary Conversations," which, with his prose-poem, "Pericles and Aspasia" — constitute his chief claim to immortality. The epistolary form of "Pericles and Aspasia," though dealing with an attractive Greek theme, is apt to repel the ordinary reader; but in spite of the dialogue method and its occasional heavy disquisitions, its artistic beauty and its felicitous setting, of glorious English prose, ought to win for it many and ever-recurring readers. The vast range and variety of subjects treated of in the "Imaginary Conversations" must make this extensive instalment of Landor's creative work of high value, at least to the historical and literary student. Here he pours out, in copious streams, the riches of his intellectual stores, with the added gifts of fine reflective thought, rare powers of character-drawing, and an abundance of discursive talk. The affluence of thought and ideas throughout these volumes of conversations and monologues cannot fail to strike the most careless reader. The series is a treasure-house of apothegms and axioms, and though the author's ideas are often disconnected and the plan of his work lacking in any definite scheme or purpose, its interest is great, and one meets repeatedly with passages of striking, felicitous, and often noble beauty. Besides the culture manifest in these writings and the evidences, on almost every page, of a marvellously wide and choice range of reading, one is struck also by their author's phenomenal power of character-sketching and the dramatic interest of much

of the matter; while the volumes are here and there lit up by some piece of pungent satire and by frequent overflows of wit and humor.

While these "Imaginary Conversations" were being penned, Landor, it should be said, was a resident of Italy, for there the poet delighted to find his home, the landed gentleman of Wales being a rôle which, were he less erratic than he was, he could not content himself with filling. At Florence, therefore, he pitched his tent, and there he chiefly abode, industriously writing to a green old age, with occasional interruptions and distractions incident to his stormy domestic life. Here were written, besides more of his poems, and their finely-finished Latin versions, with some translations from the Arabic and Persian, "The Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare"; "The Pentameron"; "Pericles and Aspasia"; two series of "Hellenics," a collection of "Heroic Idyls," and in his later years "The Last Fruit of an Old Tree," "Dry Sticks Fagoted by W. S. Landor," and further volumes of the "Imaginary Conversations." This immense and varied body of literature, the toil of a high, heroic, and at times seraphic soul, alas, met with no wider audience than that of a small circle of learned scholars, *littérateurs*, and immediate friends. Nor did his artistic verse attract — not even the gem-like quatrains and idyls, with all their finished beauty; for Landor, as it has been said, like the maiden in the fairy tale, could not speak without now and then dropping pearls and diamonds. But authorcraft is full of similar instances of depreciation and neglect; and Landor, as we have already remarked, was little affected by the lack of popular applause. In this respect he fared no worse than did Coleridge, De Quincey, and others of his scholarly and industrious contemporaries. One chief reason of this is that Landor, by his training and tastes, did not address a popular audience; and like the classical writers, as we have hinted, failed to put his personality into his work. With all his exquisite gifts as a writer, he rarely touches the heart, his appeals being chiefly to the artistic, rather than to the poetic, sense. He is, moreover, lacking in passion, and is too highly and serenely intellectual to be eloquent and appealingly, burningly, intense.

Only to the few choice minds, who can appreciate his wondrous intellect, the power and majesty of his sonorous prose, and the grace and melody of his idyllic verse, does he effectively appeal; though he wrote for far more than such, including the patriot and man of action, as well as the idealist and the idle, desultory reader.

G. Mercer Adam.

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# CLASSICAL CONVERSATIONS

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## GREEK

## ACHILLES AND HELENA

*HELENA.* Where am I? Desert me not, O ye blessed from above! ye twain who brought me hither! Was it a dream?

Stranger! thou seemest thoughtful; couldst thou answer me? Why so silent? I beseech and implore thee, speak.

*Achilles.* Neither thy feet nor the feet of mules have borne thee where thou standest. Whether in the hour of departing sleep, or at what hour of the morning, I know not, O Helena! but Aphroditè and Thetis, inclining to my prayer, have, as thou art conscious, led thee into these solitudes. To me also have they shown the way, that I might behold the pride of Sparta, the marvel of the earth, and — how my heart swells and agonizes at the thought! — the cause of innumerable woes to Hellas.

*Helena.* Stranger! thou art indeed one whom the goddesses or gods might lead, and glory in; such is thy stature, thy voice, and thy demeanor; but who, if earthly, art thou?

*Achilles.* Before thee, O Helena! stands Achilles, son of Peleus. Tremble not, turn not pale, bend not thy knees, O Helena!

*Helena.* Spare me, thou goddess-born! thou cherished and only son of silver-footed Thetis! Chryseïs and Briseïs, ought to soften and content thy heart. Lead not me also into captivity. Woes too surely have I brought down on Hellas; but woes have been mine alike, and will for ever be.

*Achilles.* Daughter of Zeus! what word hast thou spoken! Chryseïs, child of the aged priest who performs in this land due sacrifices to Apollo, fell to the lot of another; an insolent and unworthy man, who hath already brought more sorrows upon our people than thou hast; so

that dogs and vultures prey on the brave who sank without a wound. Briseïs is indeed mine; the lovely and dutiful Briseïs. He, unjust and contumelious, proud at once and base, would tear her from me. But, gods above! in what region has the wolf with impunity dared to seize upon the kid which the lion hath taken?

Talk not of being led into servitude. Could mortal be guilty of such impiety? Hath it never thundered on these mountain heads? Doth Zeus, the wide-seeing, see all the earth but Ida? doth he watch over all but his own? Capaneus and Typhöeus less offended him, than would the wretch whose grasp should violate the golden hair of Helena. And dost thou still tremble? irresolute and distrustful!

*Helena.* I must tremble; and more and more.

*Achilles.* Take my hand: be confident; be comforted.

*Helena.* May I take it? may I hold it? I am comforted.

*Achilles.* The scene around us, calm and silent as the sky itself, tranquillizes thee; and so it ought. Turnest thou to survey it? perhaps it is unknown to thee.

*Helena.* Truly; for since my arrival I have never gone beyond the walls of the city.

*Achilles.* Look then around thee freely, perplexed no longer. Pleasant is this level eminence, surrounded by broom and myrtle, and crisp-leaved beech and broad dark pine above. Pleasant the short slender grass, bent by insects as they alight on it or climb along it, and shining up into our eyes, interrupted by tall sisterhoods of gray lavender, and by dark-eyed cistus, and by lightsome citisus, and by little troops of serpolet running in disorder here and there.

*Helena.* Wonderful! how didst thou ever learn to name so many plants?

*Achilles.* Chiron taught me them, when I walked at his side while he was culling herbs for the benefit of his brethren. All these he taught me, and at least twenty more; for wondrous was his wisdom, boundless his knowledge, and I was proud to learn.

Ah, look again! look at those little yellow poppies; they appear to be just come out to catch all that the sun will

throw into their cups; they appear in their joyance and incipient dance to call upon the lyre to sing among them.

*Helena.* Childish! for one with such a spear against his shoulder; terrific even its shadow: it seems to make a chasm across the plain.

*Achilles.* To talk or to think like a child is not always a proof of folly: it may sometimes push aside heavy griefs where the strength of wisdom fails. What art thou pondering, Helena?

*Helena.* Recollecting the names of the plants. Several of them I do believe I had heard before, but had quite forgotten; my memory will be better now.

*Achilles.* Better now? in the midst of war and tumult?

*Helena.* I am sure it will be, for didst thou not say that Chiron taught them?

*Achilles.* He sang to me over the lyre the lives of Narcissus and Hyacynthus, brought back by the beautiful Hours, of silent unwearied feet, regular as the stars in their courses. Many of the trees and bright-eyed flowers once lived and moved, and spoke as we are speaking. They may yet have memories, although they have cares no longer.

*Helena.* Ah! then they have no memories; and they see their own beauty only.

*Achilles.* Helena! thou turnest pale, and droopest.

*Helena.* The odor of the blossoms, or of the gums, or the height of the place, or something else, makes me dizzy. Can it be the wind in my ears?

*Achilles.* There is none.

*Helena.* I could wish there were a little.

*Achilles.* Be seated, O Helena!

*Helena.* The feeble are obedient; the weary may rest even in the presence of the powerful.

*Achilles.* On this very ground where we are now reposing, they who conducted us hither told me, the fatal prize of beauty was awarded. One of them smiled; the other, whom in duty I loved the most, looked anxious, and let fall some tears.

*Helena.* Yet she was not one of the vanquished.

*Achilles.* Goddesses contended for it; Helena was afar.

*Helena.* Fatal was the decision of the arbiter!

But could not the venerable Peleus, nor Pyrrhus the infant so beautiful and so helpless, detain thee, O Achilles, from this sad, sad war?

*Achilles.* No reverence or kindness for the race of Atreus brought me against Troy: I detest and abhor both brothers; but another man is more hateful to me still. Forbear we to name him. The valiant, holding the hearth as sacred as the temple, is never a violator of hospitality. He carries not away the gold he finds in the house; he folds not up the purple linen worked for solemnities, about to convey it from the cedar chest to the dark ship, together with the wife confided to his protection in her husband's absence, and sitting close and expectant by the altar of the gods.

It was no merit in Menelaüs to love thee; it was a crime in another — I will not say to love, for even Priam or Nestor might love thee — but to avow it, and act on the avowal.

*Helena.* Menelaüs, it is true, was fond of me, when Paris was sent by Aphroditè to our house. It would have been very wrong to break my vow to Menelaüs; but Aphroditè urged me by day and by night, telling me that to make her break hers to Paris would be quite inexpiable. She told Paris the same thing at the same hour; and as often. He repeated it to me every morning: his dreams tallied with mine exactly. At last —

*Achilles.* The last is not yet come. Helena, by the Immortals! if ever I meet him in battle I transfix him with this spear.

*Helena.* Pray do not. Aphroditè would be angry and never forgive thee.

*Achilles.* I am not sure of that; she soon pardons. Variable as Iris, one day she favors and the next day she forsakes.

*Helena.* She may then forsake ME.

*Achilles.* Other deities, O Helena, watch over and protect thee. Thy two brave brothers are with those deities now, and never are absent from their higher festivals.

*Helena.* They could protect me were they living, and they would. Oh that thou couldst but have seen them!

*Achilles.* Companions of my father on the borders of the Phasis, they became his guests before they went all three to hunt the boar in the brakes of Kalydon. Thence too the beauty of a woman brought many sorrows into brave men's breasts, and caused many tears to hang long and heavily on the eyelashes of matrons.

*Helena.* Horrible creatures! — boars I mean.

Didst thou indeed see my brothers at that season? Yes, certainly.

*Achilles.* I saw them not, desirous though I always was of seeing them, that I might have learned from them and might have practised with them, whatever is laudable and manly. But my father, fearing my impetuosity, as he said, and my inexperience, sent me away. Soothsayers had foretold some mischief to me from an arrow: and among the brakes many arrows might fly wide, glancing from trees.

*Helena.* I wish thou hadst seen them, were it only once. Three such youths together the blessed sun will never shine upon again.

O my sweet brothers! how they tended me! how they loved me! how often they wished me to mount their horses and to hurl their javelins! They could only teach me to swim with them; and when I had well learned it I was more afraid than at first. It gratified me to be praised for anything but swimming.

Happy, happy hours! soon over! Does happiness always go away before beauty? It must go then; surely it might stay that little while. Alas! dear Kastor! and dearer Polydeukès! often shall I think of you as ye were (and oh! as I was) on the banks of the Eurotas.

Brave, noble creatures! they were as tall, as terrible, and almost as beautiful, as thou art. Be not wroth! Blush no more for me!

*Achilles.* Helena! Helena! wife of Menelaüs! my mother is reported to have left about me only one place vulnerable: I have at last found where it is. Farewell!

*Helena.* Oh leave me not! Earnestly I entreat and implore thee, leave me not alone! These solitudes are terrible: there must be wild beasts among them; there certainly are Fauns and Satyrs. And there is Cybèlè, who carries

towers and temples on her head; who hates and abhors Aphroditè, who persecutes those SHE favors, and whose priests are so cruel as to be cruel even to themselves.

*Achilles.* According to their promise, the goddesses who brought thee hither in a cloud will in a cloud reconduct thee, safely and unseen, into the city.

Again, O daughter of Leda and of Zeus, farewell!

## ÆSOP AND RHODOPÈ

*ÆSOP.* Albeit thou approachest me without any sign of derision, let me tell thee before thou advancest a step nearer, that I deem thee more hard-hearted than the most petulant of those other young persons, who are pointing and sneering from the doorway.

*Rhodopè.* Let them continue to point and sneer at me: they are happy; so am I: but are you? Think me hard-hearted, O good Phrygian! but graciously give me the reason for thinking it; otherwise I may be unable to correct a fault too long overlooked by me, or to deprecate a grave infliction of the gods.

*Æsop.* I thought thee so, my little maiden, because thou camest toward me without the least manifestation of curiosity.

*Rhodopè.* Is the absence of curiosity a defect?

*Æsop.* None whatever.

*Rhodopè.* Are we blamable in concealing it if we have it?

*Æsop.* Surely not. But it is feminine; and where none of it comes forward we may suspect that other feminine appurtenances, such as sympathy for example, are deficient. Curiosity slips in among you before the passions are awake; curiosity comforts your earliest cries; curiosity intercepts your latest. For which reason Dædalus, who not only sculptured but painted admirably, represents her in the vestibule of the Cretan labyrinth as a goddess.

*Rhodopè* What was she like?

*Æsop.* There now! Like? Why, like Rhodopé.

*Rhodopè.* You said I have nothing of the kind.

*Æsop.* I soon discovered my mistake in this, and more than this, and not altogether to thy disadvantage.

*Rhodopè.* I am glad to hear it.

*Æsop.* Art thou? I will tell thee then how she was depicted; for I remember no author who has related it. Her lips were half open; her hair flew loosely behind her, designating that she was in haste: it was more disordered, and it was darker than the hair of Hope is represented, and somewhat less glossy. Her cheeks had a very fresh color, and her eyes looked into every eye that fell upon them; by her motion she seemed to be on her way into the labyrinth.

*Rhodopè.* Oh how I wish I could see such a picture!

*Æsop.* I do now.

*Rhodopè.* Where? where? Troublesome man! Are you always so mischievous? but your smile is not ill-natured. I cannot help thinking that the smiles of men are pleasanter and sweeter than of women; unless of the women who are rather old and decrepit, who seem to want help, and who perhaps are thinking that we girls are now the very images of what THEY were formerly. But girls never look at me so charmingly as you do, nor smile with such benignity; and yet, O Phrygian! there are several of them who really are much handsomer.

*Æsop.* Indeed? Is that so clear?

*Rhodopè.* Perhaps in the sight of the gods they may not be, who see all things as they are. But some of them appear to me to be very beautiful.

*Æsop.* Which are those?

*Rhodopè.* The very girls who think me the ugliest of them all. How strange!

*Æsop.* That they should think thee so?

*Rhodopè.* No, no! but that nearly all the most beautiful should be of this opinion; and the others should often come to look at me, apparently with delight, over each other's shoulder or under each other's arm, clinging to their girdle or holding by their sleeve and hanging a little back, as if there were something about me unsafe. They seem fearful regarding me; for here are many venomous things in this country, of which we have none at home.

*Æsop.* And some which we find all over the world. But thou art too talkative.

*Rhodopè.* Now indeed you correct me with great justice, and with great gentleness. I know not why I am so pleased to talk with you. But what you say to me is different from what others say: the thoughts, the words, the voice, the look, all different. And yet reproof is but little pleasant, especially to those who are unused to it.

*Æsop.* Why didst thou not spring forward and stare at me, having heard as the rest had done that I am unwillingly a slave, and indeed not over-willingly a deformed one?

*Rhodopè.* I would rather that neither of these misfortunes had befallen you.

*Æsop.* And yet within the year thou wilt rejoice that they have.

*Rhodopè.* If you truly thought so, you would not continue to look at me with such serenity. Tell me why you say it.

*Æsop.* Because by that time you will prefer me to the handsomest slave about the house.

*Rhodopè.* For shame! vain creature!

*Æsop.* By the provision of the gods, the under-sized and distorted are usually so. The cork of vanity buoys up their chins above all swimmers on the tide of life. But, Rhodopé, my vanity has not yet begun.

*Rhodopè.* How do you know that my name is Rhodopè?

*Æsop.* Were I malicious I would inform thee, and turn against thee the tables on the score of vanity.

*Rhodopè.* What can you mean?

*Æsop.* I mean to render thee happy in life, and glorious long after. Thou shalt be sought by the powerful, thou shalt be celebrated by the witty, and thou shalt be beloved by the generous and the wise. Xanthus may adorn the sacrifice, but the Immortal shall receive it from the altar.

*Rhodopè.* I am but fourteen years old, and Xanthus is married. Surely he would not rather love me than one to whose habits and endearments he has been accustomed for twenty years.

*Æsop.* It seems wonderful: but such things do happen.

*Rhodopè.* Not among us Thracians. I have seen in my childhood men older than Xanthus, who, against all remonstrances and many struggles, have fondled and kissed, before near relatives, wives of the same age, proud of exhibiting the honorable love they bore toward them: yet in the very next room, the very same day, scarcely would they press to their bosoms while you could (rather slowly) count twenty, nor kiss for half the time, beautiful young maidens, who, casting down their eyes, never stirred, and only said "DON'T! DON'T!"

*Æsop.* What a rigid morality is the Thracian! How courageous the elderly! and how enduring the youthful!

*Rhodopè.* Here in Egypt we are nearer to strange creatures; to men without heads, to others who ride on dragons.

*Æsop.* Stop there, little Rhodopè! in all countries we live among strange creatures. However, there are none such in the world as thou hast been told of since thou camest hither.

*Rhodopè.* Oh yes there are! You must not begin by shaking my belief, and by making me know less than others of my age. They all talk of them; nay, some creatures not by any means prettier are worshiped here as deities: I have seen them with my own eyes. I wonder that you above all others should deny the existence of prodigies.

*Æsop.* Why dost thou wonder at it particularly in me?

*Rhodopè.* Because when you were brought hither yesterday, and when several of my fellow maidens came around you, questioning you about the manners and customs of your country, you began to tell them stories of beasts who spoke, and spoke reasonably.

*Æsop.* They are almost the only people of my acquaintance who do.

*Rhodopè.* And you call them by the name of PEOPLE?

*Æsop.* For want of a nobler and a better. Didst thou hear related what I had been saying?

*Rhodopè.* Yes, every word, and perhaps more.

*Æsop.* Certainly more; for my audience was of females. But canst thou repeat any portion of the narrative?

*Rhodopè.* They began by asking you whether all the men in Phrygia were like yourself.

*Æsop.* Art thou quite certain that this was the real expression they used? Come: no blushes. Do not turn round.

*Rhodopè.* It had entirely that meaning.

*Æsop.* Did they not inquire if all Phrygians were such horrible monsters as the one before them?

*Rhodopè.* O heaven and earth! this man is surely omniscient. Kind guest! do not hurt them for it. Deign to repeat to me, if it is not too troublesome, what you said about the talking beasts.

*Æsop.* The innocent girls asked me many questions, or rather half questions; for never was one finished before another from the same or from a different quarter was begun.

*Rhodopè.* This is uncivil: I would never have interrupted you.

*Æsop.* Pray tell me why all that courtesy.

*Rhodopè.* For fear of losing a little of what you were about to say, or of receiving it somewhat changed. We never say the same thing in the same manner when we have been interrupted. Beside, there are many who are displeased at it; and if you had been, it would have shamed and vexed me.

*Æsop.* Art thou vexed so easily?

*Rhodopè.* When I am ashamed I am. I shall be jealous if you are kinder to the others than to me, and if you refuse to tell me the story you told them yesterday.

*Æsop.* I have never yet made any one jealous; and I will not begin to try my talent on little Rhodopè.

They asked me who governs Phrygia at present. I replied that the Phrygians had just placed themselves under the dominion of a sleek and quiet animal, half fox, half ass, named Alopiconos. At one time he seems fox almost entirely; at another, almost entirely ass.

*Rhodopè.* And can he speak?

*Æsop.* Few better.

*Rhodopè.* Are the Phrygians contented with him?

*Æsop.* They who raised him to power and authority rub their hands rapturously; nevertheless, I have heard several of the principal ones, in the very act of doing it,

breathe out from closed teeth, "THE CURSED FOX!" and others, "THE CURSED ASS!"

*Rhodopè.* What has he done?

*Æsop.* He has made the nation the happiest in the world, they tell us.

*Rhodopè.* How?

*Æsop.* By imposing a heavy tax on the necessaries of life, and thus making it quite independent.

*Rhodopè.* O Æsop! I am ignorant of politics, as of everything else. We Thracians are near Phrygia; our kings, I believe, have not conquered it: what others have?

*Æsop.* None: but the independence which Alopiconos has conferred upon it is conferred by hindering the corn of other lands, more fertile and less populous, from entering it, until so many of the inhabitants have died of famine and disease, that there will be imported just enough for the remainder.

*Rhodopè.* Holy Jupiter! protect my country! and keep forever its asses and its foxes wider apart!

Tell me more. You know many things that have happened in the world. Beside the strange choice you just related, what is the most memorable thing that has occurred in Phrygia since the Trojan war?

*Æsop.* An event more memorable preceded it; but nothing since will appear to thee so extraordinary.

*Rhodopè.* Then tell me only that.

*Æsop.* It will interest thee less, but the effect is more durable than of the other. Soon after the dethronement of Saturn, with certain preliminary ceremonies, by his eldest son Jupiter, who thus became the legitimate king of gods and men, the lower parts of nature on our earth were likewise much affected. At this season the water in all the rivers of Phrygia was running low, but quietly, so that the bottom was visible in many places, and grew tepid and warm and even hot in some. At last it became agitated and excited; and loud bubbles rose up from it, audible to the ears of Jupiter, declaring that it had an indefeasible right to exercise its voice on all occasions, and of rising to the surface at all seasons. Jupiter, who was ever much given to hilarity, laughed at this; but the louder he laughed,

the louder bubbled the mud, beseeching him to thunder and lighten and rain in torrents, and to sweep away dams and dykes and mills and bridges and roads, and moreover all houses in all parts of the country that were not built of mud. Thunder rolled in every quarter of the heavens; the lions and panthers were frightened and growled horribly; the foxes, who are seldom at fault, began to fear for the farm-yards, and were seen with vertical tails, three of which, if put together, would be little stouter than a child's whip for whipping-toys, so thoroughly soaked were they and draggled in the mire: not an animal in the forest could lick itself dry; their tongues ached with attempting it. But the mud gained its cause, and rose above the river-sides. At first it was elated by success; but it had floated in its extravagance no long time before a panic seized it, at hearing out of the clouds the fatal word *teleutaion*, which signifies FINAL. It panted and breathed hard; and, at the moment of exhausting the last remnant of its strength, again it prayed to Jupiter, in a formulary of words which certain borderers of the principal stream suggested, imploring him that it might stop and subside. It did so. The borderers enriched their fields with it, carting it off, tossing it about, and breaking it into powder. But the streams were too dirty for decent men to bathe in them; and scarcely a fountain in all Phrygia had as much pure water, at its very source, as thou couldst carry on thy head in an earthen jar. For several years afterward there were pestilential exhalations, and drought and scarcity, throughout the country.

*Rhodopè*. This is indeed a memorable event; and yet I never heard of it before.

*Æsop*. Dost thou like my histories?

*Rhodopè*. Very much indeed.

*Æsop*. Both of them?

*Rhodopè*. Equally.

*Æsop*. Then, Rhodopè, thou art worthier of instruction than any one I know. I never found an auditor, until the present, who approved of each; one or other of the two was sure to be defective in style or ingenuity; it showed an ignorance of the times or of mankind; it proved only

that the narrator was a person of contracted views, and that nothing pleased him.

*Rhodopè.* How could you have hindered, with as many hands as Gyas, and twenty thongs in each, the fox and ass from uniting? or how could you prevail on Jupiter to keep the mud from bubbling? I have prayed to him for many things more reasonable, and he has never done a single one of them; except the last, perhaps.

*Æsop.* What was it?

*Rhodopè.* That he would bestow on me power and understanding to comfort the poor slave from Phrygia.

*Æsop.* On what art thou reflecting?

*Rhodopè.* I do not know. Is reflection that which will not lie quiet on the mind, and which makes us ask ourselves questions we cannot answer?

*Æsop.* Wisdom is but that shadow which we call reflection; dark always, more or less, but usually the most so where there is the most light around it.

*Rhodopè.* I think I begin to comprehend you; but beware lest any one else should. Men will hate you for it, and may hurt you; for they will never bear the wax to be melted in the ear, as your words possess the faculty of doing.

*Æsop.* They may hurt me, but I shall have rendered them a service first.

*Rhodopè.* O Æsop! if you think so, you must soon begin to instruct me how I may assist you, first in performing the service, and then in averting the danger: for I think you will be less liable to harm if I am with you.

*Æsop.* Proud child!

*Rhodopè.* Not yet; I may be then.

*Æsop.* We must converse about other subjects.

*Rhodopè.* On what rather?

*Æsop.* I was accused by thee of attempting to unsettle thy belief in prodigies and portents.

*Rhodopè.* Teach me what is right and proper in regard to them, and in regard to the gods of this country who send them.

*Æsop.* We will either let them alone, or worship them as our masters do. But thou mayst be quite sure, O Rhodopè, that if there were any men without heads, or any

who ride upon dragons, they would have been worshiped as deities long ago.

*Rhodopè.* Ay, now you talk reasonably : so they would ; at least I think so : I mean only in this country. In Thrace we do not think so unworthily of the gods : we are too afraid of Cerberus for that.

*Æsop.* Speak lower ; or thou wilt raise ill blood between him and Anubis. His three heads could hardly lap milk when Anubis with only one could crack the thickest bone.

*Rhodopè.* Indeed ! how proud you must be to have acquired such knowledge !

*Æsop.* It is the knowledge which men most value, as being the most profitable to them ; but I possess little of it.

*Rhodopè.* What then will you teach me ?

*Æsop.* I will teach thee, O Rhodopè, how to hold Love by both wings, and how to make a constant companion of an ungrateful guest.

*Rhodopè.* I think I am already able to manage so little a creature.

*Æsop.* He hath managed greater creatures than Rhodopè.

*Rhodopè.* They had no scissors to clip his pinions, and they did not slap him soon enough on the back of the hand. I have often wished to see him ; but I never have seen him yet.

*Æsop.* Nor anything like ?

*Rhodopè.* I have touched his statue ; and once I stroked it down, all over ; very nearly. He seemed to smile at me the more for it, until I was ashamed. I was then a little girl : it was long ago, a year at least.

*Æsop.* Art thou sure it was such a long while since ?

*Rhodopè.* How troublesome ! Yes ! I never told anybody but you : and I never would have told you, unless I had been certain that you would find it out by yourself, as you did what those false foolish girls said concerning you. I am sorry to call them by such names, for I am confident that on other things and persons they never speak maliciously or untruly.

*Æsop.* Not about thee?

*Rhodopè.* They think me ugly and conceited, because they do not look at me long enough to find out their mistake. I know I am not ugly, and I believe I am not conceited: so I should be silly if I were offended, or thought ill of them in return. But do you yourself always speak the truth, even when you know it? The story of the mud, I plainly see, is a mythos. Yet, after all, it is difficult to believe; and you have scarcely been able to persuade me that the beasts in any country talk and reason, or ever did.

*Æsop.* Wherever they do, they do one thing more than men do.

*Rhodopè.* You perplex me exceedingly; but I would not disquiet you at present with more questions. Let me pause and consider a little, if you please. I begin to suspect that, as gods formerly did, you have been turning men into beasts, and beasts into men. But, Æsop, you should never say the thing that is untrue.

*Æsop.* We say and do and look no other all our lives.

*Rhodopè.* Do we never know better?

*Æsop.* Yes; when we cease to please, and to wish it; when death is settling the features, and the cerements are ready to render them unchangeable.

*Rhodopè.* Alas! alas!

*Æsop.* Breathe, Rhodopè! breathe again those painless sighs: they belong to thy vernal season. May thy summer of life be calm, thy autumn calmer, and thy winter never come!

*Rhodopè.* I must die then earlier.

*Æsop.* Laodameia died; Helen died; Leda, the beloved of Jupiter, went before. It is better to repose in the earth betimes than to sit up late; better, than to cling pertinaciously to what we feel crumbling under us, and to protract an inevitable fall. We may enjoy the present while we are insensible of infirmity and decay: but the present, like a note in music, is nothing but as it appertains to what is past and what is to come. There are no fields of amaranth on this side of the grave; there are no voices, O Rhodopè, that are not soon mute, however tuneful; there is no name,

with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, of which the echo is not faint at last.

*Rhodopè.* O Æsop! let me rest my head on yours: it throbs and pains me.

*Æsop.* What are these ideas to thee?

*Rhodopè.* Sad, sorrowful.

*Æsop.* Harrows that break the soil, preparing it for wisdom. Many flowers must perish ere a grain of corn be ripened. And now remove thy head: the cheek is cool enough after its little shower of tears.

*Rhodopè.* How impatient you are of the least pressure?

*Æsop.* There is nothing so difficult to support imperturbably as the head of a lovely girl, except her grief. Again upon mine, forgetful one! Raise it, remove it, I say! Why wert thou reluctant? why wert thou disobedient? Nay, look not so. It is I (and thou shalt know it) who should look reproachfully.

*Rhodopè.* Reproachfully? did I? I was only wishing you would love me better, that I might come and see you often.

*Æsop.* Come often and see me, if thou wilt; but expect no love from me.

*Rhodopè.* Yet how gently and gracefully you have spoken and acted, all the time we have been together. You have rendered the most abstruse things intelligible, without once grasping my hand, or putting your fingers among my curls.

*Æsop.* I should have feared to encounter the displeasure of two persons if I had.

*Rhodopè.* And well you might. They would scourge you, and scold me.

*Æsop.* That is not the worst.

*Rhodopè.* The stocks too, perhaps.

*Æsop.* All these are small matters to the slave.

*Rhodopè.* If they befell you, I would tear my hair and my cheeks, and put my knees under your ankles. Of whom should you have been afraid?

*Æsop.* Of Rhodopè and of Æsop. Modesty in man, O Rhodopè, is perhaps the rarest and most difficult of virtues: but intolerable pain is the pursuer of its infringement. Then follow days without content, nights without sleep,

throughout a stormy season; a season of impetuous deluge which no fertility succeeds.

*Rhodopè.* My mother often told me to learn modesty, when I was at play among the boys.

*Æsop.* Modesty in girls is not an acquirement, but a gift of nature; and it costs as much trouble and pain in the possessor to eradicate, as the fullest and firmest lock of hair would do.

*Rhodopè.* Never shall I be induced to believe that men at all value it in themselves, or much in us; although from idleness or from rancor they would take it away from us whenever they can.

*Æsop.* And very few of you are pertinacious: if you run after them, as you often do, it is not to get it back.

*Rhodopè.* I would never run after any one, not even you; I would only ask you, again and again, to love me.

*Æsop.* Expect no love from me. I will impart to thee all my wisdom, such as it is: but girls like our folly best. Thou shalt never get a particle of mine from me.

*Rhodopè.* Is love foolish?

*Æsop.* At thy age and at mine. I do not love thee: if I did, I would the more forbid thee ever to love ME.

*Rhodopè.* Strange man!

*Æsop.* Strange, indeed! When a traveler is about to wander on a desert, it is strange to lead him away from it; strange to point out to him the verdant path he should pursue, where the tamarisk and lentisk and acacia wave overhead, where the reseda is cool and tender to the foot that presses it, and where a thousand colors sparkle in the sunshine, on fountains incessantly gushing forth.

*Rhodopè.* Xanthus has all these; and I could be amid them in a moment.

*Æsop.* Why art not thou?

*Rhodopè.* I know not exactly. Another day perhaps. I am afraid of snakes this morning. Besides, I think it may be sultry out of doors. Does not the wind blow from Libya?

*Æsop.* It blows as it did yesterday when I came over, fresh across the Ægean, and from Thrace. Thou mayest venture into the morning air.

*Rhodopè.* No hours are so adapted to study as those of the morning. But will you teach me? I shall so love you if you will.

*Æsop.* If thou wilt NOT love me, I will teach thee.

*Rhodopè.* Unreasonable man!

*Æsop.* Art thou aware what those mischievous little hands are doing?

*Rhodopè.* They are tearing off the golden hem from the bottom of my robe; but it is stiff and difficult to detach.

*Æsop.* Why tear it off?

*Rhodopè.* To buy your freedom. Do you spring up, and turn away, and cover your face from me?

*Æsop.* My freedom! Go, Rhodopè! Rhodopè! This, of all things, I shall never owe to thee.

*Rhodopè.* Proud man! and you tell me to go, do you? do you? Answer me at least! Must I? and so soon?

*Æsop.* Child! begone!

*Rhodopè.* O Æsop! you are already more my master than Xanthus is. I will run and tell him so; and I will implore of him, upon my knees, never to impose on YOU a command so hard to obey.

## SECOND CONVERSATION

*Æsop.* And so, our fellow-slaves are given to contention on the score of dignity?

*Rhodopè.* I do not believe they are much addicted to contention; for, whenever the good Xanthus hears a signal of such misbehavior, he either brings a scourge into the midst of them, or sends our lady to scold them smartly for it.

*Æsop.* Admirable evidence against their propensity!

*Rhodopè.* I will not have you find them out so, nor laugh at them.

*Æsop.* Seeing that the good Xanthus and our lady are equally fond of thee, and always visit thee both together, the girls, however envious, cannot well or safely be arrogant, but must of necessity yield the first place to thee.

*Rhodopè.* They indeed are observant of the kindness thus bestowed upon me; yet they afflict me by taunting me continually with what I am unable to deny.

*Æsop.* If it is true, it ought little to trouble thee; if untrue, less. I know, for I have looked into nothing else of late, no evil can thy heart have admitted: a sigh of thine before the gods would remove the heaviest that could fall on it. Pray tell me what it may be. Come, be courageous; be cheerful! I can easily pardon a smile if thou empleadest me of curiosity.

*Rhodopè.* They remark to me that enemies or robbers took them forcibly from their parents — and that — and that —

*Æsop.* Likely enough: what then? Why desist from speaking? why cover thy face with thy hair and hands? Rhodopè! Rhodopè! dost thou weep, moreover?

*Rhodopè.* It is so, sure!

*Æsop.* Was the fault thine?

*Rhodopè.* O that it were! — if there was any.

*Æsop.* While it pains thee to tell it, keep thy silence; but when utterance is a solace, then impart it.

*Rhodopè.* They remind me (oh! who could have had the cruelty to relate it!) that my father, my own dear father —

*Æsop.* Say not the rest: I know it: his day was come.

*Rhodopè.* — sold me, sold me. You start: you did not at the lightning last night, nor at the rolling sounds above. And do you, generous Æsop! do you also call a misfortune a disgrace?

*Æsop.* If it is, I am among the most disgraceful of men. Didst thou dearly love thy father?

*Rhodopè.* All loved him. He was very fond of me.

*Æsop.* And yet sold thee! sold thee to a stranger!

*Rhodopè.* He was the kindest of all kind fathers, nevertheless. Nine summers ago, you may have heard perhaps, there was a grievous famine in our land of Thrace.

*Æsop.* I remember it perfectly.

*Rhodopè.* O poor Æsop! and were you too famishing in your native Phrygia?

*Æsop.* The calamity extended beyond the narrow sea that separates our countries. My appetite was sharpened; but the appetite and the wits are equally set on the same grindstone.

*Rhodopè.* I was then scarcely five years old; my mother died the year before: my father sighed at every funeral, but he sighed more deeply at every bridal, song. He loved me because he loved her who bore me: and yet I made him sorrowful whether I cried or smiled. If ever I vexed him, it was because I would not play when he told me, but made him, by my weeping, weep again.

*Æsop.* And yet he could endure to lose thee! he, thy father! Could any other? could any who lives on the fruits of the earth, endure it? O age, that art incumbent over me! blessed be thou; thrice blessed! Not that thou stillest the tumults of the heart, and promisest eternal calm, but that, prevented by thy beneficence, I never shall experience this only intolerable wretchedness.

*Rhodopè.* Alas! alas!

*Æsop.* Thou art now happy, and shouldst not utter that useless exclamation.

*Rhodopè.* You said something angrily and vehemently when you stepped aside. Is it not enough that the handmaidens doubt the kindness of my father? Must so virtuous and so wise a man as Æsop blame him also?

*Æsop.* Perhaps he is little to be blamed; certainly he is much to be pitied.

*Rhodopè.* Kind heart! on which mine must never rest!

*Æsop.* Rest on it for comfort and for counsel when they fail thee: rest on it, as the deities on the breast of mortals, to console and purify it.

*Rhodopè.* Could I remove any sorrow from it, I should be contented.

*Æsop.* Then be so; and proceed in thy narrative.

*Rhodopè.* Bear with me a little yet. My thoughts have overpowered my words, and now themselves are overpowered and scattered.

Forty-seven days ago (this is only the forty-eighth since I beheld you first) I was a child; I was ignorant, I was careless.

*Æsop.* If these qualities are signs of childhood, the universe is a nursery.

*Rhodopè.* Affliction, which makes many wiser, had no such effect on me. But reverence and love (why should I hesitate at the one avowal more than at the other?) came over me, to ripen my understanding.

*Æsop.* O Rhodopè! we must loiter no longer upon this discourse.

*Rhodopè.* Why not?

*Æsop.* Pleasant is yonder beanfield, seen over the high papyrus when it waves and bends: deep laden with the sweet heaviness of its odor is the listless air that palpitates dizzily above it; but Death is lurking for the slumberer beneath its blossoms.

*Rhodopè.* You must not love then,—but may not I?

*Æsop.* We will,—but—

*Rhodopè.* We! O sound that is to vibrate on my breast for ever! O hour, happier than all other hours since time began! O gracious gods! who brought me into bondage!

*Æsop.* Be calm, be composed, be circumspect. We must hide our treasure that we may not lose it.

*Rhodopè.* I do not think that you can love me; and I fear and tremble to hope so. Ah, yes; you have said you did. But again you only look at me, and sigh as if you repented.

*Æsop.* Unworthy as I may be of thy fond regard, I am not unworthy of thy fullest confidence: why distrust me?

*Rhodopè.* Never will I!—never, never! To know that I possess your love surpasses all other knowledge, dear as is all that I receive from you. I should be tired of my own voice if I heard it on aught beside: and even yours is less melodious in any other sound than Rhodopè.

*Æsop.* Do such little girls learn to flatter?

*Rhodopè.* Teach me how to speak, since you could not teach me how to be silent.

*Æsop.* Speak no longer of me, but of thyself; and only of things that never pain thee.

*Rhodopè.* Nothing can pain me now.

*Æsop.* Relate thy story then, from infancy.

*Rhodopè.* I must hold your hand: I am afraid of losing you again.

*Æsop.* Now begin. Why silent so long?

*Rhodopè.* I have dropped all memory of what is told by me and what is untold.

*Æsop.* Recollect a little. I can be patient with this hand in mine.

*Rhodopè.* I am not certain that yours is any help to recollection.

*Æsop.* Shall I remove it?

*Rhodopè.* Oh! now I think I can recall the whole story. What did you say? did you ask any question?

*Æsop.* None, excepting what thou hast answered.

*Rhodopè.* Never shall I forget the morning when my father, sitting in the coolest part of the house, exchanged his last measure of grain for a chlamys of scarlet cloth fringed with silver. He watched the merchant out of the door, and then looked wistfully into the corn chest. I, who thought there was something worth seeing, looked in also, and, finding it empty, expressed my disappointment, not thinking however about the corn. A faint and transient smile came over his countenance at the sight of mine. He unfolded the chlamys, stretched it out with both hands before me, and then cast it over my shoulders. I looked down on the glittering fringe and screamed with joy. He then went out; and I know not what flowers he gathered, but he gathered many; and some he placed in my bosom, and some in my hair. But I told him with captious pride, first that I could arrange them better, and again that I would have only the white. However, when he had selected all the white, and I had placed a few of them according to my fancy, I told him (rising in my slipper) he might crown me with the remainder. The splendor of my apparel gave me a sensation of authority. Soon as the flowers had taken their station on my head, I expressed a dignified satisfaction at the taste displayed by my father, just as if I could have seen how they appeared! But he knew that there was at least as much pleasure as pride in it, and perhaps we divided the latter (alas! not both) pretty equally. He now took me into the market place,

where a concourse of people was waiting for the purchase of slaves. Merchants came and looked at me; some commending, others disparaging; but all agreeing that I was slender and delicate, that I could not live long, and that I should give much trouble. Many would have bought the chlamys, but there was something less salable in the child and flowers.

*Æsop.* Had thy features been coarse and thy voice rustic, they would all have patted thy cheeks and found no fault in thee.

*Rhodopè.* As it was, every one had bought exactly such another in time past, and been a loser by it. At these speeches I perceived the flowers tremble slightly on my bosom, from my father's agitation. Although he scoffed at them, knowing my healthiness, he was troubled internally, and said many short prayers, not very unlike imprecations, turning his head aside. Proud was I, prouder than ever, when at last several talents were offer for me, and by the very man who in the beginning had undervalued me the most, and prophesied the worst of me. My father scowled at him, and refused the money. I thought he was playing a game, and began to wonder what it could be, since I never had seen it played before. Then I fancied it might be some celebration because plenty had returned to the city, insomuch that my father had bartered the last of the corn he hoarded. I grew more and more delighted at the sport. But soon there advanced an elderly man, who said gravely, "Thou hast stolen this child: her vesture alone is worth above a hundred drachmas. Carry her home again to her parents, and do it directly, or Nemesis and the Eumenides will overtake thee." Knowing the estimation in which my father had always been holden by his fellow-citizens, I laughed again, and pinched his ear. He, although naturally choleric, burst forth into no resentment at these reproaches, but said calmly, "I think I know thee by name, O guest! Surely thou art Xanthus the Samian. Deliver this child from famine.

Again I laughed aloud and heartily; and, thinking it was now my part of the game, I held out both my arms and protruded my whole body toward the stranger. He

would not receive me from my father's neck, but he asked me with benignity and solicitude if I was hungry; at which I laughed again, and more than ever: for it was early in the morning, soon after the first meal, and my father had nourished me most carefully and plentifully in all the days of the famine. But Xanthus, waiting for no answer, took out of a sack, which one of his slaves carried at his side, a cake of wheaten bread and a piece of honey-comb, and gave them to me. I held the honey-comb to my father's mouth, thinking it the most of a dainty. He dashed it to the ground; but, seizing the bread, he began to devour it ferociously. This also I thought was in play; and I clapped my hands at his distortions. But Xanthus looked on him like one afraid, and smote the cake from him, crying aloud, "Name the price." My father now placed me in his arms, naming a price much below what the other had offered, saying, "The gods are ever with thee, O Xanthus! therefore to thee do I consign my child." But while Xanthus was counting out the silver, my father seized the cake again, which the slave had taken up and was about to replace in the wallet. His hunger was exasperated by the taste and the delay. Suddenly there arose much tumult. Turning round in the old woman's bosom who had received me from Xanthus, I saw my beloved father struggling on the ground, livid and speechless. The more violent my cries, the more rapidly they hurried me away; and many were soon between us. Little was I suspicious that he had suffered the pangs of famine long before: alas! and he had suffered them for me. Do I weep while I am telling you they ended? I could not have closed his eyes; I was too young: but I might have received his last breath, the only comfort of an orphan's bosom. Do you now think him blamable, O Æsop?

*Æsop.* It was sublime humanity: it was forbearance and self-denial which even the immortal gods have never shown us. He could endure to perish by those torments which alone are both acute and slow; he could number the steps of death and miss not one: but he could never see thy tears, nor let thee see his. O weakness above all fortitude! Glory to the man who rather bears a grief corroding his

breast, than permits it to prowl beyond, and to prey on the tender and compassionate! Women commiserate the brave, and men the beautiful. The dominion of Pity has usually this extent, no wider. Thy father was exposed to the obloquy not only of the malicious, but also of the ignorant and thoughtless, who condemn in the unfortunate what they applaud in the prosperous. There is no shame in poverty or in slavery, if we neither make ourselves poor by our improvidence nor slaves by our venality. The lowest and highest of the human race are sold: most of the intermediate are also slaves, but slaves who bring no money in the market.

*Rhodopè.* Surely the great and powerful are never to be purchased, are they?

*Æsop.* It may be a defect in my vision, but I cannot see greatness on the earth. What they tell me is great and aspiring, to me seems little and crawling. Let me meet thy question with another. What monarch gives his daughter for nothing? Either he receives stone walls and unwilling cities in return, or he barters her for a parcel of spears and horses and horsemen, waving away from his declining and helpless age young joyous life, and trampling down the freshest and the sweetest memories. Midas in the height of prosperity would have given his daughter to Lycaon, rather than to the gentlest, the most virtuous, the most intelligent of his subjects. Thy father threw wealth aside, and, placing thee under the protection of Virtue, rose up from the house of Famine to partake in the festivals of the gods!

Release my neck, O Rhodopè! for I have other questions to ask of thee about him.

*Rhodopè.* To hear thee converse on him in such a manner I can do even that.

*Æsop.* Before the day of separation was he never sorrowful? Did he never by tears or silence reveal the secret of his soul?

*Rhodopè* I was too infantine to perceive or imagine his intention. The night before I became the slave of Xanthus, he sat on the edge of my bed. I pretended to be asleep: he moved away silently and softly. I saw him

collect in the hollow of his hand the crumbs I had wasted on the floor, and then eat them, and then look if any were remaining. I thought he did so out of fondness for me, remembering that, even before the famine, he had often swept up off the table the bread I had broken, and had made me put it between his lips. I would not dissemble very long but said,—

"Come, now you have wakened me, you must sing me asleep again, as you did when I was little."

He smiled faintly at this, and, after some delay, when he had walked up and down the chamber, thus began: —

"I will sing to thee one song more, my wakeful Rhodopè! my chirping bird! over whom is no mother's wing! That it may lull thee asleep, I will celebrate no longer, as in the days of wine and plenteousness, the glory of Mars, guiding in their invisibly rapid onset the dappled steeds of Rhæsus. What hast thou to do, my little one, with arrows tired of clustering in the quiver? How much quieter is thy pallet than the tents which whitened the plain of Simöis! What knowest thou about the river Eurotas? What knowest thou about its ancient palace, once trodden by assembled gods, and then polluted by the Phrygian? What knowest thou of perfidious men or of sanguinary deeds?

"Pardon me, O goddess who presidest in Cythera! I am not irreverent to thee, but ever grateful. May she upon whose brow I lay my hand praise and bless thee for evermore!

"Ah yes! continue to hold up above the coverlet those fresh and rosy palms clasped together: her benefits have descended on thy beauteous head, my child! The Fates also have sung, beyond thy hearing, of pleasanter scenes than snow-fed Hebrus; of more than dim grottoes and sky-bright waters. Even now a low murmur swells upward to my ear: and not from the spindle comes the sound, but from those who sing slowly over it, bending all three their tremulous heads together. I wish thou could'st hear it; for seldom are their voices so sweet. Thy pillow intercepts the song perhaps: lie down again, lie down, my Rhodopè! I will repeat what they are saying: —

"'Happier shalt thou be, nor less glorious, than even she, the truly beloved, for whose return to the distaff and the lyre the portals of Tænarus flew open. In the woody dells of Ismarus, and when she bathed among the swans of Strymon, the nymphs called her Eurydicè. Thou shalt behold that fairest and that fondest one hereafter. But first thou must go unto the land of the lotos, where famine never cometh, and where alone the works of man are immortal.'

"O my child! the undeceiving Fates have uttered this. Other powers have visited me, and have strengthened my heart with dreams and visions. We shall meet again, my Rhodopè! in shady groves and verdant meadows, and we shall sit by the side of those who loved us."

He was rising: I threw my arms about his neck, and, before I would let him go, I made him promise to place me, not by the side, but between them; for I thought of her who had left us. At that time there were but two, O Æsop!

You ponder: you are about to remove my assurance in having thus repeated my own praises. I would have omitted some of the words, only that it might have disturbed the measure and cadences, and have put me out. They are the very words my dearest father sang; and they are the last. Yet, shame upon me! the nurse (the same who stood listening near, who attended me into this country) could remember them more perfectly: it is from her I have learned them since; she often sings them, even by herself.

*Æsop.* So shall others. There is much both in them and in thee to render them memorable.

*Rhodopè.* Who flatters now?

*Æsop.* Flattery often runs beyond Truth, in a hurry to embrace her; but not here. The dullest of mortals, seeing and hearing thee, would never misinterpret the prophecy of the Fates.

If, turning back, I could overpass the vale of years, and could stand on the mountain top, and could look again far before me at the bright ascending morn, we would enjoy the prospect together; we would walk along the summit hand in hand, O Rhodopè! and we would only sigh at last when we found ourselves below with others.

## ANACREON AND POLYCRATES

*POLYCRATES.* Embrace me, my brother poet.

*Anacreon.* What have you written, Polycrates?

*Polycrates.* Nothing. But invention is the primary part of us; and the mere finding of a brass ring in the belly of a dogfish has afforded me a fine episode in royalty. You could not have made so much out of it.

*Anacreon.* I have heard various stories this morning about the matter: and, to say the truth, my curiosity led me hither.

*Polycrates.* It was thus. I ordered my cook to open, in the presence of ten or twelve witnesses, a fat mullet, and to take out of it an emerald ring, which I had laid aside from the time when, as you may remember, I felt some twitches of the gout in my knuckle.

*Anacreon.* The brass ring was really found in a fish some time ago: might not a second seem suspicious? And with what object is this emerald one extracted from such another mine?

*Polycrates.* To prove the constancy and immutability of my fortune. It is better for a prince to be fortunate than wise: people know that his fortune may be communicated, his wisdom not; and, if it could, nobody would take it who could as readily carry off a drachma. In fact, to be fortunate is to be powerful, and not only without the danger of it, but without the displeasure.

*Anacreon.* Ministers are envied, princes never; because envy can exist there only where something (as people think) may be raised or destroyed. You were proceeding very smoothly with your reflections, Polycrates; but, with all their profundity, are you unaware that mullets do not eat such things?

*Polycrates.* True; the people, however, swallow anything; and, the further out of the course of nature the action is, the greater name for good fortune, or rather for the favor of Divine providence, shall I acquire.

*Anacreon.* Is that the cook yonder?

*Polycrates.* Yes; and he also has had some share of the same gifts. I have rewarded him with an Attic talent: he seems to be laying the gold pieces side by side, or in lines and quincunxes, just as if they were so many dishes.

*Anacreon.* I go to him and see.— By Jupiter! my friend, you have made no bad kettle of fish of it to-day.— The fellow does not hear me. Let us hope, Polycrates, that it may not break in turning out. If your cook was remunerated so magnificently, what must you have done for the fisherman!

*Polycrates.* He was paid the price of his fish.

*Anacreon.* Royally said and done! Your former plan was more extensive. To feign that a brazen ring was the ring of Gyges is indeed in itself no great absurdity; but to lay claim to the kingdom of Lydia by the possession of it was extravagant. Crœsus is unwarlike and weak, confident and supercilious; and you had prepared the minds of his officers by your liberality, not to mention the pity and sorrow we put together over our wine, ready to pour it forth on the bleeding hearts of his subjects treated so ungenerously for their fidelity. Yet your own people might require, at least once a year, the proof of your invisibility in public by putting on the brazen ring.

*Polycrates.* I had devised as much; nothing is easier than an optical deception, at the distance that kings on solemn occasions keep from the people. A cloud of incense rising from under the floor through several small apertures, and other contrivances were in readiness. But I abandoned my first design, and thought of conquering Lydia instead of claiming it from inheritance. For the ring of a fisherman would be too impudent a fabrication, in the claim of a kingdom or even of a village, and my word upon other occasions might be doubted. Crœsus is superstitious; there are those about him who will persuade him not to contend with a man so signally under the protection of the gods.

*Anacreon.* Cannot you lay aside all ideas of invasion, and rest quiet and contented here?

*Polycrates.* No man, O Anacreon, can rest anywhere quiet in his native country, who has deprived his fellow-citizens of their liberties. Contented are they only who have taken

nothing from another; and few even of those. As, by eating much habitually, we render our bodies by degrees capacious of more and uncomfortable without it, so, after many acquisitions, we think new ones necessary. Hereditary kings invade each other's dominions from the feelings of children, the love of having and of destroying; their education being always bad, and their intellects for the most part low and narrow. But we who have great advantages over them in our mental faculties, these having been constantly exercised and exerted, and in our knowledge of men, wherein the least foolish of them are quite deficient, find wars and civil tumults absolutely needful to our stability and repose.

*Anacreon.* By Hercules! you people in purple are very like certain seafowls I saw in my voyage from Teios hither. In fine weather they darted upward and downward, sidelong and circuitously, and fished and screamed as if all they seized and swallowed was a torment to them: again, when it blew a violent gale, they appeared to sit perfectly at their ease, buoyant upon the summit of the waves.

*Polycrates.* After all, I cannot be thought to have done any great injury to my friends, the citizens of Samos. It is true I have taken away what you ingenious men call their liberties: but have you never, my friend Anacreon, snatched from a pretty girl a bracelet or locket, or other such trifle?

*Anacreon.* Not without her permission, and some equivalent.

*Polycrates.* I likewise have obtained the consent of the people, and have rendered them a great deal more than an equivalent. Formerly they called one another the most opprobrious names in their assemblies, and sometimes even fought there; now they never do. I entertained from the very beginning so great a regard for them, that I punished one of my brothers with death and the other with banishment, for attempting to make divisions among them, and for impeding the measures I undertook to establish unanimity and order. My father had consented to bear alone all the toils of government; and filial piety induced me to

imitate his devotion to the commonwealth. The people had assembled to celebrate the festival of Juno, and had crowded the avenues of her temple so unceremoniously and indecorously, that I found it requisite to slay a few hundreds to her glory. King Lygdamus of Naxos lent me his assistance in this salutary operation, well knowing that the cause of royalty in all countries, being equally sacred, should be equally secure.

*Anacreon.* My sweet Polycrates! do not imagine that I, or any wise man upon earth, can be interested in the fate of a nation that yields to the discretion of one person. But pray avoid those excesses which may subject the Graces to the Tempests. Let people live in peace and plenty, for your own sake; and go to war then only when beauteous slaves are wanting. Even then it is cheaper to buy them of the merchant, taking care that at every importation you hire a philosopher or poet to instruct them in morality and religion. The one will demonstrate that obedience is a virtue: the other, that it is a pleasure. If age stimulates the senses, or if youth is likely to return (as the ring did), not a syllable can I add against the reasonableness of conquests to assuage the wants of either.

*Polycrates.* The people in all countries must be kept in a state of activity: for men in cities, and horses in stables, grow restive by standing still. It is the destination of both to be patted, ridden, and whipped. The riding is the essential thing; the patting and whipping are accessories, and few are very careful or expert in timing them.

*Anacreon.* In courts, where silliness alone escapes suspicion, we must shake false lights over the shallows, or we shall catch nothing. But, O Polycrates! I am not in the court of a prince: I am in the house of a friend. I might flatter you, if flattery could make you happier; but, as you have neglected nothing which could render my abode with you delightful, I would omit no precaution, no suggestion, which may secure and prolong my blessings. Do not believe that every poet is dishonest, because most are. Homer was not; Solon is not: I doubt at times whether I myself am, in despite of your inquisitive eye. My opinion of your wisdom is only shaken by your assumption of royalty, since I cannot think

it an act of discretion to change tranquillity for alarm, or friends for soldiers, or a couch for a throne, or a sound sleep for a broken one. If you doubt whether I love you (and every prince may reasonably entertain that doubt of every man around him), yet you cannot doubt that I am attached to your good fortune, in which I have partaken to my heart's content, and in which I hope to continue a partaker.

*Polycrates.* May the gods grant it!

*Anacreon.* Grant it yourself, Polycrates, by following my counsel. Every thing is every man's over which his senses extend. What you can enjoy is yours; what you cannot is not. Of all the islands in the world the most delightful and the most fertile is Samos. Crete and Cyprus are larger; what then? The little Teios, my own native country, affords more pleasure than any one heart can receive: not a hill in it but contains more beauty and more wine than the most restless and active could enjoy. Teach the Samiots, O Polycrates, to refuse you and each other no delight that is reciprocal and that lasts. Royalty is the farthest of all things from reciprocity, and what delight it gives must be renewed daily, and with difficulty. In the order of Nature, flowers grow on every side of us: why take a ploughshare to uproot them? We may show our strength and dexterity in guiding it for such a purpose, but not our wisdom. Love, in its various forms, according to our age, station, and capacity, is the only object of reasonable and just desire. I prefer that which is the easiest to give and to return: you, since you have chosen royalty, have taken the most difficult in both; yet by kindness and courtesy you may conciliate those minds, which, once abased by royalty, never can recover their elasticity and strength, unless in the fires of vengeance. The gods avert it from you, my friend! Do not inure your people to war; but instead of arming and equipping them, soften them more and more by peace and luxury. Let your deceit in the ring be your last; for men will rather be subjugated than deceived, not knowing, or not reflecting, that they must have been deceived before they could be subjugated. Let you and me keep this secret: that of the cook is hardly so safe.

*Polycrates.* Perfectly, or death would have sealed it; although my cook is you know an excellent one, and would be a greater loss to me than any native of the island. A tolerably good minister of state may be found in any cargo of slaves that lands upon the coast. Interest insures fidelity. As for difficulty, I see none: to handle great bodies requires little delicacy. He would make in a moment a hole through a mud-wall who could never make the eye of a needle; and it is easier to pick up a pompion than a single grain of dust. With you however who have lived among such people, and know them thoroughly, I need not discourse long about them; nor take the trouble to argue how impossible it is to blunder on so wide and smooth a road, where every man is ready with a lamp if it is dark, or with a cart if it is miry. You know that a good cook is the peculiar gift of the gods. He must be a perfect creature from the brain to the palate, from the palate to the finger's end. Pleasure and displeasure, sickness and health, life and death, are consigned to his arbitration. It would be little to add that he alone shares with royalty the privilege of exemption from every punishment but capital: for it woud be madness to flog either, and turn it loose.

The story of the ring will be credited as long as I want it; probably all my life, perhaps after. For men are swift to take up a miracle, and slow to drop it; and woe to the impious wretch who would undeceive them! They never will believe that I can be unprosperous, until they see me put to death: some, even then, would doubt whether it were I, and others whether I were really dead, the day following. As we are in no danger of any such event, let us go and be crowned for the feast, and prove whether the mullet has any other merits than we have yet discovered.

Come, Anacreon, you must write an ode to Fortune, not forgetting her favorite.

*Anacreon.* I dare not, before I have written one to Juno, the patroness of Samos; but, as surely as you are uncrucified, I will do it then. Pardon me, however, if I should happen to praise the beauty of her eyes, for I am used to think more about the goddess who has the loveliest; and,

even if I began with the Furies, I should end in all likelihood with HER.

*Polycrates.* Follow your own ideas. You cannot fail, however, to descant on the facility with which I acquired my power, and the unanimity by which I retain it, under the guidance and protection of our patroness. I had less trouble in becoming the master of Samos than you will have in singing it. Indeed, when I consider how little I experienced, I wonder that liberty can exist in any country where there is one wise and resolute man.

*Anacreon.* And I that tyranny can, where there are two.

*Polycrates.* What! Anacreon, are even you at last so undisguisedly my adversary?

*Anacreon.* Silly creature! behold the fruit of royalty! Rottenness in the pulp, and bitterness in the kernel.

Polycrates, if I had uttered those words before the people, they would have stoned me for being your enemy,— for being a traitor! This is the expression of late, not applied to those who betray but to those who resist or traverse the betrayer. To such a situation are men reduced when they abandon self-rule! I love you from similarity of studies and inclinations, from habit, from gayety of heart, and because I live with you more conveniently than in a meaner house and among coarser slaves. As for the Samiots, you cannot suppose me much interested about them. Beauty itself is the less fierce from servitude; and there is no person, young or old, who does not respect more highly the guest of Polycrates than the poet of Teios. You, my dear friend, who are a usurper — for which courage, prudence, affability, liberality, are necessary — would surely blush to act no better or more humanely than a hereditary and established king, the disadvantages of whose condition you yourself have stated admirably. Society is not yet trodden down and forked together by you into one and the same rotten mass, with rank weeds covering the top and sucking out its juices. Circe, when she transformed the companions of Ulysses into swine, took no delight in drawing their tusks and ringing their snouts, but left them, by special grace, in quiet and full possession of their new privileges and dignities. The rod of enchantment was the only rod

she used among them, finding a pleasanter music in the choruses of her nymphs than in the grunts and squeals of her subjects.

*Polycrates.* Now, tell me truly, Anacreon, if you knew of a conspiracy against me, would you reveal it?

*Anacreon.* I would; both for your sake and for the conspirators. Even were I not your guest and friend, I would dissuade from every similar design.

*Polycrates.* In some points, however, you appear to have a fellow feeling with the seditious. You differ from them in this: you would not take the trouble to kill me, and could not find a convenient hour to run away.

*Anacreon.* I am too young for death, too old for flight, and too comfortable for either. As for killing you, I find it business enough to kill a kid as a sacrifice to Bacchus. Answer me as frankly as I answered you. If by accident you met a girl carried off by force, would you stop the ravisher?

*Polycrates.* Certainly, if she were pretty: if not, I would leave the offense to its own punishment.

*Anacreon.* If the offense had been perpetrated to its uttermost extent, if the girl were silent, and if the brother unarmed should rush upon the perpetrator armed—

*Polycrates.* I would catch him by the sleeve and stop him.

*Anacreon.* I would act so in this business of yours. You have defloured the virgin. Whether the action will bring after it the full chastisement, I know not; nor whether the laws will ever wake upon it, or, waking upon it, whether they will not hold their breath and lie quiet. Weasels, and other animals that consume our corn, are strangled or poisoned, as may happen: usurpers and conquerors must be taken off quietly in one way only, lest many perish in the attempt, and lest it fail. No conspiracy of more than two persons ought ever to be entered into on such a business. Hence the danger is diminished to those concerned, and the satisfaction and glory are increased. Statues can be erected to two, not to many; gibbets can be erected as readily to many as to few; and would be: for most conspiracies have been discovered and punished, while hundreds of usurpers have been removed by their cooks, their

cupbearers, and their mistresses, as easily, and with as little noise or notice, as a dish from the table, or a slipper from the bedside.

Banish the bloated and cloudy ideas of war and conquest. Continue to eat while you have any thing in your mouth, particularly if sweet or savory, and only think of filling it again when it is empty.

Crœsus hath no naval force, nor have the Persians: they desire the fish but fear the water, and will mew and purr over you until they fall asleep and forget you, unless you plunge too loud and glitter too near. They would have attacked you in the beginning, if they had ever wished to do it, or been ignorant that kings have an enemy the less on the ruin of every free nation. I do not tell you to sit quiet, any more than I would a man who has a fever or an ague, but to sit as quiet as your condition will permit. If you leave to others their enjoyments, they will leave yours to you. Tyrants never perish from tyranny, but always from folly,— when their fantasies built up a palace for which the earth has no foundation. It then becomes necessary, they think, to talk about their similitude to the gods, and to tell the people, "We have a right to rule you, just as they have a right to rule us; the duties they exact from us, we exact from you: we are responsible to none but to them."

*Polycrates.* Anacreon! Anacreon! who, in the name of Hermes, ever talked thus since the reign of Salmoneus? People who would listen to such inflated and idle arrogance must be deprived, not of their liberties only, but their senses. Lydians or Carians, Cappadocians or Carmanians, would revolt at it: I myself would tear the diadem from my brow, before I would commit such an outrage on the dignity of our common nature. A little fallacy, a little fraud and imposture, may be requisite to our office, and principally on entering it; there is however no need to tell the people that we, on our consciences lay the public accounts before Jupiter for his signature; that, if there is any surplus, we will return it hereafter; but that, as honest and pious men, their business is with him, not with us.

My dear Anacreon, you reason speciously, which is better in most cases than reasoning soundly; for many are led by it and none offended. But as there are pleasures in poetry which I cannot know, in like manner there are pleasures in royalty which you cannot. Say what you will, we have this advantage over you. Sovrans and poets alike court us; they alike treat you with malignity and contumely. Do you imagine that Hylactor, supposing him to feign a little in regard to me, really would on any occasion be so enthusiastic in your favor as he was in mine?

*Anacreon.* You allude to the village feast, in which he requested from your hand the cup you had poured a libation from, and tasted?

*Polycrates.* The very instance I was thinking on.

*Anacreon.* Hylactor tells a story delightfully, and his poetry is better than most poets will allow.

*Polycrates.* I do not think it — I speak of the poetry.

*Anacreon.* Now, my dear Polycrates, without a word of flattery to you, on these occasions you are as ignorant as a goat-herd.

*Polycrates.* I do not think THAT either.

*Anacreon.* Who does, of himself? Yet poetry and the degrees of it are just as difficult to mark and circumscribe, as love and beauty.

*Polycrates.* Madman!

*Anacreon.* All are madmen who first draw out hidden truths.

*Polycrates.* You are envious of Hylactor, because on that day I had given him a magnificent dress, resembling those of the Agathyrsi.

*Anacreon.* I can go naked at my own expense. I would envy him (if it gave me no trouble) his lively fancy, his convivial fun, and his power to live in a crowd, which I can do no longer than a trout can in the grass. What I envied on that day, I had. When with eyes turned upward to you, modestly and reverentially, he entreated the possession of the beechen bowl out of which you had taken ONE draught, I, with like humility of gesture and similar tone of voice, requested I might be possessor of the barrel out of which you had taken BUT one. The people were

silent at his request; they were rapturous at mine, — one excepted.

*Polycrates.* And what said he?

*Anacreon.* "By Bacchus!" he exclaimed, "I thought sycophants were the most impudent people in the world: but, Anacreon, verily thou surpassest them; thou puttest them out of countenance, out of breath, man!"

Your liberality was as usual enough for us; and, if Envy must come in, she must sit between us. Really the dress, coarse as it was, that you gave Placoeis, the associate of Hylactor, would have covered Tityus; nay, would have made winding-sheets, and ample ones, for all the giants, if indeed their mother Earth enwrapped their bone in any. Meditating the present of such another investiture, you must surprise or scale Miletus; for if, in addition to the sheep of Samos, the cows and oxen, the horses and swine, the goats and dogs, were woolly, the fleeces of ten years would be insufficient. As Placoeis moved on there were exclamations of wonder on all sides, at all distances. "Another Epeiis* must have made that pageant!" was the cry; and many were trodden under foot from wishing to obtain a sight of the rollers. His heat, like the sun's, increased as he proceeded; and those who kept egg stalls and fish stalls cursed him and removed them.

*Polycrates.* We will feast again no less magnificently when I return from my victory on the continent. There are delicate perfumes and generous wines and beatiful robes at Sardis.

## PERICLES AND SOPHOCLES

*PERICLES.* O Sophocles! is there in the world a city so beautiful as Athens? Congratulate me, embrace me; the Piræus and the Pœcilè are completed this day.† My glory is accomplished; behold it founded on the supremacy of our fellow-citizens!

*Framer of the Trojan Horse.

† Their decorations only; for the structures were finished before. The propylæa of Pericles were entrances to the citadel: other works

*Sophocles.* And it arises, O Pericles, the more majestically from the rich and delightful plain of equal laws. The gods have bestowed on our statuaries and painters a mighty power, enabling them to restore our ancestors unto us — some in the calm of thought, others in the tumult of battle — and to present them before our children when we are gone.

*Pericles.* Shall it be so? Alas, how worthless an incumbrance, how wearisome an impediment is life, if it separate us from the better of our ancestors, not in our existence only, but in our merit! We are little by being seen among men; because that phasis of us only is visible which is exposed toward them and which most resembles them: we become greater by leaving the world, as the sun appears to be on descending below the horizon. Strange reflection! humiliating truth! that nothing on earth, no exertion, no endowment, can do so much for us as a distant day. And deep indeed, O Sophocles, must be the impression made upon thy mind by these masterly works of art, if they annihilate in a manner the living; if they lower in thee that spirit which hath often aroused by one touch, or rather flash, the whole Athenian people at thy tragedies, and force upon thee the cold and ungenial belief, the last which it appears to be their nature to inculcate, that while our children are in existence it can cease to be among them.

*Sophocles.* I am only the interpreter of the heroes and divinities who are looking down on me. When I survey them I remember their actions, and when I depart from them I visit the regions they illustrated.

Neither the goddesses on Ida nor the gods before Troy were such rivals as our artists. Æschylus hath surpassed me:* I must excel Æschylus. O Pericles, thou conjurest

of consummate beauty were erected as ornaments to the city, but chiefly in the Pœcilè, where also was seen the Temple of Cybelè, with her statue by Phidias.

* Sophocles gained the first prize for which he contended with Æschylus, and was conscious that he had not yet deserved the superiority, which enthusiasm on the one side and jealousy on the other are always ready to grant a vigorous young competitor. The character of Sophocles was frank and liberal, as was remarkably proved on the death of his last rival, Euripides.

up Discontent from the bosom of Delight, and givest her an elevation of mien and character she never knew before: thou makest every man greater than his competitor, and not in his own eyes but in another's. We want historians: thy eloquence will form the style, thy administration will supply the materials. Beware, O my friend, lest the people hereafter be too proud of their city, and imagine that to have been born in Athens is enough!

*Pericles.* And this indeed were hardly more irrational than the pride which cities take sometimes in the accident of a man's birth within their walls, of a citizen's whose experience was acquired, whose virtues were fostered, and perhaps whose services were performed elsewhere.

*Sophocles.* They are proud of having been the cradles of great men, then only when great men can be no longer an incumbrance or a reproach to them. Let them rather boast of those who spend the last day in them than the first: this is always accidental, that is generally by choice; for, from something like instinct, we wish to close our eyes upon the world in the places we love best,— the child in its mother's bosom, the patriot in his country. When we are born we are the same as others; at our decease we may induce our friends, and oblige our enemies, to acknowledge that others are not the same as we. It is folly to say death levels the whole human race: for it is only when he hath stripped men of every thing external, that their deformities can be clearly discovered, or their worth correctly ascertained. Gratitude is soon silent: a little while longer and Ingratitude is tired, is satisfied, is exhausted, or sleeps. Lastly fly off the fumes of party spirit; the hottest and most putrid ebullition of self-love. We then see before us and contemplate calmly the creator of our customs, the ruler of our passions, the arbiter of our pleasures, and, under the gods, the disposer of our destiny. What then, I pray thee, is there dead? Nothing more than that which we can handle, cast down, bury; and surely not he who is yet to progenerate a more numerous and far better race, than during the few years it was permitted us to converse with him.

*Pericles.* When I reflect on Themistocles, on Aristides, and on the greatest of mortal men, Miltiades, I wonder

how their countrymen can repeat their names, unless in performing the office of expiation.*

*Sophocles.* Cities are ignorant that nothing is more disgraceful to them than to be the birthplaces of the illustriously good, and not afterward the places of their residence; that their dignity consists in adorning them with distinctions, in intrusting to them the regulation of the commonwealth, and not in having sold a crust or cordial to the nurse or midwife.

*Pericles.* O Zeus and Pallas! grant a right mind to the Athenians! If, throughout so many and such eventful ages, they have been found by you deserving of their freedom, render them more and more worthy of the great blessing you bestowed on them! May the valor of our children defend this mole forever; and constantly may their patriotism increase and strengthen among these glorious reminiscences! Shield them from the jealousy of surrounding states, from the ferocity of barbarian kings, and from the perfidy of those who profess the same religion! Teach them that between the despot and the free all compact is a cable of sand, and every alliance unholy! And, O givers of power and wisdom! remove from them the worst and wildest of illusions,—that happiness, liberty, virtue, genius, will be fostered or long respected, much less attain their just ascendency, under any other form of government!

*Sophocles.* May the gods hear thee, Pericles, as they have always done! or may I, reposing in my tomb, never know that they have not heard thee!

* There are some who may deem this reflection unsuitable to Pericles. He saw injustice in others, and hated it: yet he caused the banishment of Cimon, as great a man as any of the three. It is true he had afterward the glory of proposing and of carrying to Sparta the decree of his recall. Let us contemplate the brighter side of his character, his eloquence, his wit, his clemency, his judgment, his firmness, his regularity, his decorousness, his domesticity; let us then unite him with his predecessor, and acknowledge that such illustrious rivals never met before or since, in enmity or in friendship. Could the piety attributed to Pericles have belonged to a scholar of Anaxagoras? Eloquent men often talk like religious men: and where should the eloquence of Pericles be more inflamed by enthusiasm than in the midst of his propylæa, at the side of Sophocles, and before the gods of Phidias?

I smile on imagining how trivial would thy patriotism and ideas of government appear to Chloros. And indeed much wiser men, from the prejudices of habit and education, have undervalued them, preferring the dead quiet of their wintry hives to our breezy spring of life and busy summer. The countries of the vine and olive are more subject to hailstorms than the regions of the north; yet is it not better that some of the fruit should fall than that none should ripen?

*Pericles.* Quit these creatures; let them lie warm and slumber. They are all they ought to be, all they can be. But, prythee, who is Chloros, that he should deserve to be named by Sophocles?

*Sophocles.* He was born somewhere on the opposite coast of Eubœa, and sold as a slave in Persia to a man who dealt largely in that traffic, and who also had made a fortune by displaying to the public four remarkable proofs of ability. First, by swallowing at a draught an amphora of the strongest wine; secondly, by standing up erect and modulating his voice like a sober man when he was drunk; thirdly, by acting to perfection like a drunken man when he was sober; and fourthly, by a most surprising trick indeed, which it is reported he learned in Babylonia: one would have sworn he had a blazing fire in his mouth; take it out, and it is nothing but a lump of ice. The king, before whom he was admitted to play his tricks, hated him at first, and told him that the last conjurer had made him cautious of such people, he having been detected in filching from the royal tiara one of the weightiest jewels; but talents forced their way. As for Chloros, I mention him by the name under which I knew him. He has changed it since; for although the dirt wherewith it was incrusted kept him comfortable at first, when it cracked and began to crumble, it was incommodious.

The barbarians have commenced, I understand, to furbish their professions and vocations with rather whimsical skirts and linings. Thus, for instance, a chess-player is LION-HEARTED and WORSHIPFUL; a drunkard is SERENITY and HIGHNESS; a hunter of fox, badger, polecat, fitchew, and weasel, is EXCELLENCY and RIGHT HONORABLE; while, such

is the delicacy of distinction, a rat-catcher is considerably less: he, however, is ILLUSTRIOUS, and appears, as a tail to a comet, in the train of a legation, holding a pen between his teeth to denote his capacity for secretary, and leading a terrier in the right hand, and carrying a trap baited with cheese and anise seed in the left.

It is as creditable among them to lie with dexterity as it is common among the Spartans to steal. Chloros, who performed it with singular frankness and composure, had recently a cock's feather mounted on his turban, in place of a hen's; and the people were commanded to address him by the title of MOST NOBLE. His brother, Alexaretes, was employed at a stipend of four talents to detect an adulteress in one among the royal wives. He gave no intelligence in the course of several months. The king, on his return, cried angrily, "What hast thou been doing? hast thou never found her out?" He answered, "Thy servant, O King, hath been doing more than finding out an adulteress; he hath, O King, been making one."

*Pericles.* I have heard the story with this difference, that the bed ambassador, being as scantily gifted with facetiousness as with perspicacity, the reply was framed satirically by some other courtier, who, imitating his impudence, had forgotten his dullness. But about the reward of falsehood, that is wonderful when we read that formerly the Persians were occupied many years in the sole study of truth.

*Sophocles.* How difficult, then, must they have found it! No wonder they left it off the first moment they could conveniently. The grandfather of Chloros was honest; he carried a pack upon his shoulders, in which pack were contained the coarser linens of Caria; these he retailed among the villages of Asia and Greece, but principally in the islands. He died. On the rumor of war the son and grandson, then an infant, fled; the rest is told. In Persia, no man inquires how another comes to wealth or power, the suddenness of which appears to be effected by some of the demons or genii of their songs and stories. Chloros grew rich, was emancipated from slavery, and bought several slaves himself. One of these was excessively rude and insolent to

me; I had none near enough to chastise him, so that I requested of his master, by a friend, to admonish and correct him at his leisure. My friend informs me that Chloros, crossing his legs, and drawing his cock's feather through the thumb and finger, asked languidly who I was; and receiving the answer, said, "I am surprised at his impudence; Pericles himself could have demanded nothing more." My friend remarked that Sophocles was no less sensible of an affront than Pericles. "True," replied he, "but he has not the power of expressing his sense of it quite so strongly. For an affront to Pericles, who could dreadfully hurt me, I would have imprisoned my whole gang, whipped them with wires, mutilated them, turned their bodies into safes for bread and water, or cooled their prurient tongues with hemlock; but no slave shall ever shrug a shoulder the sorer or eat a leek the less for Sophocles."

*Pericles.* The ideas of such a man on government must be curious; I am persuaded he would prefer the Persian to any. I forgot to mention that, according to what I hear this morning, the great king has forbidden strange ships to sail within thirty parasangs of his coasts, and has claimed the dominion of half ours.

*Sophocles.* Where is the scourge with which Xerxes lashed the ocean? Were it not better laid on the back of a madman than placed within his hand?

*Pericles.* It hath been observed by those who look deeply into the history of physics, that all royal families become at last insane. Immoderate power, like other intemperance, leaves the progeny weaker and weaker, until Nature, as in compassion, covers it with her mantle and it is seen no more; or until the arm of indignant man sweeps it from before him.

We must ere long excite the other barbarians to invade the territories of this, and before the cement of his new acquisition shall have hardened. Large conquests break readily off from an empire by their weight, while smaller stick fast. A wide and rather waste kingdom should be interposed between the policied states and Persia, by the leave of Chloros. Perhaps he would rather, in his benevolence, unite us with the great and happy family of his

master. Despots are wholesale dealers in equality: and, Father Zeus! was ever equality like this?

*Sophocles.* My dear Pericles!—do excuse a smile—is not that the best government which, whatever be the form of it, we ourselves are called upon to administer?

*Pericles.* The Piræus and the Pœcilè have a voice of their own wherewith to answer thee, O Sophocles! and the Athenians—exempt from war, famine, tax, debt, exile, fine, imprisonment; delivered from monarchy, from oligarchy, and from anarchy; walking along their porticos, inhaling their sea-breezes, crowning their gods daily for fresh blessings, and their children for deserving them—reply to this voice by the symphony of their applause. Hark! my words are not idle. Hither comes the youths and virgins, the sires and matrons; hither come citizen and soldier—

*Sophocles.* A solecism from Pericles! Has the most eloquent of men forgotten the Attic language?—has he forgotten the language of all Greece? Can the father of his country be ignorant that he should have said hither COMES? for citizen and soldier is one.

*Pericles.* The fault is graver than the reproof, or indeed than simple incorrectness of language; my eyes misled my tongue: a large portion of the citizens is armed.

Oh, what an odor of thyme and bay and myrtle! and from what a distance, bruised by the procession!

*Sophocles.* What regular and full harmony! What a splendor and effulgence of white dresses, painful to aged eyes and dangerous to young!

*Pericles.* I can distinguish many voices from among others. Some of them have blessed me for defending their innocence before the judges; some for exhorting Greece to unanimity; some for my choice of friends. Ah surely those sing sweetest! those are the voices, O Sophocles, that shake my heart with tenderness, a tenderness passing love, and excite it above the trumpet and the cymbal. Return we to the gods: the crowd is waving the branches of olive, calling us by name, and closing to salute us.

*Sophocles.* O citadel of Pallas, more than all other citadels, may the goddess of wisdom and of war protect thee! and

never may strange tongue be heard within thy walls, unless from captive king!

Live, Pericles! and inspire into thy people the soul that once animated these heroes round us.

Hail, men of Athens! Pass onward: leave me: I follow. Go: behold the gods, the demigods, and Pericles!

Artemidoros, come to my right. No: better walk between us; else they who run past may knock the flute out of your hand, or push it every now and then from the lip. Have you received the verses I sent you in the morning? — soon enough to learn the accents and cadences?

*Artemidoros.* Actaios brought them to me about sunrise; and I raised myself up in bed to practice them, while he sat on the edge of it, shaking the dust off his sandals all over the chamber, by beating time.

*Sophocles.* Begin we.

> The colors of thy waves are not the same
> Day after day, Poseidon! nor the same
> The fortunes of the land wherefrom arose
> Under thy trident the brave friend of man.
> Wails have been heard from women, sterner breasts
> Have sounded with the desperate pang of grief,
> Gray hairs have strown these rocks; here Ægeus cried:
> "O Sun! careering over Sipylos,
> If desolation (worse than ever there
> Befell the mother, and those heads her own
> Would shelter when the deadly darts flew round)
> Impend not o'er my house in gloam so long,
> Let one swift cloud illumined by thy chariot
> Sweep off the darkness from that doubtful sail!"
>
> Deeper and deeper came the darkness down;
> The sail itself was heard; his eyes grew dim;
> His knees tottered beneath him, but availed
> To bear him till he plunged into the deep.
>
> Sound, fifes! there is a youthfulness of sound
> In your shrill voices: sound again, ye lips
> That Mars delights in! I will look no more
> Into the time behind for idle goads
> To stimulate faint fancies: hope itself
> Is bounded by the starry zone of glory.
> On one bright point we gaze, one wish we breathe,—
>
> Athens! be ever as thou art this hour,
> Happy and strong, a Pericles thy guide!

## DIOGENES AND PLATO

*DIOGENES.* Stop! stop! come hither! Why lookest thou so scornfully and askance upon me?

*Plato.* Let me go! loose me! I am resolved to pass.

*Diogenes.* Nay, then, by Jupiter and this tub! thou leavest three good ells of Milesian cloth behind thee. Whither wouldst thou amble?

*Plato.* I am not obliged in courtesy to tell you.

*Diogenes.* Upon whose errand? Answer me directly.

*Plato.* Upon my own.

*Diogenes.* Oh, then I will hold thee yet awhile. If it were upon another's, it might be a hardship to a good citizen, though not to a good philosopher.

*Plato.* That can be no impediment to my release: you do not think me one.

*Diogenes.* No, by my Father Jove!

*Plato.* Your father!

*Diogenes.* Why not? Thou shouldst be the last man to doubt it. Had not thou declared it irrational to refuse our belief to those who assert that they are begotten by the gods, though the assertion (these are thy words) be unfounded on reason or probability? In me there is a chance of it: whereas in the generation of such people as thou art fondest of frequenting, who claim it loudly, there are always too many competitors to leave it probable.

*Plato.* Those who speak against the great do not usually speak from morality, but from envy.

*Diogenes.* Thou hast a glimpse of the truth in this place; but as thou hast already shown thy ignorance in attempting to prove to me what a MAN is, ill can I expect to learn from thee what is a GREAT MAN.

*Plato.* No doubt your experience and intercourse will afford me the information.

*Diogenes.* Attend, and take it. The great man is he who hath nothing to fear and nothing to hope from another. It is he who, while he demonstrates the iniquity of

the laws, and is able to correct them, obeys them peaceably. It is he who looks on the ambitious both as weak and fraudulent. It is he who hath no disposition or occasion for any kind of deceit, no reason for being or for appearing different from what he is. It is he who can call together the most select company when it pleases him.

*Plato.* Excuse my interruption. In the beginning of your definition I fancied that you were designating your own person, as most people do in describing what is admirable; now I find that you have some other in contemplation.

*Diogenes.* I thank thee for allowing me what perhaps I DO possess, but what I was not then thinking of; as is often the case with rich possessors: in fact, the latter part of the description suits me as well as any portion of the former.

*Plato.* You may call together the best company, by using your hands in the call, as you did with me; otherwise I am not sure that you would succeed in it.

*Diogenes.* My thoughts are my company; I can bring them together, select them, detain them, dismiss them. Imbecile and vicious men cannot do any of these things. Their thoughts are scattered, vague, uncertain, cumbersome: and the worst stick to them the longest; many indeed by choice, the greater part by necessity, and accompanied, some by weak wishes, others by vain remorse.

*Plato.* Is there nothing of greatness, O Diogenes! in exhibiting how cities and communities may be governed best, how morals may be kept the purest, and power become the most stable?

*Diogenes.* SOMETHING of greatness does not constitute the great man. Let me, however, see him who hath done what thou sayest: he must be the most universal and the most indefatigable traveler, he must also be the oldest creature, upon earth.

*Plato.* How so?

*Diogenes.* Because he must know perfectly the climate, the soil, the situation, the peculiarities, of the races, of their allies, of their enemies; he must have sounded their harbors, he must have measured the quantity of their

arable land and pasture, of their woods and mountains; he must have ascertained where there are fisheries on their coasts, and even what winds are prevalent.* On these causes, with some others, depend the bodily strength, the numbers, the wealth, the wants, the capacities, of the people.

*Plato.* Such are low thoughts.

*Diogenes.* The bird of wisdom flies low, and seeks her food under hedges: the eagle himself would be starved if he always soared aloft and against the sun. The sweetest fruit grows near the ground, and the plants that bear it require ventilation and lopping. Were this not to be done in thy garden, every walk and alley, every plot and border, would be covered with runners and roots, with boughs and suckers. We want no poets or logicians or metaphysicians to govern us: we want practical men, honest men, continent men, unambitious men, fearful to solicit a trust, slow to accept, and resolute never to betray one. Experimentalists may be the best philosophers: they are always the worst politicians. Teach people their duties, and they will know their interests. Change as little as possible, and correct as much.

Philosophers are absurd from many causes, but principally from laying out unthriftily their distinctions. They set up four virtues: fortitude, prudence, temperance, and justice. Now a man may be a very bad one, and yet possess three out of the four. Every cutthroat must, if he has been a cutthroat on many occasions, have more fortitude and more prudence than the greater part of those whom we consider as the best men. And what cruel wretches, both executioners and judges, have been strictly just! how little have they cared what gentleness, what generosity, what genius, their sentence hath removed from the earth! Temperance and beneficence contain all other virtues. Take them home, Plato; split them, expound them; do what thou wilt with them, if thou but use them.

Before I gave thee this lesson, which is a better than thou ever gavest any one, and easier to remember, thou wert accusing me of invidiousness and malice against those

* Parts of knowledge which are now general, but were then very rare, and united in none.

whom thou callest the great, meaning to say the powerful. Thy imagination, I am well aware, had taken its flight toward Sicily, where thou seekest thy great man, as earnestly and undoubtingly as Ceres sought her Persephonè. Faith! honest Plato, I have no reason to envy thy worthy friend Dionysius. Look at my nose! A lad seven or eight years old threw an apple at me yesterday, while I was gazing at the clouds, and gave me nose enough for two moderate men. Instead of such a godsend, what should I have thought of my fortune if, after living all my lifetime among golden vases, rougher than my hand with their emeralds and rubies, their engravings and embossments; among Parian caryatides and porphyry sphinxes; among philosophers with rings upon their fingers and linen next their skin; and among singing boys and dancing girls, to whom alone thou speakest intelligibly,— I ask thee again, what should I in reason have thought of my fortune, if, after these facilities and superfluities, I had at last been pelted out of my house, not by one young rogue, but by thousands of all ages, and not with an apple (I wish I could say a rotten one), but with pebbles and broken pots; and, to crown my deserts, had been compelled to become the teacher of so promising a generation? Great men, forsooth! thou knowest at last who they are.

*Plato.* There are great men of various kinds.

*Diogenes.* No, by my beard, are there not!

*Plato.* What! are there not great captains, great geometricians, great dialecticians?

*Diogenes.* Who denied it? A great man was the postulate. Try thy hand now at the powerful one.

*Plato.* On seeing the exercise of power, a child cannot doubt who is powerful, more or less; for power is relative. All men are weak, not only if compared to the Demiurgos, but if compared to the sea or the earth, or certain things upon each of them, such as elephants and whales. So placid and tranquil is the scene around us, we can hardly bring to mind the images of strength and force, the precipices, the abysses —

*Diogenes.* Prythee hold thy loose tongue, twinkling and glittering like a serpent's in the midst of luxuriance and

rankness! Did never this reflection of thine warn thee that, in human life, the precipices and abysses would be much farther from our admiration, if we were less inconsiderate, selfish, and vile? I will not however stop thee long, for thou wert going on quite consistently. As thy great men are fighters and wranglers, so thy mighty things upon the earth and sea are troublesome and intractable incumbrances. Thou perceivedst not what was greater in the former case, neither art thou aware what is greater in this. Didst thou feel the gentle air that passed us?

*Plato.* I did not, just then.

*Diogenes.* That air, so gentle, so imperceptible to thee, is more powerful not only than all the creatures that breathe and live by it; not only than all the oaks of the forest, which it rears in an age and shatters in a moment; not only than all the monsters of the sea, but than the sea itself, which it tosses up into foam, and breaks against every rock in its vast circumference; for it carries in its bosom, with perfect calm and composure, the incontrollable ocean and the peopled earth, like an atom of a feather.

To the world's turmoils and pageantries is attracted, not only the admiration of the populace, but the zeal of the orator, the enthusiasm of the poet, the investigation of the historian, and the contemplation of the philosopher: yet how silent and invisible are they in the depths of air! Do I say in those depths and deserts? No; I say at the distance of a swallow's flight,—at the distance she rises above us, ere a sentence brief as this could be uttered.

What are its mines and mountains? Fragments welded up and dislocated by the expansion of water from below; the most part reduced to mud, the rest to splinters. Afterward sprang up fire in many places, and again tore and mangled the mutilated carcass, and still growls over it.

What are its cities and ramparts, and moles and monuments? Segments of a fragment, which one man puts together and another throws down. Here we stumble upon thy great ones at their work. Show me now, if thou canst, in history, three great warriors, or three great statesmen, who have acted otherwise than spiteful children.

*Plato.* I will begin to look for them in history when I have discovered the same number in the philosophers or the poets. A prudent man searches in his own garden after the plant he wants, before he casts his eyes over the stalls in Kenkrea or Keramicos.

Returning to your observation on the potency of the air, I am not ignorant or unmindful of it. May I venture to express my opinion to you Diogenes, that the earlier discoverers and distributers of wisdom (which wisdom lies among us in ruins and remnants, partly distorted and partly concealed by theological allegory) meant by Jupiter the air in its agitated state; by Juno the air in its quiescent. These are the great agents, and therefore called the king and queen of the gods. Jupiter is denominated by Homer the COMPELLER OF CLOUDS; Juno receives them and remits them in showers to plants and animals.

I may trust you, I hope, O Diogenes?

*Diogenes.* Thou mayest lower the gods in my presence, as safely as men in the presence of Timon.

*Plato.* I would not lower them: I would exalt them.

*Diogenes.* More foolish and presumptuous still!

*Plato.* Fair words, O Sinopean! I protest to you my aim is truth.

*Diogenes.* I cannot lead thee where of a certainty thou mayest always find it; but I will tell thee what it is. Truth is a point; the subtilest and finest; harder than adamant; never to be broken, worn away, or blunted. Its only bad quality is, that it is sure to hurt those who touch it; and likely to draw blood, perhaps the life blood, of those who press earnestly upon it. Let us away from this narrow lane skirted with hemlock, and pursue our road again through the wind and dust, toward the GREAT man and the POWERFUL. Him I would call the powerful one, who controls the storms of his mind, and turns to good account the worst accidents of his fortune. The great man, I was going on to demonstrate, is somewhat more. He must be able to do this, and he must have an intellect which puts into motion the intellect of others.

*Plato.* Socrates then was your great man.

*Diogenes.* He was indeed; nor can all thou hast attributed to him ever make me think the contrary. I wish he could have kept a little more at home, and have thought it as well worth his while to converse with his own children as with others.

*Plato.* He knew himself born for the benefit of the human race.

*Diogenes.* Those who are born for the benefit of the human race go but little into it: those who are born for its curse are crowded.

*Plato.* It was requisite to dispel the mists of ignorance and error.

*Diogenes.* Has he done it? What doubt has he elucidated, or what fact has he established? Although I was but twelve years old and resident in another city when he died, I have taken some pains in my inquiries about him from persons of less vanity and less perverseness than his disciples. He did not leave behind him any true philosopher among them; any who followed his mode of argumentation, his subjects of disquisition, or his course of life; any who would subdue the malignant passions or coerce the looser; any who would abstain from calumny or from cavil; any who would devote his days to the glory of his country, or, what is easier and perhaps wiser, to his own well-founded contentment and well-merited repose. Xenophon, the best of them, offered up sacrifices, believed in oracles, consulted soothsayers, turned pale at a jay, and was dysenteric at a magpie.

*Plato.* He had then no courage? I was the first to suspect it.

*Diogenes.* Which thou hadst never been if others had not praised him for it: but his courage was of so strange a quality, that he was ready, if jay or magpie did not cross him, to fight for Spartan or Persian. Plato, whom thou esteemest much more, and knowest somewhat less, careth as little for portent and omen as doth Diogenes. What he would have done for a Persian I cannot say; certain I am that he would have no more fought for a Spartan than he would for his own father: yet he mortally hates the man who hath a kinder muse or a better milliner, or a seat nearer the minion of a king. So much for the two

disciples of Socrates who have acquired the greatest celebrity !

*Plato.* Why do you attribute to me invidiousness and malignity, rather than to the young philosopher who is coming prematurely forward into public notice, and who hath lately been invited by the King of Macedon to educate his son?

*Diogenes.* These very words of thine demonstrate to me, calm and expostulatory as they appear in utterance, that thou enviest in this young man, if not his abilities, his appointment. And prythee now demonstrate to me as clearly, if thou canst, in what he is either a sycophant or a malignant.

*Plato.* Willingly.

*Diogenes.* I believe it. But easily, too?

*Plato.* I think so. Knowing the arrogance of Philip, and the signs of ambition which his boy (I forget the name) hath exhibited so early, he says in the fourth book of his "Ethics" (already in the hands of several here at Athens, although in its present state unfit for publication), that "he who deems himself worthy of less than his due is a man of pusillanimous and abject mind."

*Diogenes.* His canine tooth, friend Plato, did not enter thy hare's fur here.

*Plato.* No; he sneered at Phocion, and flattered Philip. He adds, "whether that man's merits be great, or small, or middling." And he supports the position by sophistry.

*Diogenes.* How could he act more consistently? Such is the support it should rest on. If the man's merits were great, he could not be abject.

*Plato.* Yet the author was so contented with his observation, that he expresses it again a hundred lines below.

*Diogenes.* Then he was not contented with his observation; for, had he been contented, he would have said no more about it. But, having seen lately his treatise, I remember that he varies the expression of the sentiment, and, after saying a very foolish thing, is resolved on saying one rather less inconsiderate: on the principle of the hunter on the snows of Pindus, who, when his fingers are frost-bitten, does not hold them instantly to the fire, but dips them first into

cold water. Aristoteles says, in his second trial at the thesis, "FOR he who is of low and abject mind strips himself of what is good about him, and is to a certain degree bad, because he thinks himself unworthy of the good."

Modesty and diffidence make a man unfit for public affairs: they also make him unfit for brothels: but do they therefore make him bad? It is not often that your scholar is lost in this way, by following the echo of his own voice. His greatest fault is, that he so condenses his thoughts as to render it difficult to see through them: he inspissates his yellow into black. However, I see more and more in him the longer I look at him: in you I see less and less. Perhaps other men may have eyes of another construction, and filled with a subtler and more ethereal fluid.

*Plato.* Acknowledge at least that it argues a poverty of thought to repeat the same sentiment.

*Diogenes.* It may or it may not. Whatever of ingenuity or invention be displayed in a remark, another may be added which surpasses it. If, after this and perhaps more, the author in a different treatise, or in a different place of the same, throws upon it fresh materials, surely you must allow that he rather hath brought forward the evidence of plenteousness than of poverty. Much of invention may be exhibited in the variety of turns and aspects he makes his thesis assume. A poor friend may give me to-day a portion of yesterday's repast; but a rich man is likelier to send me what is preferable, forgetting that he had sent me as much a day or two before. They who give us all we want, and beyond what we expected, may be pardoned if they happen to overlook the extent of their liberality. In this matter thou hast spoken inconsiderately and unwisely; but whether the remark of Aristoteles was intended as a slur on Phocion is uncertain. The repetition of it makes me incline to think it was; for few writers repeat a kind sentiment, many an unkind one: and Aristoteles would have repeated a just observation rather than an unjust, unless he wished to flatter or malign. The gods rarely let us take good aim on these occasions, but dazzle or overcloud us. The perfumed oil of flattery, and the caustic spirit of malignity, spread over an equally wide surface. Here both are

thrown out of their jars by the same pair of hands at the same moment; the sweet (as usual) on the bad man, the unsweet (as universal) on the good. I never heard before that they had fallen on the hands of Phocion and of Philip. Thou hast furnished me with the suspicion, and I have furnished thee with the supports for it. Do not, however, hope to triumph over Aristoteles because he hath said one thoughtless thing; rather attempt to triumph WITH him on saying many wise ones. For a philosopher I think him very little of an impostor. He mingles too frequently the acute and dull; and thou too frequently the sweet and vapid. Try to barter one with the other, amicably; and not to twitch and carp. You may each be the better for some exchanges; but neither for cheapening one another's wares. Do thou take my advice the first of the two; for thou hast the most to gain by it. Let me tell thee also that it does him no dishonor to have accepted the invitation of Philip as future preceptor of his newly-born child. I would rather rear a lion's whelp and tame him, than see him run untamed about the city, especially if any tenement and cattle were at its outskirts. Let us hope that a soul once Attic can never become Macedonian; but rather Macedonian than Sicilian.

Aristoteles, and all the rest of you, must have the wadding of straw and sawdust shaken out, and then we shall know pretty nearly your real weight and magnitude.

*Plato.* A philosopher ought never to speak in such a manner of philosophers.

*Diogenes.* None other ought, excepting now and then the beadle. However, the gods have well protected thee, O Plato, against his worst violence. Was this raiment of thine the screen of an Egyptian temple? or merely the drapery of a thirty cubit Isis? or peradventure a holiday suit of Darius for a bevy of his younger concubines? Prythee do tarry with me, or return another day, that I may catch a flight of quails with it as they cross over this part of Attica.

*Plato.* It hath always been the fate of the decorous to be calumniated for effeminacy by the sordid.

*Diogenes.* Effeminacy! By my beard! he who could carry all this Milesian bravery on his shoulders might, with the

help of three more such able men, have tossed Typhöeus up to the teeth of Jupiter.

*Plato.* We may serve our country, I hope, with clean faces.

*Diogenes.* More serve her with clean faces than with clean hands; and some are extremely shy of her when they fancy she may want them.

*Plato.* Although on some occasions I have left Athens, I cannot be accused of deserting her in the hour of danger.

*Diogenes.* Nor proved to have defended her. But better desert her on some occasions, or on all, than praise the tyrant Critias,—the cruelest of thirty who condemned thy master. In one hour, in the hour when that friend was dying, when young and old were weeping over him, where THEN wert thou?

*Plato.* Sick at home.

*Diogenes.* Sick! how long? of what malady? In such torments, or in such debility, that it would have cost thee thy life to have been carried to the prison? Or hadst thou no litter; no slaves to bear it; no footboy to inquire the way to the public prison, to the cell of Socrates? The medicine he took could never have made thy heart colder, or thy legs more inactive and torpid in their movement toward a friend. Shame upon thee! scorn! contempt! everlasting reprobation and abhorrence!

*Plato.* Little did I ever suppose that, in being accused of hard-heartedness, Diogenes would exercise the office of accuser.

*Diogenes.* Not to press the question, nor to avoid the recrimination, I will enter on the subject at large; and rather as an appeal than as a disquisition. I am called hard-hearted; Alcibiades is called tender-hearted. Speak I truly or falsely?

*Plato.* Truly.

*Diogenes.* In both cases?

*Plato.* In both.

*Diogenes.* Pray, in what doth hardness of heart consist?

*Plato.* There are many constituents and indications of it: want of sympathy with our species is one.

*Diogenes.* I sympathize with the brave in their adversity and afflictions, because I feel in my own breast the flame

that burns in theirs; and I do not sympathize with others, because with others my heart hath nothing of consanguinity. I no more sympathize with the generality of mankind than I do with fowls, fishes, and insects. We have indeed the same figure and the same flesh, but not the same soul and spirit. Yet, recall to thy memory if thou canst, any action of mine bringing pain of body or mind to any rational creature. True, indeed, no despot or conqueror should exercise his authority a single hour if my arm or my exhortations could prevail against him. Nay, more: none should depart from the earth without flagellations, nor without brands, nor without exposure, day after day, in the market place of the city where he governed. This is the only way I know of making men believe in the justice of their gods. And if they never were to believe in it at all, it is right that they should confide in the equity of their fellow-men. Even this were imperfect; for every despot and conqueror inflicts much greater misery than any one human body can suffer. Now then plainly thou seest the extent of what thou wouldst call my cruelty. We who have ragged beards are cruel by prescription and acclamation; while they who have pumiced faces and perfumed hair are called cruel only in the moments of tenderness, and in the pauses of irritation. Thy friend Alcibiades was extremely good-natured; yet, because the people of Melos, descendants from the Lacedæmonians, stood neutral in the Peloponnesian war, and refused to fight against their fathers, the good-natured man, when he had vanquished and led them captive, induced the Athenians to slaughter all among them who were able to bear arms; and we know that the survivors were kept in irons until the victorious Spartans set them free.

*Plato.* I did not approve of this severity.

*Diogenes.* Nor didst thou at any time disapprove of it. Of what value are all thy philosophy and all thy eloquence, if they fail to humanize a bosom-friend, or fear to encounter a misguided populace?

*Plato.* I thought I heard Diogenes say he had no sympathy with the mass of mankind: what could excite it so suddenly in behalf of an enemy?

*Diogenes.* Whoever is wronged is thereby my fellow-creature, although he were never so before. Scorn, contumely, chains, unite us.

*Plato.* Take heed, O Diogenes! lest the people of Athens hear you.

*Diogenes.* Is Diogenes no greater than the people of Athens? Friend Plato! I take no heed about them. Somebody or something will demolish me sooner or later. An Athenian can but begin what an ant, or a beetle, or a worm will finish. Any one of the three would have the best of it. While I retain the use of my tongue I will exercise it at my leisure and my option. I would not bite it off, even for the pleasure of spitting it in a tyrant's face, as that brave girl Egina did. But I would recommend that, in his wisdom, he should deign to take thine perferably, which, having always honey upon it, must suit his taste better.

*Plato.* Diogenes! if you must argue or discourse with me, I will endure your asperity for the sake of your acuteness; but it appears to me a more philosophical thing to avoid what is insulting and vexatious, than to breast and brave it.

*Diogenes.* Thou hast spoken well.

*Plato.* It belongs to the vulgar, not to us, to fly from a man's opinion to his actions, and to stab him in his own house for having received no wound in the school. One merit you will allow me: I always keep my temper; which you seldom do.

*Diogenes.* Is mine a good or a bad one?

*Plato.* Now must I speak sincerely?

*Diogenes.* Dost thou, a philosopher, ask such a question of me, a philosopher? Ay, sincerely or not at all.

*Plato.* Sincerely as you could wish, I must declare then your temper is the worst in the world.

*Diogenes.* I am much in the right, therefore, not to keep it. Embrace me: I have spoken now in thy own manner. Because thou sayest the most malicious things the most placidly, thou thinkest or pretendest thou art sincere.

*Plato.* Certainly those who are most the masters of their resentments are likely to speak less erroneously than the passionate and morose.

*Diogenes.* If they would, they might; but the moderate are not usually the most sincere, for the same circumspection which makes them moderate makes them likewise retentive of what could give offense: they are also timid in regard to fortune and favor, and hazard little. There is no mass of sincerity in any place. What there is must be picked up patiently, a grain or two at a time; and the season for it is after a storm, after the overflowing of banks, and bursting of mounds, and sweeping away of landmarks. Men will always hold something back; they must be shaken and loosened a little, to make them let go what is deepest in them, and weightiest and purest.

*Plato.* Shaking and loosening as much about you as was requisite for the occasion, it became you to demonstrate where and in what manner I had made Socrates appear less sagacious and less eloquent than he was; it became you likewise to consider the great difficulty of finding new thoughts and new expressions for those who had more of them than any other men, and to represent them in all the brilliancy of their wit and in all the majesty of their genius. I do not assert that I have done it; but if I have not, what man has? what man has come so nigh to it? He who could bring Socrates, or Solon, or Diogenes, through a dialogue, without disparagement, is much nearer in his intellectual powers to them, than any other is near to him.

*Diogenes.* Let Diogenes alone, and Socrates, and Solon. None of the three ever occupied his hours in tingeing and curling the tarnished plumes of prostitute Philosophy, or deemed any thing worth his attention, care, or notice, that did not make men brave and independent. As thou callest on me to show thee where and in what manner thou hast misrepresented thy teacher, and as thou seemest to set an equal value on eloquence and on reasoning, I shall attend to thee awhile on each of these matters, first inquiring of thee whether the axiom is Socratic, that it is never becoming to get drunk, UNLESS in the solemnities of Bacchus?*

*Plato.* This god was the discoverer of the vine and of its uses.

* Dialogue VI. on THE LAWS.

*Diogenes.* Is drunkenness one of its uses, or the discovery of a god? If Pallas or Jupiter hath given us reason, we should sacrifice our reason with more propriety to Jupiter or Pallas. To Bacchus is due a libation of wine; the same being his gift, as thou preachest.

Another and a graver question.

Did Socrates teach thee that "slaves are to be scourged, and by no means admonished as though they were the children of the master?"

*Plato.* He did not argue upon government.

*Diogenes.* He argued upon humanity, whereon all government is founded: whatever is beside it is usurpation.

*Plato.* Are slaves then never to be scourged, whatever be their transgressions and enormities?

*Diogenes.* Whatever they be, they are less than his who reduced them to their condition.

*Plato.* What! though they murder his whole family?

*Diogenes.* Ay, and poison the public fountain of the city. What am I saying? and to whom? Horrible as is this crime, the next in atrocity to parricide, thou deemest it a lighter one than stealing a fig or grape. The stealer of these is scourged by thee; the sentence on the poisoner is to cleanse out the receptacle.* There is, however, a kind of poisoning which, to do thee justice, comes before thee with all its horrors, and which thou wouldst punish capitally, even in such a sacred personage as an aruspex or diviner: I mean the poisoning by incantation. I, and my whole family, my whole race, my whole city, may bite the dust in agony from a truss of henbane in the well; and little harm done forsooth! Let an idle fool set an image of me in wax before the fire, and whistle and caper to it, and purr and pray, and chant a hymn to Hecate while it melts, intreating and imploring her that I may melt as easily,—and thou wouldst, in thy equity and holiness, strangle him at the first stave of his psalmody.

*Plato.* If this is an absurdity, can you find another?

*Diogenes.* Truly, in reading thy book, I doubted at first, and for a long continuance, whether thou couldst have been serious; and whether it were not rather a satire on those

* Dialogue VIII.

busy-bodies who are incessantly intermeddling in other people's affairs. It was only on the protestation of thy intimate friends that I believed thee to have written it in earnest. As for thy question, it is idle to stoop and pick out absurdities from a mass of inconsistency and injustice; but another and another I could throw in, and another and another afterward, from any page in the volume. Two bare, staring falsehoods lift their beaks one upon the other, like spring frogs. Thou sayest that no punishment decreed by the laws tendeth to evil! What! not if immoderate? not if partial? Why then repeal any penal statute while the subject of its animadversion exists? In prisons the less criminal are placed among the more criminal, the inexperienced in vice together with the hardened in it. This is part of the punishment, though it precedes the sentence; nay, it is often inflicted on those whom the judges acquit: the law, by allowing it, does it.

The next is, that he who is punished by the laws is the better for it, however the less depraved. What! if anteriorly to the sentence he lives and converses with worse men, some of whom console him by deadening the sense of shame, others by removing the apprehension of punishment? Many laws as certainly make men bad, as bad men make many laws; yet under thy regimen they take us from the bosom of the nurse, turn the meat about upon the platter, pull the bedclothes off, make us sleep when we would wake, and wake when we would sleep, and never cease to rummage and twitch us, until they see us safe landed at the grave. We can do nothing (but be poisoned) with impunity. What is worst of all, we must marry certain relatives and connections, be they distorted, blear-eyed, toothless, carbuncled, with hair (if any) eclipsing the reddest torch of Hymen, and with a hide outrivalling in color and plaits his trimmest saffron robe. At the mention of this indeed, friend Plato, even thou, although resolved to stand out of harm's way, beginnest to make a wry mouth, and findest it difficult to pucker and purse it up again, without an astringent store of moral sentences. Hymen is truly no acquaintance of thine. We know the delicacies of love which thou wouldst reserve for the gluttony

of heroes and the fastidiousness of philosophers. Heroes, like gods, must have their own way: but against thee and thy confraternity of elders I would turn the closet key, and your mouths might water over, but your tongues should never enter, those little pots of comfiture. Seriously, you who wear embroidered slippers ought to be very cautious of treading in the mire. Philosophers should not only live the simplest lives, but should also use the plainest language. Poets, in employing magnificent and sonorous words, teach philosophy the better by thus disarming suspicion that the finest poetry contains and conveys the finest philosophy. You will never let any man hold his right station: you would rank Solon with Homer for poetry. This is absurd. The only resemblance is in both being eminently wise. Pindar, too, makes even the cadences of his dithyrambics keep time to the flute of Reason. My tub, which holds fifty-fold thy wisdom, would crack at the reverberation of thy voice.

*Plato.* Farewell.

*Diogenes.* Not quite yet. I must physic thee a little with law again before we part; answer me one more question. In punishing a robbery, wouldst thou punish him who steals every thing from one who wants every thing, less severely than him who steals little from one who wants nothing?

*Plato.* No: in this place the iniquity is manifest; not a problem in geometry is plainer.

*Diogenes.* Thou liedst then — in thy sleep perhaps — but thou liedst. Differing in one page from what was laid down by thee in another,* thou wouldst punish what is called SACRILEGE with death. The magistrates ought to provide that the temples be watched so well, and guarded so effectually, as never to be liable to thefts. The gods, we must suppose, cannot do it by themselves; for, to admit the contrary, we must admit their indifference to the possession of goods and chattels: an impiety so great, that sacrilege itself drops into atoms under it. He, however, who robs from the gods, be the amount what it may, robs from the rich,— robs from those who can want nothing, although, like the other rich, they are mightily

*Books IX. and X.

vindictive against petty plunderers. But he who steals from a poor widow a loaf of bread may deprive her of every thing she has in the world; perhaps, if she be bedridden or paralytic, of life itself.

I am weary of this digression on the inequality of punishments; let us come up to the object of them. It is not, O Plato, an absurdity of thine alone, but of all who write and of all who converse on them, to assert that they both are and ought to be inflicted publicly, for the sake of deterring from offense. The only effect of public punishment is to show the rabble how bravely it can be borne, and that every one who hath lost a toe nail hath suffered worse. The virtuous man, as a reward and a privilege, should be permitted to see how calm and satisfied a virtuous man departs. The criminal should be kept in the dark about the departure of his fellows, which is oftentimes as unreluctant; for to him, if indeed no reward or privilege, it would be a corroborative and a cordial. Such things ought to be taken from him, no less carefully than the instruments of destruction or evasion. Secrecy and mystery should be the attendants of punishment, and the sole persons present should be the injured, or two of his realatives, and a functionary delegated by each tribe, to witness and register the execution of justice.

Trials, on the contrary, should be public in every case. It being presumable that the sense of shame and honor is not hitherto quite extinguished in the defendant, this, if he be guilty, is the worst part of his punishment: if innocent, the best of his release. From the hour of trial until the hour of return to society (or the dust) there should be privacy, there should be solitude.

*Plato.* It occurs to me, O Diogenes, that you agree with Aristoteles on the doctrine of necessity.

*Diogenes.* I do.

*Plato.* How then can you punish, by any heavier chastisement than coercion, the heaviest offenses? Everything being brought about, as you hold, by fate and predestination —

*Diogenes.* Stay! Those terms are puerile, and imply a petition of a principle: keep to the term NECESSITY. Thou

art silent. Here then, O Plato, will I acknowledge to thee I wonder it should have escaped thy perspicacity that FREE-WILL itself is nothing else than a part and effluence of NECESSITY. If every thing proceeds from some other thing, every impulse from some other impulse, that which impels to choice or will must act among the rest.

*Plato.* Every impulse from some other (I must so take it) under God, or the first cause.

*Diogenes.* Be it so: I meddle not at present with infinity or eternity; when I can comprehend them I will talk about them. You metaphysicians kill the flower-bearing and fruit-bearing glebe with delving and turning over and sifting, and never bring up any solid and malleable mass from the dark profundity in which you labor. The intellectual world, like the physical, is inapplicable to profit and incapable of cultivation a little way below the surface,—of which there is more to manage, and more to know, than any of you will undertake.

*Plato.* It happens that we do not see the stars at eventide, sometimes because there are clouds intervening, but oftener because there are glimmerings of light: thus many truths escape us from the obscurity we stand in; and many more from that crepuscular state of mind, which induceth us to sit down satisfied with our imaginations and unsuspicious of our knowledge.

*Diogenes.* Keep always to the point, or with an eye upon it; and, instead of saying things to make people stare and wonder, say what will withhold them hereafter from wondering and staring. This is philosophy: to make remote things tangible, common things extensively useful, useful things extensively common, and to leave the least necessary for the last. I have always a suspicion of sonorous sentences. The full shell sounds little, but shows by that little what is within. A bladder swells out more with wind than with oil.

*Plato.* I would not neglect politics or morals, nor indeed even manners; these, however, are mutable and evanescent. The human understanding is immovable and forever the same in its principles and its constitution, and no study is so important or so inviting.

*Diogenes.* Your sect hath done little in it. You are singularly fond of those disquisitions in which few can detect your failures and your fallacies, and in which, if you stumble or err, you may find some countenance in those who lost their way before you.

Is not this schoolroom of mine, which holdeth but one scholar, preferable to that out of which have proceeded so many impetuous in passion, refractory in discipline, unprincipled in adventure, and (worst of all) proud in slavery? Poor creatures who run after a jaded mule or palfrey to pick up what he drops along the road, may be certain of a cabbage the larger and the sooner for it; while those who are equally assiduous at the heel of kings and princes hunger and thirst for more, and usually gather less. Their attendance is neither so certain of reward nor so honest; their patience is scantier, their industry weaker, their complaints louder. What shall we say of their philosophy? what of their virtue? What shall we say of the greatness whereon their feeders plume themselves? — not caring they indeed for the humbler character of virtue or philosophy. We never call children the greater or the better for wanting others to support them; why then do we call men so for it? I would be servant of any helpless man for hours together; but sooner shall a king be the slave of Diogenes than Diogenes a king's.

*Plato.* Companionship, O Sinopean, is not slavery.

*Diogenes.* Are the best of them worthy to be my companions? Have they ever made you wiser? have you ever made them so? Prythee, what is companionship where nothing that improves the intellect is communicated, and where the larger heart contracts itself to the model and dimensions of the smaller? 'Tis a dire calamity to HAVE a slave; 'tis an inexpiable curse to BE one. When it befalls a man through violence he must be pitied; but where is pity, where is pardon, for the wretch who solicits it, or bends his head under it through invitation? Thy hardness of heart toward slaves, O Plato, is just as unnatural as hardness of heart toward dogs would be in me.

*Plato.* You would have none perhaps in that condition.

*Diogenes.* None should be made slaves excepting those who have attempted to make others so, or who spontaneously have become the instruments of unjust or unruly men. Even these ought not to be scourged every day perhaps; for their skin is the only sensitive part of them, and such castigation might shorten their lives.

*Plato.* Which, in your tenderness and mercy, you would not do.

*Diogenes.* Longevity is desirable in them, that they may be exposed in coops to the derision of the populace on holidays, and that few may serve the purpose.

*Plato.* We will pass over this wild and thorny theory into the field of civilization in which we live; and here I must remark the evil consequences that would ensue if our domestics could listen to you about the hardships they are enduring.

*Diogenes.* And is it no evil that truth and beneficence should be shut out at once from so large a portion of mankind? Is it none when things are so perverted that an act of beneficence might lead to a thousand acts of cruelty, and that one accent of truth should be more pernicious than all the falsehoods that have been accumulated since the formation of language, since the gift of speech? I have taken thy view of the matter; take thou mine. Hercules was called just and glorious, and worshiped as a deity, because he redressed the grievances of others; is it unjust, is it inglorious, to redress one's own? If that man rises high in the favor of the people, high in the estimation of the valiant and the wise, high before God by the assertion and vindication of his holiest law, who punishes with death such as would reduce him or his fellow-citizens to slavery, how much higher rises he, who, being a slave, springs up indignantly from his low estate, and thrusts away the living load that intercepts from him what even the reptiles and insects, what even the bushes and brambles of the roadside, enjoy!

*Plato.* We began with definitions. I rejoice, O Diogenes, that you are warmed into rhetoric, in which you will find me a most willing auditor; for I am curious to collect a specimen of your prowess where you have not yet established any part of your celebrity.

*Diogenes.* I am idle enough for it; but I have other things yet for thy curiosity, other things yet for thy castigation.

Thou wouldst separate the military from the citizens, from artisans, and from agriculturists. A small body of soldiers, who never could be anything else, who in a short time subdue and subjugate the industrious and the wealthy. They would begin by demanding an increase of pay; then they would insist on admission to magistracies; and presently their general would assume the sovereignty, and create new offices of trust and profit for the strength and security of his usurpation. Soldiers, in a free state, should be enrolled from those principally who are most interested in the conservation of order and property; chiefly the sons of tradesmen in towns. First, because there is the less detriment done to agriculture,—the main thing to be considered in all countries; secondly, because such people are pronest to sedition, from the two opposite sides of enrichment and poverty; and lastly, because their families are always at hand, responsible for their fidelity, and where shame would befall them thickly in case of cowardice, or any misconduct. Those governments are the most flourishing and stable which have the fewest idle youths about the streets and theatres; it is only with the sword that they can cut the halter.

Thy faults arise from two causes principally: first, a fondness for playing tricks with argument and with fancy; secondly, swallowing from others what thou hast not taken time enough nor exercise enough to digest.

*Plato.* Lay before me the particular things you accuse me of drawing from others.

*Diogenes.* Thy opinions on numbers are distorted from those of the Chaldeans, Babylonians, and Syrians; who believe that numbers, and letters too, have peculiar powers, independent of what is represented by them on the surface.

*Plato.* I have said more, and often differently.

*Diogenes.* Thou hast indeed. Neither they nor Pythagoras ever taught, as thou hast done, that the basis of the earth is an equilateral triangle, and the basis of water a rectangular. We are then informed by thy sagacity, that "the world has no need of eyes, because nothing is left to

be looked at out of it; nor of ears, because nothing can be heard beyond it; nor of any parts for the reception, concoction, and voidance of nutriment, because there can be no secretion nor accretion."*

This indeed is very providential. If things were otherwise, foul might befall your genii, who are always on active service; a world would not bespatter them so lightly as we mortals are bespattered by a swallow. Whatever is asserted on things tangible should be asserted from experiment only. Thou shouldst have defended better that which thou hast stolen; a thief should not only have impudence, but courage.

*Plato.* What do you mean?

*Diogenes.* I mean that every one of thy whimsies hath been picked up somewhere by thee in thy travels; and each of them hath been rendered more weak and puny by its place of concealment in thy closet. What thou hast written on the immortality of the soul goes rather to prove the immortality of the body; and applies as well to the body of a weasel or an eel as to the fairer one of Agathon or of Aster. Why not at once introduce a new religion,† since religions keep and are relished in proportion as they are salted with absurdity, inside and out? and all of them must have one great crystal of it for the centre; but Philosophy pines and dies unless she drinks limpid water. When Pherecydes and Pythagoras felt in themselves the majesty of contemplation, they spurned the idea that flesh and bones and arteries should confer it; and that what comprehends the past and the future should sink in a moment and be annihilated forever. "No," cried they, "the power of thinking is no more in the brain than in the hair, although the brain may be the instrument on which it plays. It is not corporeal, it is not of this world; its existence is eternity, its residence is infinity." I forbear to discuss the rationality of their belief, and pass on straightway to thine; if, indeed, I am to consider as one, belief and doctrine.

* Timæus.

† He alludes to the various worships of Egypt, and to what Plato had learned there.

*Plato.* As you will.

*Diogenes.* I should rather, then, regard these things as mere ornaments; just as many decorate their apartments with lyres and harps, which they themselves look at from the couch, supinely complacent, and leave for visitors to admire and play on.

*Plato.* I foresee not how you can disprove my argument on the immortality of the soul, which, being contained in the best of my dialogues, and being often asked for among my friends, I carry with me.

*Diogenes.* At this time?

*Plato.* Even so.

*Diogenes.* Give me then a certain part of it for my perusal.

*Plato.* Willingly.

*Diogenes.* Hermes and Pallas! I wanted but a cubit of it, or at most a fathom, and thou art pulling it out by the plethron.

*Plato.* This is the place in question.

*Diogenes.* Read it.

*Plato.* (reads.) "Sayest thou not that death is the opposite of life, and that they spring the one from the other?" "YES." "What springs then from the living?" "THE DEAD." "And what from the dead?" "THE LIVING." "Then all things alive spring from the dead."

*Diogenes.* Why that repetition? but go on.

*Plato.* (reads.) "Souls therefore exist after death in the infernal regions."

*Diogenes.* Where is the THEREFORE? where is it even as to EXISTENCE? As to the INFERNAL REGIONS, there is nothing that points toward a proof, or promises an indication. Death neither springs from life, nor life from death. Although death is the inevitable consequence of life, if the observation and experience of ages go for anything, yet nothing shows us, or ever hath signified, that life comes from death. Thou mightest as well say that a barley-corn dies before the germ of another barley-corn grows up from it, than which nothing is more untrue; for it is only the protecting part of the germ that perishes, when its protection is no longer necessary. The consequence, that souls

exist after death, cannot be drawn from the corruption of the body, even if it were demonstrable that out of this corruption a live one could rise up. Thou hast not said that the soul is among those dead things which living things must spring from; thou hast not said that a living soul produces a dead soul, or that a dead soul produces a living one.

*Plato.* No, indeed.

*Diogenes.* On my faith, thou hast said, however, things no less inconsiderate, no less inconsequent, no less unwise; and this very thing must be said and proved, to make thy argument of any value. Do dead men beget children?

*Plato.* I have not said it.

*Diogenes.* Thy argument implies it.

*Plato.* These are high mysteries, and to be approached with reverence.

*Diogenes.* Whatever we cannot account for is in the same predicament. We may be gainers by being ignorant if we can be thought mysterious. It is better to shake our heads and to let nothing out of them, than to be plain and explicit in matters of difficulty. I do not mean in confessing our ignorance or our imperfect knowledge of them, but in clearing them up perspicuously: for, if we answer with ease, we may haply be thought good-natured, quick, communicative; never deep, never sagacious; not very defective possibly in our intellectual faculties, yet unequal and chinky, and liable to the probation of every clown's knuckle.

*Plato.* The brightest of stars appear the most unsteady and tremulous in their light; not from any quality inherent in themselves, but from the vapors that float below, and from the imperfection of vision in the surveyor.

*Diogenes.* To the stars again! Draw thy robe round thee; let the folds fall gracefully, and look majestic. That sentence is an admirable one; but not for me. I want sense, not stars. What then? Do no vapors float below the others? and is there no imperfection in the vision of those who look at THEM, if they are the same men, and look the next moment? We must move on: I shall follow

the dead bodies, and the benighted driver of their fantastic bier, close and keen as any hyena.

*Plato.* Certainly, O Diogenes, you excel me in elucidations and similes: mine was less obvious. Lycaon became against his will what you become from pure humanity.

*Diogenes.* When Humanity is averse to Truth, a fig for her.

*Plato.* Many, who profess themselves her votaries, have made her a less costly offering.

*Diogenes.* Thou hast said well, and I will treat thee gently for it.

*Plato.* I may venture then, in defense of my compositions, to argue that neither simple metaphysics nor strict logic would be endured long together in a dialogue.

*Diogenes.* Few people can endure them anywhere; but whatever is contradictory to either is intolerable. The business of a good writer is to make them pervade his works, without obstruction to his force or impediment to his facility; to divest them of their forms, and to mingle their potency in every particle. I must acknowledge that, in matters of love, thy knowledge is twice as extensive as mine is; yet nothing I ever heard is so whimsical and silly as thy description of its effects upon the soul, under the influence of beauty. The WINGS of the soul, thou tellest us, are BEDEWED; and certain GERMS of theirs expand from every part of it.

The only thing I know about the soul is, that it makes the ground slippery under us when we discourse on it, by virtue (I presume) of this BEDEWING; and beauty does not assist us materially in rendering our steps the steadier.

*Plato.* Diogenes! you are the only man that admires not the dignity and stateliness of my expressions.

*Diogenes.* Thou hast many admirers; but either they never have read thee, or do not understand thee, or are fond of fallacies, or are incapable of detecting them. I would rather hear the murmur of insects in the grass than the clatter and trilling of cymbals and timbrels overhead. The tiny animals I watch with composure, and guess their business; the brass awakes me only to weary me: I wish it underground again, and the parchment on the sheep's back.

*Plato.* My sentences, it is acknowledged by all good judges, are well constructed and harmonious.

*Diogenes.* I admit it: I have also heard it said that thou art eloquent.

*Plato.* If style, without elocution, can be.

*Diogenes.* Neither without nor with elocution is there eloquence where there is no ardor, no impulse, no energy, no concentration. Eloquence raises the whole man: thou raisest our eyebrows only. We wonder, we applaud, we walk away, and we forget. Thy eggs are very prettily speckled; but those which men use for their sustenance are plain white ones. People do not every day put on their smartest dresses; they are not always in trim for dancing nor are they practising their steps in all places. I profess to be no weaver of fine words, no dealer in the plumes of phraseology, yet every man and every woman I speak to understands me.

*Plato.* Which would not always be the case if the occulter operations of the human mind were the subject.

*Diogenes.* If what is occult must be occult forever, why throw away words about it? Employ on every occasion the simplest and easiest, and range them in the most natural order; thus they will serve thee faithfully, bringing thee many hearers and readers from the intellectual and uncorrupted. All popular orators, victorious commanders, crowned historians, and poets above crowning, have done it. Homer, for the glory of whose birthplace none but the greatest cities dared contend, is alike the highest and the easiest in poetry. Herodotus, who brought into Greece more knowledge of distant countries than any or indeed than all before him, is the plainest and gracefulest in prose. Aristoteles, thy scholar, is possessor of a long and lofty treasury, with many windings and many vaults at the sides of them, abstruse and dark. He is unambitious of displaying his wealth; and few are strong-wristed enough to turn the key of his iron chests. Whenever he presents to his reader one full-blown thought, there are several buds about it which are to open in the cool of the study; and he makes you learn more than he teaches.

*Plato.* I can never say that I admire his language.

*Diogenes.* Thou wilt never say it; but thou dost. His language, where he wishes it to be harmonious, is highly so; and there are many figures of speech exquisitely beautiful, but simple and unobtrusive. You see what a fine head of hair he might have if he would not cut it so short. Is there as much true poetry in all thy works, prose and verse, as in that *Scolion* of his on Virtue?

*Plato.* I am less invidious than he is.

*Diogenes.* He may indeed have caught the infection of malignity, which all who live in the crowd, whether of a court or a school, are liable to contract. We had dismissed that question; we had buried the mortal and corruptible part of him, and were looking into the litter which contains his true and everlasting effigy; and this effigy the strongest and noblest minds will carry by relays to interminable generations. We were speaking of his thoughts and what conveys them. His language then, in good truth, differs as much from that which we find in thy dialogues, as wine in the goblet differs from wine spilt upon the table. With thy leave, I would rather drink than lap.

*Plato.* Methinks such preference is contrary to your nature.

*Diogenes.* Ah, Plato! I ought to be jealous of thee, finding that two in this audience can smile at thy wit, and not one at mine.

*Plato.* I would rather be serious, but that my seriousness is provocative of your moroseness. Detract from me as much as can be detracted by the most hostile to my philosophy, still it is beyond the power of any man to suppress or to conceal from the admiration of the world the amplitude and grandeur of my language.

*Diogenes.* Thou remindest me of a cavern I once entered. The mouth was spacious; and many dangling weeds and rampant briers caught me by the hair above, and by the beard below, and flapped my face on each side. I found it in some places flat and sandy; in some rather miry; in others I bruised my shins against little pointed pinnacles, or larger and smoother round stones. Many were the windings, and deep the darkness. Several men came forward with long poles and lighted torches on them, promising to show

innumerable gems, on the roof and along the sides, to some ingenuous youths whom they conducted. I thought I was lucky, and went on among them. Most of the gems turned out to be drops of water; but some were a little more solid. These however in general gave way and crumbled under the touch; and most of the remainder lost all their brightness by the smoke of the torches underneath. The farther I went in, the fouler grew the air and the dimmer the torchlight. Leaving it, and the youths, and the guides and their long poles, I stood a moment in wonder at the vast number of names and verses graven at the opening, and forbore to insert the ignoble one of Diogenes.

The vulgar, indeed, and the fashionable do call such language as thine the noblest and most magnificent; the scholastic bend over it in paleness, and with the right hand upon the breast, at its unfathomable depth: but what would a man of plain, simple, sound understanding say upon it?—what would a metaphysician?—what would a logician?—what would Pericles? Truly, he had taken thee by the arm, and kissed that broad well-perfumed forehead, for filling up with light (as thou wouldst say) the dimple in the cheek of Aspasia, and for throwing such a gadfly in the current of her conversation. She was of a different sect from thee both in religion and in love, and both her language and her dress were plainer.

*Plato.* She, like yourself, worshiped no deity in public; and probably both she and Aristoteles find the more favor with you from the laxity of their opinions in regard to the powers above. The indifference of Aristoteles to religion may perhaps be the reason why King Philip bespoke him so early for the tuition of his successor; on whom, destined as he is to pursue the conquests of the father, moral and religious obligations might be incommodious.

*Diogenes.* Kings who kiss the toes of the most gods, and the most zealously, never find any such incommodiousness. In courts, religious ceremonies cover with their embroidery moral obligations; and the most dishonest and the most libidinous and the most sanguinary kings (to say nothing of private men) have usually been the most punctual worshipers.

*Plato.* There may be truth in these words. We however know your contempt for religious acts and ceremonies, which, if you do not comply with them, you should at least respect by way of an example.

*Diogenes.* What! if a man lies to me, should I respect the lie for the sake of an example! Should I be guilty of duplicity for the sake of an example? Did I ever omit to attend the Thesmophoria, the only religious rite worthy of a wise man's attendance? It displays the union of industry and law. Here is no fraud, no fallacy, no filching: the gods are worshiped for their best gifts, and do not stand with open palms for ours. I neither laugh nor wonder at any one's folly. To laugh at it is childish or inhumane, according to its nature; and to wonder at it would be a greater folly than itself, whatever it may be.

Must I go on with incoherences and inconsistences?

*Plato.* I am not urgent with you.

*Diogenes.* Then I will reward thee the rather.

Thou makest poor Socrates tell us that a beautiful vase is inferior to a beautiful horse; and as a beautiful horse is inferior to a beautiful maiden, in like manner a beautiful maiden is inferior in beauty to the immortal gods.

*Plato.* No doubt, O Diogenes!

*Diogenes.* Thou hast whimsical ideas of beauty: but, understanding the word as all Athenians and all inhabitants of Hellas understand it, there is no analogy between a horse and a vase. Understanding it as thou perhaps mayest choose to do on the occasion, understanding it as applicable to the service and utility of men and gods, the vase may be applied to more frequent and more noble purposes than the horse. It may delight men in health; it may administer to them in sickness; it may pour out before the protectors of families and of cities the wine of sacrifice. But if it is the quality and essence of beauty to gratify the sight, there are certainly more persons who can receive gratification from the appearance of a beautiful vase than of a beautiful horse. Xerxes brought into Hellas with him thousands of beautiful horses and many beautiful vases. Supposing now that all the horses which were beautiful seemed so to all good judges of their symmetry,

it is probable that scarcely one man in fifty would fix his eyes attentively on one horse in fifty; but undoubtedly there were vases in the tents of Xerxes which would have attracted all the eyes in the army, and have filled them with admiration. I say nothing of the women, who in Asiatic armies are as numerous as the men, and who would every one admire the vases, while few admired the horses. Yet women are as good judges of what is beautiful as thou art, and for the most part on the same principles. But, repeating that there is no analogy between the two objects, I must insist that there can be no just comparison: and I trust I have clearly demonstrated that the postulate is not to be conceded. We will nevertheless carry on the argument and examination: for "the beautiful virgin is inferior in beauty to the immortal gods." Is not Vulcan an immortal god? Are not the Furies and Discord immortal goddesses? Ay, by my troth are they! and there never was any city and scarcely any family on earth to which they were long invisible. Wouldst thou prefer them to a golden cup, or even to a cup from the potter's? Would it require one with a dance of bacchanals under the pouting rim? would it require one foretasted by Agathon? Let us descend from the deities to the horses. Thy dress is as well adapted to horsemanship as thy words are in general to discourse. Such as thou art would run out of the horse's way; and such as know thee best would put the vase out of thine.

*Plato.* So then, I am a thief, it appears, not only of men's notions, but of their vases!

*Diogenes.* Nay, nay, my good Plato! Thou hast however the frailty of concupiscence for things tangible and intangible, and thou likest well-turned vases no less than well-turned sentences; therefore they who know thee would leave no temptation in thy way, to the disturbance and detriment of thy soul. Away with the horse and vase! we will come together to the quarters of the virgin. Faith, my friend! if we find her only just as beautiful as some of the goddesses we were naming, her virginity will be as immortal as their divinity.

*Plato.* I have given a reason for my supposition.

*Diogenes.* What is it?

*Plato.* Because there is a beauty incorruptible, and for ever the same.

*Diogenes.* Visible beauty; beauty cognizable in the same sense as of vases and of horses; beauty that in degree and in quality can be compared with theirs? Is there any positive proof that the gods possess it? — and all of them? — and all equally? Are there any points of resemblance between Jupiter and the daughter of Acrisius? Any between Hatè and Hebe, whose sex being the same brings them somewhat nearer? In like manner thou confoundest the harmony of music with symmetry in what is visible and tangible; and thou teachest the stars how to dance to their own compositions, enlivened by fugues and variations from thy masterhand. This, in the opinion of thy boy-scholars, is sublimity! Truly it is the sublimity which he attains who is hurled into the air from a ballista. Changing my ground, and perhaps to thy advantage, in the name of Socrates I come forth against thee; not for using him as a wide-mouthed mask, stuffed with gibes and quibbles; not for making him the most sophistical of sophists, or (as thou hast done frequently) the most improvident of statesmen and the worst of citizens: my accusation and indictment is, for representing him, who had distinguished himself on the field of battle above the bravest and most experienced of the Athenian leaders (particularly at Delion and Potidea), as more ignorant of warfare than the worst-fledged crane that fought against the Pygmies.

*Plato.* I am not conscious of having done it.

*Diogenes.* I believe thee; but done it thou hast. The language of Socrates was Attic and simple: he hated the verbosity and refinement of wranglers and rhetoricians; and never would he have attributed to Aspasia, who thought and spoke like Pericles, and whose elegance and judgment thou thyself hast commended, the chaff and litter thou hast tossed about with so much wind and wantonness in thy dialogue of "Menexenus." Now, to omit the other fooleries in it, Aspasia would have laughed to scorn the most ignorant of her tire-women who should have related to her the story thou tellest in her name, about the march of the Persians

round the territory of Eretria. This narrative seems to thee so happy an attempt at history, that thou betrayest no small fear lest the reader should take thee at thy word, and lest Aspasia should in reality rob thee or Socrates of the glory due for it.

*Plato.* Where lies the fault?

*Diogenes.* If the Persians had marched, as thou describest them forming a circle, and from sea to sea, with their hands joined together, fourscore shepherds with their dogs, their rams, and their bellwethers might have killed them all, coming against them from points well chosen. As, however, great part of the Persians were horsemen, which thou appearest to have quite forgotten, how could they go in single line with their hands joined, unless they lay flat upon their backs along the backs of their horses, and unless the horses themselves went tail to tail, one pulling on the other? Even then the line would be interrupted, and only two could join hands. A pretty piece of network is here! and the only defect I can find in it is, that it would help the fish to catch the fisherman.

*Plato.* This is an abuse of wit, if there be any wit in it.

*Diogenes.* I doubt whether there is any; for the only man that hears it does not smile. We will be serious then. Such nonsense, delivered in a school of philosophy, might be the less derided; but it is given us as an oration, held before an Athenian army, to the honor of those who fell in battle. The beginning of the speech is cold and languid; the remainder is worse: it is learned and scholastic.

*Plato.* Is learning worse in oratory than languor?

*Diogenes.* Incomparably, in the praises of the dead who died bravely, played off before those who had just been fighting in the same ranks. What we most want in this business is sincerity; what we want least are things remote from the action. Men may be cold by nature, and languid from exhaustion, from grief itself, from watchfulness, from pity; but they cannot be idling and wondering about other times and nations when their brothers and sons and bosom friends are brought lifeless into the city, and the least inquisitive, the least sensitive, are hanging immovably over

their recent wounds. Then burst forth their names from the full heart; their fathers' names come next, hallowed with lauds and benedictions that flow over upon their whole tribe; then are lifted their helmets and turned round to the spectators: for the grass is fastened to them by their blood, and it is befitting to show the people how they must have struggled to rise up, and to fight afresh for their country. Without the virtues of courage and patriotism, the seeds of such morality as is fruitful and substantial spring up thinly, languidly, and ineffectually. The images of great men should be stationed throughout the works of great historians.

*Plato.* According to your numeration the great men are scanty; and pray, O Diogenes! are they always at hand?

*Diogenes.* Prominent men always are. Catch them and hold them fast, when thou canst find none better. Whoever hath influenced the downfall or decline of a commonwealth, whoever hath altered in any degree its social state, should be brought before the high tribunal of History.

*Plato.* Very mean intellects have accomplished these things. Not only battering-rams have loosened the walls of cities, but foxes and rabbits have done the same. Vulgar and vile men have been elevated to power by circumstances: would you introduce the vulgar and vile into the pages you expect to be immortal?

*Diogenes.* They never can blow out immortality. Criminals do not deform by their presence the strong and stately edifices in which they are incarcerated. I look above them and see the image of Justice: I rest my arm against the plinth where the protectress of cities raises her spear by the judgment-seat. Thou art not silent on the vile; but delightest in bringing them out before us, and in reducing their betters to the same condition.

*Plato.* I am no writer of history.

*Diogenes.* Every great writer is a writer of history, let him treat on almost what subject he may. He carries with him for thousands of years a portion of his times; and, indeed, if only his own effigy were there, it would be greatly more than a fragment of his country.

In all thy writings I can discover no mention of Epaminondas, who vanquished thy enslavers the Lacedæmonians; nor of Thrasybulus, who expelled the murderers of thy preceptor. Whenever thou again displayest a specimen of thy historical researches, do not utterly overlook the fact that these excellent men were living in thy days; that they fought against thy enemies; that they rescued thee from slavery; that thou art indebted to them for the whole estate of this interminable robe, with its valleys and hills and wastes; for these perfumes that overpower all mine; and, moreover, for thy house, thy grove, thy auditors, thy admirers, and thy admired.

*Plato.* Thrasybulus, with many noble qualities, had great faults.

*Diogenes.* Great men too often have greater faults than little men can find room for.

*Plato.* Epaminondas was undoubtedly a momentous man, and formidable to Lacedæmon, but Pelopidas shared his glory.

*Diogenes.* How ready we all are with our praises when a cake is to be divided,—if it is not ours!

*Plato.* I acknowledge his magnanimity, his integrity, his political skill, his military services, and, above all, his philosophical turn of mind; but since his countrymen, who knew him best, have until recently been silent on the transcendency of his merits, I think I may escape from obloquy in leaving them unnoticed. His glorious death appears to have excited more enthusiastic acclamation than his patriotic heroism.

*Diogenes.* The sun colors the sky most deeply and most diffusely when he hath sunk below the horizon; and they who never said, "How beneficently he shines!" say at last, "How brightly he sets!" They who believe that their praise gives immortality, and who know that it gives celebrity and distinction, are iniquitous and flagitious in withdrawing it from such exemplary men, such self-devoted citizens, as Epaminondas and Thrasybulus.

Great writers are gifted with that golden wand which neither ages can corrode nor violence rend asunder, and are commanded to point with it toward the head (be it lofty or low) which nations are to contemplate and to revere.

*Plato.* I should rather have conceived from you that the wand ought to designate those who merit the hatred of their species.

*Diogenes.* This too is another of its offices, no less obligatory and sacred.

*Plato.* Not only have I particularized such faults as I could investigate and detect, but in that historical fragment, which I acknowledge to be mine (although I left it in abeyance between Socrates and Aspasia), I have lauded the courage and conduct of our people.

*Diogenes.* Thou recountest the glorious deeds of the Athenians by sea and land, staidly and circumstantially, as if the Athenians themselves, or any nation of the universe, could doubt them. Let orators do this when some other shall have rivaled them, which, as it never hath happened in the myriads of generations that have passed away, is never likely to happen in the myriads that will follow. From Asia, from Africa, fifty nations came forward in a body, and assailed the citizens of one scanty city: fifty nations fled from before them. All the wealth and power of the world, all the civilization, all the barbarism, were leagued against Athens; the ocean was covered with their pride and spoils; the earth trembled; mountains were severed, distant coasts united. Athens gave to Nature her own again; and equal laws were the unalienable dowry brought by Liberty to the only men capable of her defense or her enjoyment. Did Pericles, did Aspasia, did Socrates foresee that the descendants of those whose heroes and gods were at best but like them should enter into the service of Persian satraps, and become the parasites of Sicilian kings?

*Plato.* Pythagoras, the most temperate and retired of mortals, entered the courts of princes.

*Diogenes.* True; he entered them and cleansed them: his breath was lustration; his touch purified. He persuaded the princes of Italy to renounce their self-constituted and unlawful authority; in effecting which purpose thou must acknowledge, O Plato, that either he was more eloquent than thou art, or that he was juster. If, being in the confidence of a usurper, which in itself is among the most

heinous of crimes, since they virtually are outlaws, thou never gavest him such counsel at thy ease and leisure as Pythagoras gave at the peril of his life, thou in this likewise wert wanting to thy duty as an Athenian, a republican, a philosopher. If thou offeredst it, and it was rejected, and after the rejection thou yet tarriedst with him, then wert thou, friend Plato, an importunate sycophant and self-bound slave.

*Plato.* I never heard that you blamed Euripides in this manner for frequenting the court of Archeläus.

*Diogenes.* I have heard THEE blame him for it; and this brings down on thee my indignation. Poets, by the constitution of their minds, are neither acute reasoners nor firmly-minded. Their vocation was allied to sycophancy from the beginning; they sang at the tables of the rich, and he who could not make a hero could not make a dinner. Those who are possessed of enthusiasm are fond of everything that excites it; hence poets are fond of festivals, of wine, of beauty, and of glory. They cannot always make their selection; and generally they are little disposed to make it, from indolence of character. Theirs partakes less than others of the philosophical and the heroic. What wonder if Euripides hated those who deprived him of his right, in adjudging the prize of tragedy to his competitor? From hating the arbitrators who committed the injustice, he proceeded to hate the people who countenanced it. The whole frame of government is bad to those who have suffered under any part. Archeläus praised Euripides's poetry: he therefore liked Archeläus; the Athenians bantered his poetry: therefore he disliked the Athenians. Beside, he could not love those who killed his friend and teacher: if thou canst, I hope thy love may be forever without a rival.

*Plato.* He might surely have found, in some republic of Greece, the friend who would have sympathized with him.

*Diogenes.* He might; nor have I any more inclination to commend his choice than thou hast right to condemn it. Terpander and Thales and Pherecydes were at Sparta with Lycurgus; and thou too, Plato, mightest have found in Greece a wealthy wise man ready to receive thee, or

(where words are more acceptable) an unwise wealthy one. Why dost thou redden and bite thy lip? Wouldst thou rather give instruction, or not give it?

*Plato.* I would rather give it, where I could.

*Diogenes.* Wouldst thou rather give it to those who have it already and do not need it, or to those who have it not and do need it?

*Plato.* To these latter.

*Diogenes.* Impart it then to the unwise; and to those who are wealthy in preference to the rest, as they require it most, and can do most good with it.

*Plato.* Is not this a contradiction to your own precepts, O Diogenes? Have you not been censuring me, I need not say how severely, for my intercourse with Dionysius? And yet surely he was wealthy; surely he required the advice of a philosopher; surely he could have done much good with it.

*Diogenes.* An Athenian is more degraded by becoming the counsellor of a king, than a king is degraded by becoming the schoolmaster of paupers in a free city. Such people as Dionysius are to be approached by the brave and honest from two motives only: to convince them of their inutility, or to slay them for their iniquity. Our fathers and ourselves have witnessed in more than one country the curses of kingly power. All nations, all cities, all communities, should enter into one great hunt, like that of the Scythians at the approach of winter, and should follow it up unrelentingly to its perdition. The diadem should designate the victim: all who wear it, all who offer it, all who bow to it, should perish. The smallest, the poorest, the least accessible village whose cottages are indistinguishable from the rocks around, should offer a reward for the heads of these monsters, as for the wolf's, the kite's, and the viper's.

Thou tellest us, in thy fourth book on "Polity," that it matters but little whether a state be governed by many or one, if the one is obedient to the laws. Why hast not thou likewise told us that it little matters whether the sun bring us heat or cold, if he ripens the fruit of the earth by cold as perfectly as by heat? Demonstrate that he does

it, and I subscribe to the proposition. Demonstrate that kings, by their nature and education, are obedient to the laws, bear them patiently, deem them no impediment to their wishes, designs, lusts, violences; that a whole series of monarchs hath been of this character and condition, wherever a whole series hath been permitted to continue; that under them independence of spirit, dignity of mind, rectitude of conduct, energy of character, truth of expression, and even lower and lighter things — eloquence, poetry, sculpture, painting — have flourished more exuberantly than among the free. On the contrary, some of the best princes have rescinded the laws they themselves introduced and sanctioned. Impatient of restraint and order are even the quiet and inert of the species.

*Plato.* There is a restlessness in activity: we must find occupation for kings.

*Diogenes.* Open the fold to them and they will find it themselves: there will be plenty of heads and shanks on the morrow. I do not see why those who, directly or indirectly, would promote a kingly government should escape the penalty of death, whenever it can be inflicted, any more than those who decoy men into slave ships.

*Plato.* Supposing me to have done it, I have used no deception.

*Diogenes.* What! is it no deception to call people out of their homes, to offer them a good supper and good beds if they will go along with thee; to take the key out of the house-door, that they may not have the trouble of bearing the weight of it; to show them plainly through the window the hot supper and comfortable bed to which indeed the cook and chamberlain do beckon and invite them, but inform them however on entering it is only on condition that they never stir a foot beyond the supper-room and bedroom; to be conscious, as thou must be, when they desire to have rather their own key again, eat their own lentils, sleep on their own pallet, that thy friends the cook and chamberlain have forged the title-deeds, mortgaged the house and homestead, given the lentils to the groom, made a horse-cloth of the coverlet and a manger of the pallet; that, on the first complaint against such an apparent injury

(for at present they think and call it one), the said cook and chamberlain seize them by the hair, strip, scourge, imprison, and gag them, showing them through the grating what capital dishes are on the table for the more deserving, what an appetite the fumes stir up, and how sensible men fold their arms upon the breast contentedly, and slumber soundly after the carousal.

*Plato.* People may exercise their judgment.

*Diogenes.* People may spend their money. All people have not much money; all people have not much judgment. It is cruel to prey or impose on those who have little of either. There is nothing so absurd that the ignorant have not believed; they have believed, and will believe forever, what thou wouldst teach; namely, that others who never saw them, never are likely to see them, will care more about them than they should care about themselves. This pernicious fraud begins with perverting the intellect, and proceeds with seducing and corrupting the affections, which it transfers from the nearest to the most remote, from the dearest to the most indifferent. It enthralls the freedom both of mind and body; it annihilates not only political and moral but, what nothing else however monstrous can do, even arithmetical proportions, making a unit more than a million. Odious is it in a parent to murder or sell a child, even in time of famine; but to sell him in the midst of plenty, to lay his throat at the mercy of a wild and riotous despot, to whet and kiss and present the knife that immolates him, and to ask the same favor of being immolated for the whole family in perpetuity,—is not this an abomination ten thousand times more execrable?

Let Falsehood be eternally the enemy of Truth, but not eternally her mistress; let Power be eternally the despiser of Weakness, but not eternally her oppressor; let Genius be eternally in the train or in the trammels of Wealth, but not eternally his sycophant and his pander.

*Plato.* What a land is Attica! in which the kings themselves were the mildest and best citizens, and resigned the sceptre; deeming none other worthy of supremacy than the wisest and most warlike of the immortal gods. In Attica the olive and corn were first cultivated.

*Diogenes.* Like other Athenians, thou art idly fond of dwelling on the antiquity of the people, and wouldst fain persuade thyself not only that the first corn and olive, but even that the first man, sprang from Attica. I rather think that what historians call the emigration of the Pelasgians under Danaüs was the emigration of those "SHEPHERDS," as they continued to be denominated, who, having long kept possession of Egypt, were besieged in the city of Aoudris by Thoutmosis, and retired by capitulation. These probably were of Chaldaic origin. Danaüs, like every wise legislator, introduced such religious rites as were adapted to the country in which he settled. The ancient being once relaxed, admission was made gradually for honoring the brave and beneficent, who in successive generations extended the boundary of the colonists, and defended them against the resentment and reprisal of the native chieftains.

*Plato.* This may be; but evidence is wanting.

*Diogenes.* Indeed it is not quite so strong and satisfactory as in that piece of history where thou maintainest that "EACH OF US IS THE HALF OF A MAN."* By Neptune! a vile man, too, or the computation were overcharged.

*Plato.* We copy these things from old traditions.

*Diogenes.* Copy rather the manners of antiquity than the fables; or copy those fables only which convey the manners. That one man was cut off another is a tradition little meriting preservation. Any old woman who drinks and dozes could recite to us more interesting dreams, and worthier of the Divinity.

*In the "Banquet." No two qualities are more dissimilar than the imagination of Plato and the imagination of Shakespeare. The "Androgyne" was probably of higher antiquity than Grecian fable. Whencesoever it originated, we cannot but wonder how Shakespeare met with it. In his "King John," the citizen of Angiers says of the Lady Blanche and of the Dauphin:—

> "He is the half-part of a blessed man,
> Left to be finished by such a SHE;
> And SHE a fair divided excellence
> Whose fullness of perfection lies in him."

What is beautiful in poetry may be infantine in philosophy, and monstrous in physics.

Surely thy effrontery is of the calmest and most philosophical kind, that thou remarkest to me a want of historic evidence when I offered a suggestion; and when thou thyself hast attributed to Solon the most improbable falsehoods on the antiquity and the exploits of your ancestors, telling us that time had "OBLITERATED" these "MEMORABLE" annals. What is obliterated at home, Solon picks up fresh and vivid in Egypt. An Egyptian priest, the oldest and wisest of the body, informs him that Athens was built a thousand years before Sais, by the goddess Neithes, as they call her, but as we, Athenè, who received the SEED of the city from the Earth and Vulcan. The records of Athens are lost, and those of Sais mount up no higher than eight thousand years. Enough to make her talk like an old woman.

I have, in other places and on other occasions, remarked to those about me many, if not equal and similar yet gross, absurdities in thy writings.

*Plato.* Gently! I know it. Several of these, supposing them to be what you denominate them, are originally from others, and from the gravest men.

*Diogenes.* Gross absurdities are usually of that parentage: the idle and weak produce but petty ones, and such as gambol at theatres and fairs. Thine are good for nothing: men are too old, and children too young, to laugh at them. There is no room for excuse or apology in the adoption of another's foolery. Imagination may heat a writer to such a degree that he feels not what drops from him or clings to him of his own: another's is taken up deliberately, and trimmed at leisure. I will now proceed with thee. I have heard it affirmed (but, as philosophers are the affirmers, the assertion may be questioned) that there is not a notion or idea, in the wide compass of thy works, originally thy own.

*Plato.* I have made them all mine by my manner of treating them.

*Diogenes.* If I throw my cloak over a fugitive slave to steal him, it is so short and straight, so threadbare and chinky, that he would be recognized by the idlest observer who had seen him seven years ago in the market place;

but if thou hadst enveloped him in thy versicolored and cloudlike vestiary, puffed and effuse, rustling and rolling, nobody could guess well what animal was under it, much less what man. And such a tissue would conceal a gang of them as easily as it would a parsley-bed, or the study yonder of young Demosthenes. Therefore, I no more wonder that thou art tempted to run in chase of butterflies, and catchest many, than I am at discovering that thou breakest their wings and legs by the weight of the web thou throwest over them; and that we find the head of one indented into the body of another, and never an individual retaining the color or character of any species. Thou hast indeed, I am inclined to believe, some ideas of thy own: for instance, when thou tellest us that a well-governed city ought to let her walls go to sleep along the ground. Pallas forbid that any city should do it where thou art, for thou wouldst surely deflour her before the soldiers of the enemy could break in on the same errand. The poets are bad enough; they every now and then want a check upon them; but there must be an eternal vigilance against philosophers. Yet I would not drive you all out of the city gates, because I fain would keep the country parts from pollution.

*Plato.* Certainly, O Diogenes, I cannot retort on you the accusation of employing any language or any sentiments but your own, unquestionably the purest and most genuine Sinopèan.

*Diogenes.* Welcome to another draught of it, my courteous guest! By thy own confession, or rather thy own boast, thou stolest every idea thy voluminous books convey; and therefore thou wouldst persuade us that all other ideas must have an archetype; and that God himself, the demiurgos, would blunder and botch without one. Now cannot God, by thy good leave, gentle Plato! quite as easily form a thing as conceive it? and execute it as readily at once as at twice? Or hath he rather, in some slight degree, less of plastic power than of mental? Seriously, if thou hast received these fooleries from the Egyptian priests, prythee, for want of articles more valuable to bring among us, take them back on thy next voyage, and change them against

the husk of a pistachio dropped from the pouch of a sacred ape.

Thy God is like thyself, as most men's gods are. He throws together a vast quantity of stuff, and leaves his workpeople to cut it out and tack it together, after their own fashion and fancy. These demons or genii are mischievous and fantastical imps: it would have been better if they had always sitten with their hands before them, or played and toyed with one another, like the young folks in the garden of Academus. As thou hast modified the ideas of those who went before thee, so those who follow thee will modify thine. The wiser of them will believe, and reasonably enough, that it is time for the demiurgos to lay his head upon his pillow, after heating his brains with so many false conceptions, and to let the world go on its own way, without any anxiety or concern.

Beside, would not thy dialogues be much better and more interesting, if thou hadst given more variety to the characters, and hadst introduced them conversing on a greater variety of topics? Thyself and Prodicus, if thou wouldst not disdain to meet him, might illustrate the nature of allegory, might explain to your audience where it can enter gracefully, and where it must be excluded. We should learn from you, perhaps, under whose guidance it first came into Greece, whether any one has mentioned the existence of it in the poems of Orpheus and Musæus (now so lost that we possess no traces of them), or whether it was introduced by Homer, and derived from the tales and mythology of the East. Certainly he has given us for deities such personages as were never worshiped in our country; some he found, I suspect, in the chrysalis state of metaphors, and hatched them by the warmth of his genius into allegories, giving them a strength of wing by which they were carried to the summit of Olympus. Euripides and Aristophanes might discourse upon comedy and tragedy, and upon that species of poetry which, though the earliest and most universal, was cultivated in Attica with little success until the time of Sophocles.

*Plato.* You mean the Ode.

*Diogenes.* I do. There was hardly a corner of Greece, hardly an islet, where the children of Pallas were not called to school and challenged by choristers.

*Plato.* These disquisitions entered into no portion of my plan.

*Diogenes.* Rather say, ill-suited thy genius; having laid down no plan whatever for a series of dialogues. School-exercises, or, if thou pleasest to call them so, DISQUISITIONS, require no such form as thou hast given to them, and they block up the inlets and outlets of conversation, which, to seem natural, should not adhere too closely to one subject. The most delightful parts both of philosophy and of fiction might have opened and expanded before us, if thou hadst selected some fifty or sixty of the wisest, most eloquent, and most facetious, and hadst made them exert their abilities on what was most at their command.

*Plato.* I am not certain that I could have given to Aristophanes all his gayety and humor.

*Diogenes.* Art thou certain thou hast given to Socrates all his irony and perspicacity, or even all his virtue?

*Plato.* His virtue I think I have given him fully.

*Diogenes.* Few can comprehend the whole of it, or see where it is separated from wisdom. Being a philosopher, he must have known that marriage would render him less contemplative and less happy, though he had chosen the most beautiful, the most quiet, the most obedient, and the most affectionate woman in the world; yet he preferred what he considered his duty as a citizen to his peace of mind.

*Plato.* He might hope to beget children in sagacity like himself.

*Diogenes.* He can never have hoped it at all, or thought about it as became him. He must have observed that the sons of meditative men are usually dull and stupid; and he might foresee that those philosophers or magistrates whom their father had excelled would be, openly or covertly, their enemies.

*Plato.* Here then is no proof of his prudence or his virtue. True indeed is your remark on the children of the contemplative; and we have usually found them rejected

from the higher offices, to punish them for the celebrity of their fathers.

*Diogenes.* Why didst not thou introduce thy preceptor arguing fairly and fully on some of these topics? Wert thou afraid of disclosing his inconsistencies? A man to be quite consistent must live quite alone. I know not whether Socrates would have succeeded in the attempt; I only know I have failed.

*Plato.* I hope, most excellent Diogenes, I shall not be accused of obstructing much longer so desirable an experiment.

*Diogenes.* I will bear with thee some time yet. The earth is an obstruction to the growth of seed; but the seed cannot grow well without it. When I have done with thee, I will dismiss thee with my usual courtesy.

There are many who marry from utter indigence of thought, captivated by the playfulness of youth, as if a kitten were never to be a cat! Socrates was an unlikely man to have been under so sorrowful an illusion. Those among you who tell us that he married the too handy Xantippe for the purpose of exercising his patience, turn him from a philosopher into a fool. We should be at least as moderate in the indulgence of those matters which bring our patience into play, as in the indulgence of any other. It is better to be sound than hard, and better to be hard than callous.

*Plato.* Do you say that, Diogenes?

*Diogenes.* I do say it; and I confess to thee that I am grown harder than is well for me. Thou wilt not so easily confess that an opposite course of life hath rendered thee callous. Frugality and severity must act upon us long and uninterruptedly before they produce this effect: pleasure and selfishness soon produce the other. The red-hot iron is but one moment in sending up its fumes from the puddle it is turned into, and in losing its brightness and its flexibility.

*Plato.* I have admitted your definitions, and now I accede to your illustrations. But illustrations are pleasant merely; and definitions are easier than discoveries.

*Diogenes.* The easiest things in the world when they are made; nevertheless thou hast given us some dozens,

and there is hardly a complete or a just one on the list; hardly one that any wench, watching her bees and spinning on Hymettus, might not have corrected.

*Plato.* As you did, no doubt, when you threw into my school the cock you had stripped of its feathers.

*Diogenes.* Even to the present day, neither thou nor any of thy scholars have detected the fallacy.

*Plato.* We could not dissemble that our definition was inexact.

*Diogenes.* I do not mean that.

*Plato.* What then?

*Diogenes.* I would remark that neither thou nor thy disciples found me out.

*Plato.* We saw you plainly enough; we heard you too, crying, BEHOLD PLATO'S MAN?

*Diogenes.* It was not only a reproof of thy temerity in definitions, but a trial of the facility with which a light and unjust ridicule of them would be received.

*Plato.* Unjust perhaps not, but certainly rude and vulgar.

*Diogenes.* Unjust, I repeat it; because thy definition was of man as Nature formed him; and the cock, when I threw it on the floor, was no longer as Nature had formed it. Thou art accustomed to lay down as peculiarities the attributes that belong, equally or nearly, to several things or persons.

*Plato.* The characteristic is not always the definition, nor meant to be accepted for it. I haved called tragedy δημοτεσπέσταον, "most delightful to the people;" and ψυχαγωγικώτατον, "most agitating to the soul:" no person can accuse me of laying down these terms as the DEFINITION of tragedy. The former is often as applicable to rat-catching, and the latter to cold bathing. I have called the dog φιλόμαθες, "fond of acquiring information," and φιλόσοφον "fond of wisdom;" but I never have denied that man is equally or more.

*Diogenes.* Deny it then, instantly. Every dog has that property; every man has not: I mean the φιλόμαθες. The φιλόσοφον is false in both cases; for words must be taken as they pass current in our days, and not according to any ancient acceptation. The author of the "Margites" says:

Τόνδ' οὐτ' ἂν σκαπτῆρα θεοί θέσαν οὐτ' ἀροτῆρα
Οὐτ' ἄλλως τι σοφόν.

Here certainly the σοφός has no reference to the higher and intellectual powers, as with us, since he is placed by the poet among delvers and plowmen. The compound word φιλόσοφος did not exist when the author of "Margites" wrote; and the lover of wisdom, in his days, was the lover of the country. Her aspirants, in ours, are quarreling and fighting in the streets about her; and nevertheless, while they rustle their Asiatic robes around them, leave her as destitute, as naked, and as hungry as they found her.

*Plato.* Did your featherless cock render her any service?

*Diogenes.* Yes.

*Plato.* I corrected and enlarged the definition without your assistance.

*Diogenes.* Not without it: the best assistance is the first, and the first was the detection of insufficiency and error. Thy addition was, "that man has broad nails;" now art thou certain that all monkeys have sharp and round ones? I have heard the contrary; and I know that the mole has them broad and flat.

*Plato.* What wouldst thou say man is, and other animals are not?

*Diogenes.* I would say, LYING and MALICIOUS.

*Plato.* Because he alone can speak; he alone can reflect.

*Diogenes.* Excellent reason! If speech be the communication of what is felt, made by means of the voice, thinkest thou other creatures are mute? All that have legs, I am inclined to believe, have voices: whether fishes have I know not. Thou wouldst hardly wish me to take the trouble of demonstrating that men lie, both before their metamorphosis into philosophers and after; yet perhaps thou mayst wish to hear wherefore, if other animals reason and reflect (which is proved in them by apprehending mischief and avoiding it, and likewise by the exertion of memory), they are not also malicious.

*Plato.* Having kept in their memory an evil received, many of them evince their malice, by attacking long afterward those who did it.

*Diogenes.* This is not malice, in man or beast. Malice is ill-will without just cause, and desire to injure without any hope of benefiting from it. Tigers and serpents seize on the unwary, and inflict deadly wounds: tigers from sport or hunger, serpents from fear or hurt; neither of them from malice, neither of them from hatred. Dogs, indeed, and horses do acquire hatred in their domestic state; they had none originally: they must sleep under man's roof before they share with him his high feeling; that high feeling which renders him the destroyer of his own kind, and the devourer of his own heart. We are willing to consider both revenge and envy as much worse blemishes in the character than malice. Yet for one who is invidious there are six or seven who are malicious, and for one who is revengeful there are fifty. In revenge there must be something of energy, however short-breathed and indeterminate. Many are exempt from it because they are idle and forgetful; more, because they are circumspect and timid: but nothing hinders the same people from being malicious. Envy, abominable as we call her, and as she is, often stands upon a richly-figured base, and is to be recognized only by the sadness with which she leans over the emblems of power and genius. The contracted heart of Malice can never swell to sadness. Seeing nothing that she holds desirable, she covets nothing; she would rather the extinction than the possession of what is amiable; she hates high and low, bad and good, coldly pertinacious and lazily morose.

Thou Plato, who hast cause to be invidious of not many, art of nearly all; and thy wit pays the fine, being rendered thereby the poorest I know in any Athenian ambitious of it.

*Plato.* If the fact be thus, the reason is different.

*Diogenes.* What is it, then?

*Plato.* That every witticism is an inexact thought; that what is perfectly true is imperfectly witty; and that I have attended more sedulously and more successfully to verity.

*Diogenes.* Why not bring the simplicity of truth into the paths of life? Why not try whether it would look as becomingly in actions as in words; in the wardrobe and at

table as in deductions and syllogisms? Why not demonstrate to the youth of Athens that thou in good earnest canst be contented with a little?

*Plato.* So I could, if the times required it.

*Diogenes.* They will soon; and we should at least be taught our rudiments, before a hard lesson is put into our hands.

*Plato.* This makes me think again that your grammatical knowledge, O Diogenes, is extensive. The plain and only sense of the second verse—

*Diogenes.* What second verse? Were we talking of any such things?

*Plato.* Yes, just now.

*Diogenes.* I had forgotten it.

*Plato.* How! forgotten the "Margites?" The meaning of the words is, "nor fit for anything else."

Homer in like manner uses εἰδώς very frequently, to indicate mere manual skill. The spirit of inquiry, the φιλόμαθες, we take upon ourselves with the canine attributes; we talk of INDAGATING, of INVESTIGATING, of QUESTING.

*Diogenes.* I know the respect thou bearest to the dogly character, and can attribute to nothing else the complacency with which thou hast listened to me since I released thy cloak. If ever the Athenians, in their inconstancy, should issue a decree to deprive me of the appellation they have conferred on me, rise up, I pray thee, in my defense, and protest that I have not merited so severe a mulct. Something I do deserve at thy hands; having supplied thee, first with a store of patience, when thou wert going without any about thee, although it is the readiest viaticum and the heartiest sustenance of human life; and then with weapons from this tub, wherewith to drive the importunate cock before thee out of doors again.

*Plato.* My presence then may, after so generous and long a hospitality, be excused.

*Diogenes.* Wait a little yet, to accept a few gifts and gratuities at parting. The "Defense of Socrates" comes out somewhat late. The style pleases me greatly more than in any of thy dialogues: truth is the chief thing wanting in it.

*Plato.* In what part? For surely the main is well remembered by all the city.

*Diogenes.* Socrates, I am credibly informed, never called Meletus a strange man, as thou recordest, for accusing him of thinking the sun stone, the moon earth, instead of gods; telling him before the judges that such an accusation ought rather to have been brought against Anaxagoras, whose treatise to this purport was sold at the theatre for a drachma. Never did Socrates say that he might fairly be laughed to scorn if he ever had countenanced so absurd a doctrine. Now, Plato, although in thy work on the Laws thou art explicit in thy declaration that the sun and moon are deities, Anaxagoras denied the fact, and Socrates never asserted it. In this misrepresentation of thine, regarding the friend of Pericles, there was little harm beyond the falsehood; for Anaxagoras was dead, and hemlock might be growing on his grave, but could not reach his heart or even his extremities. When I was a youngster I often tried to throw a stone over the moon, unsuspicious that it was a goddess; had it been, she must be the best tempered of all in heaven, or she would have sent the stone back on my head for my impiety. My wonder was, that, although I clearly saw the stone ascend as high as the moon, and somewhat higher, it always fell on this side. The moon seemed only to laugh at me; and so did the girls who were reaping. Had they been philosophers, with any true religion about them, they would have made an Orpheus of me, and have torn me to pieces. But being of Sinopè, not of Athens, they thought about nothing else than merriment at an idle pelter of the moon.

*Plato.* We may know more hereafter in relation to these matters.

*Diogenes.* Not if philosophers are agreed that it is impious to inquire into them, which, as thou relatest, was the opinion of Socrates. Without sun and moon we have more gods than we know what to do with. If the greater are unable to manage us and keep us in order, sun and moon can help them but little. It is long before men apply to any good the things that lie before them. Air, fire, water, have been applied to new purposes from age to age: poets

have seen dimly some of them; philosophers would extinguish the little lamps they carry, but not such philosophers as Anaxagoras. Common things, which at present are brought into little or no use, will hereafter be applied to many: above other common things, common sense. Socrates calls that forbidden which, piling up syllogism on syllogism, and exerting the whole length of his tongue, he was unable to reach. Pythagoras, as wise a man, Anaxagoras a wiser, were invited by Nature to investigate her secrets; when they were advancing too boldly, she gently pushed them back, but never threw the door abruptly in their faces: it stands wide open still. Socrates denounced as impious all physical speculations; these the religious man, the only true philosopher, might find manifested to him through oracles and omens. If thy master, among his many acquirements, had acquired the faculty of speaking plainly, he would have spoken like Anaxagoras, whom, at least it must be conceded, he never had, as thou representest, the folly, the disingenuousness, the impudence, to decry.

*Plato.* Did not the priestess of Apollo declare him to be the wisest of mankind?

*Diogenes.* The priestess was an old woman, and the fumes were potent. I have never been able to find out on what occasion this oracle was delivered. Oracles are consulted by those who are the most interested. Surely not even a philosopher would be so impudent as to ask a god whether he was the wisest man upon earth. Nor are such the matters on which oracles are pronounced; but future results of arduous undertakings. The story carries a falsehood on the face of it.

*Plato.* You are the first that ever doubted the fact, whatever may have been the occasion; there is a cloud of witnesses to its universal belief.

*Diogenes.* I never could see my way through a cloud of witnesses, especially in temples. Lies are as communicative as fleas; and truth is as difficult to lay hold upon as air.

*Plato.* I feel the acuteness of the former simile; and I wish I could controvert the latter.

*Diogenes.* Consider well the probability of such a declaration from Delphi. Would the people of Athens, religious

as they are, ever have ventured to accuse of impiety, and to condemn to death for it, the very man whom an infallible god had so signalized? If fifty ages and fifty nations had taken up this fable, I would reduce it to dust under my feet.

*Plato.* I dare not listen to such discourse.

*Diogenes.* Thou shalt; were it only for variety.

*Plato.* I limited my discourse to the defense of Socrates; with such as Anaxagoras and Democritus we have nothing in common. But, censuring Socrates as you do, you must surely want your usual modesty, O citizen of Sinopè!

*Diogenes.* Praise me then; since, wanting it, I never took any one's away.

*Plato.* Little should I now wonder to hear you call yourself as wise as he was.

*Diogenes.* Could he keep at home as I do? Could he abstain from questioning and quibbling, to win the applause of boys and pedants? Am I not contented in my own house here, over whose roof, standing on level ground, I cast my shadow? I pretend not to know the secrets of the lower regions or the upper: I let the gods sit quiet, and they do the same by me. Hearing that there are three Furies, I have taken the word of the wise for it, and never have carried a link down below in search of a fourth. He found her up here. I neither envy him his discovery, nor wonder at the tranquillity of his death. Wisdom is tripartite: saying, doing, avoiding.

*Plato.* Mine, I must acknowledge, has been insufficient in the latter quality; but I hope to correct my fault in future.

*Diogenes.* On this particular I am not incredulous. Thou owest me too much ever to let me smell thy beard again. From this humble and frugal house of mine thou shalt carry home whole truths, and none mutilated; intelligible truths, and none ambiguous. Probably I know not a quarter of thy writings; but, in the number I do know, I find more incongruous scraps of philosophy and religion, sweet, sour, and savory, thrown into one stewing-pan, and simmering and bubbling, than my stomach can digest or my fingers separate.

*Plato.* Too encomiastic! If I may judge by the fumes of the garlic, the stomach is surely strong; and, if another sense is equally faithful, the fingers are armed at all points.

*Diogenes.* Well spoken and truly. I have improved thee already; go thy way, and carry thy whole robe safe back.

Diogenes Laertius, biographer of the Cynic, is among the most inelegant and injudicious writers of antiquity; yet his book is highly valuable for the anecdotes it preserves. No philosopher or other man more abounded in shrewd wit than the philosopher of Sinopè, whose opinions have been somewhat misunderstood, and whose memory hath suffered much injustice. One Diocles, and afterward Eubulides, mention him (it appears) as having been expelled from Sinopè for counterfeiting money; and his biographer tells us that he has recorded it of himself. His words led astray these authors. He says that he MARKED false money; for an equivoke was ever the darling of Diogenes, and, by the marking of false money, he means only that he exposed the fallacies of pretenders to virtue and philosophy. Had he been exiled for the crime of forgery, Alexander of Macedon, we may well suppose, would not have visited him, would not have desired him to ask any favor he chose, would not have declared that, if he were not Alexander, he would fain have been Diogenes. He did not visit him from an idle curiosity, for he had seen him before in his father's camp on his first invasion of Greece, where he was apprehended as a spy; and, being brought before the king, exclaimed, "I am indeed a spy: a spy of thy temerity and cupidity, who hazardest on the cast of a die thy throne and life." This is related by Plutarch in his "Ethics." Some men may think forgery no very heinous crime, but all must think it an act of dishonesty; and kings (whose moral scale is nowhere an exact one) would be likely to hold it in greater reprobation than any thing but treason and insurrection. Had the accusation been true, or credited, or made at the time, the Athenians would not have tolerated so long his residence among them, severe as he was on their manners, and peculiarly contemptuous and contumelious toward the orators and philosophers; Plato for instance, and afterward Demosthenes. Here however we may animadvert on the inaccuracy of attributing to him the reply, when somebody asked him what he thought of Socrates as having seen him, "THAT HE THOUGHT HIM A MADMAN." Diogenes was but twelve years old at the death of Socrates, and did not leave Sinopè till long after. The answer, we may conceive, originated from the description that Plato in many of his dialogues had given of his master. Among the faults of Plato he ridiculed his affectation of new words unnecessary and inelegant; for instance, his coinage of τραπεζότης and καθότης, which Plato defended very frigidly, telling him that, although he had eyes to see a cup and a table, he had not understanding for CUPPEITY and TABLEITY; and it indeed must be an uncommon one! Plato himself, the most invidious of the Greek writers, says

that he was another Socrates, but a mad one ; meaning (no doubt) that he was a Socrates when he spoke generally, a mad one when he spoke of HIM. Among his hearers was Phocion : a fact which alone would set aside the tale of his adversaries, a thousand times repeated by their readers, about his public indulgence in certain immoralities which no magistrature would tolerate.

Late in life he was taken by pirates, and sold to Xeniades the Corinthian, whose children he educated, and who declared that a good genius had entered his house in Diogenes. Here he died. A contest arose, to whom among his intimates and disciples should be allowed the distinction of supplying the expenses of his funeral ; nor was it settled till the fathers of his auditors and the leaders of the people met together, and agreed to bury him at the public charge at the gate of the Isthmus : the most remarkable spot in Greece, by the assemblage of whose bravest inhabitants it was made glorious, and sacred by the games in honor of her gods.

## DEMOSTHENES AND EUBULIDES*

*EUBULIDES.* You have always convinced me, O Demosthenes, while you were speaking ; but I had afterward need to be convinced again ; and I acknowledge that I do not yet believe in the necessity, or indeed in the utility, of a war with Philip.

*Demosthenes.* He is too powerful.

*Eubulides.* This is my principal reason for recommending that we should abstain from hostilities. When you have said that he is too powerful, you have admitted that we are too weak ; we are still bleeding from the Spartan.

*Demosthenes.* Whatever I could offer in reply, O Eubulides, I have already spoken in public, and I would rather not enlarge at present on it. Come, tell me freely what you think of my speech.

*Eubulides.* In your language, O Demosthenes, there is, I think, a resemblance to the Kephisos, whose waters, as you must have observed, are in most seasons pure and limpid and equable in their course, yet abounding in depths of which, when we discern the bottom, we wonder that we discern it so clearly ; the same river at every storm swells

*A philosopher of Miletus, and a dramatic poet. Demosthenes is said to have been his scholar.

into a torrent, without ford or boundary, and is the stronger and the more impetuous from resistance.

*Demosthenes.* Language is part of a man's character.

*Eubulides.* It often is artificial.

*Demosthenes.* Often both are. I speak not of such language as that of Gorgias and Isocrates and other rhetoricians, but of that which belongs to eloquence; of that which enters the heart however closed against it, of that which pierces like the sword of Perseus, of that which carries us aloft and easily as Medea her children, and holds the world below in the same suspense.

*Eubulides.* When I had repeated in the morning to Cynobalanos part of a conversation I held with you the evening before, word for word,—my memory being very exact as you know, and especially in retaining your phrases,—he looked at me with a smile on his countenance, and said, "Pardon me, O Eubulides, but this surely is not the language of Demosthenes." In reality, you had then, as you often do when we are alone together, given way to your genius, and had hazarded an exuberance of thought, imagination, and expression, which delighted and transported me. For there was nothing idle, nothing incorrect, but much both solid and ornamental; as those vases and tripods are which the wealthy and powerful offer to the gods.

*Demosthenes.* Cynobalanos is a sensible man, and conversant in style; but Cynobalanos never has remarked that I do not wear among my friends at table the same short dress I put on for the *bema*. A more sweeping train would be trodden down, and the wearer not listened to, but laughed at. Look into the field before you. See those anemones, white, pink, and purple, fluttering in the breeze; and those other flowers, whatever they are, with close-knotted spiral blossoms, in the form of a thyrsus. Some of both species rise above the young barley, and are very pretty; but the farmer will root them out as a blemish to his cultivation, and unprofitable in sustaining his family. In such a manner must we treat the undergrowth of our thoughts, pleasing as they may be at their first appearance in the spring of life. One fellow thinks himself like Demosthenes, because he employs the same movement of the arms and body; another,

for no better reason than because he is vituperative, acrid, and insolent, and, before he was hissed and hooted from the Agora, had excited the populace by the vehemence of his harangues. But you, who know the face and features of Demosthenes, his joints and muscles and whole conformation, know that Nature hath separated this imitative animal most widely from him.

*Eubulides.* Mischievous as an ape, noisy as a lap dog, and restless as a squirrel, he runs along to the extremity of every twig, leaps over from party to party, and, shaken off from all, creeps under the throne at Pella.

*Demosthenes.* Philip is the fittest ruler for his own people, but he is better for any one else to dine with than to act or think with. His conversation is far above the kingly: it is that of an urbane companion, of a scholar, I was going to say of a philosopher; I will say more, of a sound unwrangling reasoner, of a plain, intelligent, and intelligible man. But those qualities, not being glaring, do not attract to him the insects from without. Even the wise become as the unwise in the enchanted chambers of Power, whose lamps make every face of the same color. Royalty is fed incessantly by the fuel of slavish desires, blown by fulsome breath and fanned by cringing follies. It melts mankind into one inert mass, carrying off and confounding all beneath it; like a torrent of Ætnean lava, bright amid the darkness, and dark again amid the light.

*Eubulides.* O for Cynobalanos! how would he stare and lift up his shoulders at this torrent!

*Demosthenes.* He never can have seen me but in the Agora; and I do not carry a full purse into the crowd. Thither I go with a tight girdle round my body; in the country I walk and wander about discinct. How I became what I am, you know as well as I do. I was to form a manner, with great models on one side of me, and Nature on the other. Had I imitated Plato (the writer then most admired) I must have fallen short of his amplitude; and his sentences are seldom such as could be admitted into a popular harangue. Xenophon is elegant, but unimpassioned, and not entirely free, I think, from affectation. Herodotus is exempt from it: what simplicity! what

sweetness ! what harmony ! not to mention his sagacity of inquiry and accuracy of description. He could not, however, form an orator for the times in which we live ; nor indeed is vigor a characteristic or a constituent of his style. I profited more from Isæus, from the study of whose writing, and attendance on whose pleadings, I acquired greater strength, compression, and concentration. Aristoteles and Thucydides were before me: I trembled lest they should lead me where I migh raise a recollection of Pericles, whose plainness and conciseness and gravity they imitated, not always with success. Laying down these qualities as the foundation, I have ventured on more solemnity, more passion. I have also been studious to bring the powers of action into play ; that great instrument in exciting the affections which Pericles disdained. He and Jupiter could strike any head with their thunderbolts, and stand serene and immovable ; I could not.

*Eubulides.* Your opinion of Pericles has always been the same, but I have formerly heard you mention Plato with much less esteem than to-day.

*Demosthenes.* When we talk diversely of the same person or thing we do not of necessity talk inconsistently. There is much in Plato which a wise man will commend ; there is more that will captivate an unwise one. The irony in his " Dialogues " has amused me frequently and greatly, and the more because in others I have rarely found it accompanied with fancy and imagination. If I however were to become a writer of dialogues, I should be afraid of using it constantly, often as I am obliged to do it in my orations. Woe betide those who force us into it by injustice and presumption ! Do they dare to censure us? — they who are themselves the dust that sullies the wing of genius. Had I formed my opinion of Socrates from Plato, I should call Socrates a sophist. Who would imagine on reading Plato that his master, instead of questioning and quibbling, had occupied his time in teaching the uses and offices of Philosophy ? There is as wide a difference between the imputed and the real character of this man, as there is between him who first discovered corn growing and him who first instructed us how to grind

and cleanse and prepare it for our sustenance. We are ashamed to give a false character of a slave, and not at all to give a falser of our betters. In this predicament stands Plato, regarding his master, his scholars, and his opponents.

*Eubulides.* Before him Pythagoras and Democritus, and earlier still Pherecydes, taught important truths, and, what is rarer, separated them from pernicious falsehoods. Pythagoras, who preceded Plato in Egypt, and from whom many of his fancies are taken, must have been a true lover of wisdom, to have traveled so far into countries known hardly by name in Greece.

*Demosthenes.* Perhaps he sought some congenial soul; for, if two great men are existing at the extremities of the earth, they will seek each other.

*Eubulides.* Their greatness then must be of a different form and texture from what mankind hast usually admired. Greatness, as we daily see it, is unsociable.

*Demosthenes.* The perfect loves what generates it, what proceeds from it, what partakes its essence. If you have formed an idea of greatness, O Eubulides, which corresponds not with this description, efface it and cast it out. Pythagoras adapted his institutions to the people he would enlighten and direct. What portion of the world was ever so happy, so peaceable, so well governed, as the cities of southern Italy? While they retained his manners they were free and powerful; some have since declined, others are declining, and perhaps at a future and not a distant time they may yield themselves up to despotism. In a few ages more, those flourishing towns, those inexpugnable citadels, those temples which you might deem eternal, will be hunted for in their wildernesses like the boars and stags. Already there are philosophers who would remedy what they call popular commotions by hereditary despotism, and who think it as natural and reasonable as that children who cry should be compelled to sleep: and there likewise are honest citizens who, when they have chewed their fig and swallowed it, say, "Yes, 'twere well." What a eulogy on the human understanding, to assert that it is dangerous to chose a succession of administrators from the wisest of mankind, and advisable to derive it from the weakest!

There have been free Greeks, within our memory, who would have entered into alliance with the most iniquitous and most insolent of usurpers, Alexander of Pherai,—a territory in which Thebè, who murdered her husband, is praised above others of both sexes. O Juno! may such marriages be frequent in such countries!

Look at history: where do you find in continuation three hereditary kings, of whom one at least was not inhuman in disposition or weak in intellect? Either of these qualities may subvert a State, exposing it first to many sufferings. In our Athenian constitution, if we are weakly or indiscreetly governed, or capriciously, which hardly can happen, the mischief is transitory and reparable: one year closes it; and the people, both for its satisfaction and its admonition, sees that no corruption, no transgression, in its magistrates, is unregarded or unchastised. This of all advantages is the greatest, the most corroborative of power, the most tutelary of morals. I know that there are many in Thrace, and some in Sicily, who would recall my wanderings with perfect good humor and complacency. Demosthenes has not lived, has not reasoned, has not agitated his soul, for these: he leaves them in the quiet possession of all their moulten arguments, and in the persuasive hope of all their bright reversions. Pythagoras could have had little or no influence on such men: he raised up higher, who kept them down. It is easier to make an impression upon sand than upon marble: but it is easier to make a just one upon marble than upon sand. Uncivilized as were the Gauls, he with his moderation and prudence hath softened the ferocity of their religion, and hath made it so contradictory and inconsistent, that the first of them who reasons will subvert it. He did not say, "You shall no longer sacrifice your fellow creatures:" he said, "Sacrifice the criminal." Other nations do the same; often wantonly, always vindictively: the Gauls appease by it, as they imagine, both society and the gods. He did not say, "After a certain time even this outrage on Nature must cease:" but he said, "We have souls which pass into other creatures." A belief in the transmigration of souls would abolish by degrees our inhumanity.

*Eubulides.* But what absurdity!

*Demosthenes.* Religion, when it is intended for the uncivilized, must contain things marvelous, things quite absurd to the wiser. But I discover no absurdity in making men gentler and kinder; and I would rather worship an onion or a crust of bread, than a god who requires me to immolate an ox or kid to appease him. The idea, not of having lost her daughter, but of having lost her by a sacrifice, fixed the dagger in the grasp of Clytemnestra. Let us observe, O Eubulides, the religion of our country, be it what it may, unless it command us to be cruel or unjust. In religion, if we are right, we do not know we are; if we are wrong, we would not. Above all, let us do nothing and say nothing which may abolish or diminish in the hearts of the vulgar the sentiments of love and awe; on the contrary, let us perpetually give them fresh excitement and activity, by baring them to the heavens. On the modifications of love it is unnecessary to expatiate; but I am aware that you may demand of me what excitement is required to fear. Among its modifications or dependencies are veneration and obedience, against the weakening of which we ought to provide, particularly in what relates to our magisterial and military chiefs.

*Eubulides.* I do not conceive that Pythagoras has left behind him in Gaul, unless at Massilia, the remembrance of his doctrines or of his name.

*Demosthenes.* We hear little of the Gauls. It appears however that they have not forgotten the wisdom or the services of Pythagoras. The man of Samos was to some extent their teacher. It is remarkable that they should have preserved the appellation. He was too prudent, I suspect, to trust himself many paces beyond the newly-built walls of Massilia; for the ignorant and barbarous priests would be loth to pardon him the crime of withdrawing a dependant in a proselyte.

*Eubulides.* The Druids, the most ferocious and ignorant of all the priests our countrymen have anywhere discovered, fell back farther into their woods and wilderness at seeing the white stones of the citadel rise higher than their altars. Even these rude altars were not of their construction, but

were the work of a much earlier race. The Phocæans and other Ionians were sufficiently well versed in policy to leave the natives unmolested in their religion. Already does that lively and imitative people prefer a worship in which the song and the dance and geniality warm the blood, to one which exacts it in the windy downs and gloomy woodlands, and spills it on the channeled stone, and catches it dropping from the suspended wicker. Young men crowned with flowers are likelier to be objects of aversion to the ancient priests than to the most timorous and shy of their disciples. The religion of blood, like the beasts of prey, will continue to trend northward. Worshipers of Apollo, and followers of Bromius and the Nymphs, would perish in the sunless oak forests; and the Druid has no inheritance in the country of the vine. But it becomes the quiet religion and placid wisdom of the Greeks to leave inviolate all the institutions of the circumjacent people, and especially of those who wish to live among them. By degrees they will acknowledge a superiority which they could contend against were it asserted.

*Demosthenes.* Pythagoras is said to have been vigorous in enforcing his doctrines.

*Eubulides.* In his school; not beyond. They are such indeed as we would little wish to see established in a free state, but none ever were better adapted to prepare the road for civilization. We find it difficult to believe in the metempsychosis. In fact, as other things grow easy, belief is apt to grow difficult.

*Demosthenes.* Where there is mysticism we may pause and listen; where there is argument we may contend and reply. Democritus, whom you often mention, certainly no mystic, often contradicts our senses. He tells us that colors have no color; but his arguments are so strong, his language so clear, his pretensions so modest and becoming, I place more confidence in him than in others: future philosophers may demonstrate to calmer minds what we have not the patience to investigate.*

* Newton has elucidated the theory of colors first proposed by Democritus, the loss of whose voluminous works is the greatest that philosophy has sustained.

*Eubulides.* Plato hath not mentioned him.

*Demosthenes.* O greatness! what art thou, and where is thy foundation? I speak not, Eubulides, of that which the vulgar call greatness,—a phantom stalking forward from a salt-marsh in Bœotia, or from a crevice in some rock of Sunion or of Taxos;* but the highest, the most illustrious, the most solid among men, what is it? Philosophy gives us arms against others, not against ourselves; not against those domestic traitors, those homestead incendiaries, the malignant passions,—arms that are brilliant on the exercise-ground, but brittle in the fight, when the most dangerous of enemies is pressing us. Early love was never so jealous in any one as philosophy in Plato. He resembles his own idea of God, whose pleasure in the solitudes of eternity is the contemplation of himself.

*Eubulides.* Jealousy is not quite excluded from the school opposite. Aristoteles, it has been suggested to me, when he remarks that by the elongation of the last member in a sentence a dignity is added to composition, looked toward you, who, as you have heard the rhetoricians say, are sometimes inattentive or indifferent to nobility of expression.

*Demosthenes.* When Aristoteles gives an opinion upon eloquence I listen with earnestness and respect: so wise a man can say nothing inconsiderately. His own style on every occasion is exactly what it should be; his sentences, in which there are no cracks or inequalities, have always their proper tone: for whatever is rightly said, sounds rightly.

Ought I to speak nobly, as you call it, of base matters and base men? Ought my pauses to be invariably the same? Would Aristoteles wish that a coat of mail should be as flowing as his gown? Let peace be perfect peace, war decisive war; but let Eloquence move upon earth with all the facilities of change that belong to the gods themselves: only let her never be idle, never be vain, never be ostentatious; for these are indications of debility. We, who have habituated ourselves from early youth to the composition of sonorous periods, know that it requires more skill

* Taxos was rich in silver-mines.

to finger and stop our instrument than to blow it. When we have gained over the ear to our party we have other work to do, and sterner and rougher. Then comes forward action, not unaccompanied by vehemence. Pericles you have heard used none, but kept his arm wrapped up within his vest. Pericles was in the enjoyment of that power which his virtues and his abilities well deserved. If he had carried in his bosom the fire that burns in mine, he would have kept his hand outside. By the contemplation of men like me, Aristoteles is what he is; and, instead of undervaluing, I love him the better for it. Do we not see with greater partiality and fondness those who have been educated and fed upon our farms, than those who come from Orchomenos or Mantinea? If he were now among us in Athens, what would he think of two or three haranguers, who deal forth metaphysics by the pailful in their addresses to the people?

*Eubulides.* I heard one, a little time since, who believed he was doing it, ignorant that the business of metaphysics is rather to analyze than to involve. He avoided plain matter, he rejected idiom; he filtered the language of the people, and made them drink through a sieve.

*Demosthenes.* What an admirable definition have you given, unintentionally, of the worst public speaker possible, and, I will add with equal confidence, of the worst writer! If I send to Hymettos for a hare, I expect to distinguish it at dinner by its flavor as readily as before dinner by its ears and feet. The people you describe to me soak out all the juices of our dialect. Nothing is so amusing to me as to hear them talk on eloquence. No disciple at the footstool is so silent and ductile as I am at the lessons I receive; none attends with such composure, none departs with such hilarity.

I have been careful to retain as much idiom as I could, often at the peril of being called ordinary and vulgar. Nations in a state of decay lose their idiom, which loss is always precursory to that of freedom. What your father and your grandfather used as an elegance in conversation is now abandoned to the populace, and every day we miss a little of our own, and collect a little from strangers: this prepares

us for a more intimate union with them, in which we merge at last altogether. Every good writer has much idiom; it is the life and spirit of language: and none such ever entertained a fear or apprehension that strength and sublimity were to be lowered and weakened by it. Speaking to the people, I use the people's phraseology: I temper my metal according to the uses I intend it for. In fact, no language is very weak in its natural course until it runs too far; and then the poorest and the richest are ineffectual equally. The habitude of pleasing by flattery makes a language soft; the fear of offending by truth makes it circuitous and conventional. Free governments, where such necessity cannot exist, will always produce true eloquence.

*Eubulides.* We have in Athens young orators from the schools, who inform us that no determinate and masculine peculiarities of manner should appear in public: they would dance without displaying their muscles, they would sing without discomposing their lips.

*Demosthenes.* I will drag them — so help me Jupiter! — back again to their fathers and mothers; I will grasp their wrists so tightly, the most perverse of them shall not break away from me. Tempestuous times are coming. Another month, or two at farthest, and I will throw such animation into their features and their gestures you shall imagine they have been singing to the drum and horn, and dancing to dithyrambics. The dust-box of metaphysics shall be emptied no more from the schoolroom into the council.

I suspect I have heard the chatterer you mentioned. The other day in the market place I saw a vulgar and shuffling man lifted on a honey-barrel by some grocers and slave-merchants, and the crowd was so dense around me I could not walk away. A fresh-looking citizen, next me, nodded and winked in my face at the close of every sentence. Dissembling as well as I could my impatience at his importunity, "Friend," said I, "do believe me, I understand not a syllable of the discourse."

"Ah, Demosthenes!" whispered he, "your time is fairly gone by; we have orators now whom even you, with all your acuteness and capacity, cannot comprehend."

"Whom will they convince?" said I.

"Convince!" cried my narrator; "who has ever wished to be persuaded against the grain in any matter of importance or utility? A child, if you tell him a horrible or a pathetic story, is anxious to be persuaded it is true; men and women, if you tell them one injurious to the respectability of a neighbor. Desire of persuasion rests and dies here. We listen to those whom we know to be of the same opinion as ourselves, and we call them wise for being of it; but we avoid such as differ from us: we pronounce them rash before we have heard them, and still more afterward lest we should be thought at any time to have erred. We come already convinced: we want surprise, as at our theatres; astonishment, as at the mysteries of Eleusis."

"But what astonishes, what surprises, you?"

"To hear an Athenian talk two hours together, hold us silent and immovable as the figures of Hermes before our doors, and find not a single one among us that can carry home with him a thought or an expression."

"Thou art right," I exclaimed; "he is greater than Triptolemos: he not only gives you a plentiful meal out of chaff and husks, but he persuades you that it is a savory repast."

"By Jupiter!" swore aloud my friend, "he persuades us no such thing; but every one is ashamed of being the first to acknowledge that he never was master of a particle out of what he had listened to and applauded."

I had the curiosity to inquire who the speaker was.

"What! do you not know Anædestatos?" said he, making a mark of interrogation upon my ribs, with a sharper elbow than from his countenance I could have imagined had belonged to him; "the clever Anædestatos who came into notice as a youth by the celebration in verse of a pebble at the bottom of the Ilyssos? He forthwith was presented to Anytos, who experienced a hearty pleasure in seducing him away from his guardians. Anytos on his deathbed (for the gods allowed him one) recommended the young Anædestatos warmly to his friends: such men have always many, and those the powerful. Fortunate had it been for our country if he had pilfered only the verses he pronounced. His new patrons connived at his

withdrawing from the treasury no less than six hundred talents."

"Impossible! six hundred talents are sufficient for the annual stipend of all our civil magistrates, from the highest to the lowest, and of all the generals in our republic and its dependencies."

"It was before you came forward into public life, O Demosthenes! but my father can prove the exactness of my statement. The last little sip from the reservoir was seventy talents,* for a voyage to Lesbos and a residence there of about three months, to settle the value of forty skins of wine, owing to the Lesbians in the time of Thrasybulos. This, I know not by what oversight, is legible among the accounts."

Indignant at what I heard, I threatened to call him before the people.

"Let him alone," said slowly in an undervoice my prudent friend: "he has those about him who will swear, and adduce the proofs, that you are holding a traitorous correspondence with Philip or Artaxerxes."

I began to gaze in indignation on his florid and calm countenance; he winked again, again accosted me with his elbow, and withdrew.

*Eubulides.* Happy Athenians! who have so many great men of so many kinds peculiar to yourselves, and can make one even out of Anædestatos!

## Second Conversation

*Eubulides.* It was nearly in this place that we met once before, but not so early in the day; for then the western sun had withdrawn from the plain, and was throwing its last rays among the columns of the Parthenon.

*Demosthenes.* I think it was about the time when the question was agitated of war or peace with the king of Macedon.

*Eubulides.* It was. Why do you look so cheerful on a sudden? Soon afterward followed the disastrous battle at Cheronæa.

* 14,000 pounds.

*Demosthenes.* Certainly, I derive no cheerfulness out of that.

*Eubulides.* Well, I believe there is little reason at the present hour why we should be melancholy.

*Demosthenes.* If there is, I hope it lies not on the side of the Agora.

*Eubulides.* You have composed your features again, and seem to be listening; but rather (I suspect) at your own internal thoughts than in the expectation of mine.

*Demosthenes.* Let us avoid, I entreat you, my dear Eubulides, those thorny questions which we cannot so well avoid within the walls. Our opinions in matters of State are different; let us walk together where our pursuits are similar or the same.

*Eubulides.* Demosthenes! it is seldom that we have conversed on politics, sad refuge of restless minds, averse from business and from study.

*Demosthenes.* Say worse against them, Eubulides! and I, who am tossed on the summit of the wave, will cry out to you to curse them deeplier. There are few men who have not been witnesses that, on some slight divergence of incondite and unsound opinions, they have rolled away the stone from the cavern mouth of the worst passions, and have evoked them up between two friends. I, of all men, am the least inclined to make them the subject of conversation; and particularly when I meet a literary man as you are, from whom I can receive, and often have received, some useful information, some philosophical thought, some generous sentiment, or some pleasant image. Beside, wishing to make an impression on the public mind, I must not let my ideas run off in every channel that lies before me: I must not hear the words, "Demosthenes will say this or this to-day." People ought to come toward me in expectation, and not carrying my sentiments, crude and broken, walleted before them.

*Eubulides.* There are, however, occasions when even politics are delightful; when they rejoice and exult as a stripling, or breathe softly as an infant.

*Demosthenes.* Then we cannot do better than sit quiet and regard them in silence; for it is such a silence as the

good citizen and good father of a family would be unwilling to disturb. Why do you smile and shake your head, Eubulides?

*Eubulides.* Answer me, first; had you no morning dream, Demosthenes, a few hours ago: which dreams (they tell us) are sure to be accomplished, or show us things that are already so?

*Demosthenes.* I dream seldom.

*Eubulides.* Were you awakened by no voices?

*Demosthenes.* I sleep soundly. Come, do not fall from philosophy to divination. We usually have conversed on eloquence. I am not reminding you of this, from the recollection that you once, and indeed more than once, have commended me. I took many lessons in the art from you; and will take more, if you please, as we walk along.

*Eubulides.* Be contented: none surpasses you.

*Demosthenes.* Many speak differently upon that subject, lying to the public and to their own hearts, which I agitate as violently as those incited by me to bleed in the service of our country. If among our literary men I have an enemy so rash and impudent as to decry my writings, or to compare them with the evanescenses of the day, I desire for him no severer punishment than the record of his sentence. The cross will be more durable than the malefactor.

*Eubulides.* In proportion as men approach you, they applaud you. To those far distant and far below, you seem as little as they seem to you. Fellows who cannot come near enough to reverence you think they are only a stone's throw distant; and they throw it. Unfortunate men! Choked by their criticisms, which others expectorate so easily!

*Demosthenes.* Commiserate them more still, ignorant or regardless as they are, that they have indented and incorporated a mark of ignominy in their names. Ay, by the DOG! (as Socrates used to swear) and such, too, as no anger of mine could have heated for them, no ability of mine impressed.

*Eubulides.* There are few among the ignorant, and especially if they are pompous and inflated, who, if we attend to

them patiently, may not amuse us by the clumsy display of some rash opinion. I was present a few nights ago at a company where you were mentioned —

*Demosthenes.* My master in rhetoric! dear Eubulides! do we correctly say "present AT a company?"

*Eubulides.* You and I do. We are present at many companies; we form a part of few.

*Demosthenes.* Continue the narrative: the objection is overcome.

*Eubulides.* Willingly do I continue it, for it reminds me of an evening in which your spirits had all their play, and soared above the city-walls and beyond the confines of Attica. Men whose brains are like eggs, boiled hard, thought your ideas or your speech exuberant; and very different was indeed your diction from its usual economy and frugality. This conversation of yours was repeated, the reciter employing the many metaphors you had used. Halmuros sat next me, kicking my legs now and then in his impatience to express that ill-humor which urges him on all occasions to querulousness and contradiction. At last he sprang up, and, wiping the corners of his mouth, declared that your mind was not rich enough for all those metaphors which an injudicous friend had quoted as yours. I replied to him calmly, that it was natural that he should be ignorant of the fact, and certain he must remain so, since Demosthenes only used such language when it was excited by the wit or the wisdom or the geniality of his friends; and I consoled him with the assurance that a warier man might have fallen into the same pit, without the same help of extrication. Although he saw how friendly I had been to him, he was not pacified, but protested that many doubts remained upon his mind. He appealed to Cliniades who sat opposite. "I have been present," said Cliniades, "at my father's and in other places, when Demosthenes hath scattered among us all the ornaments of diction; it would puzzle me to recount, and you to remember, the names of them." "That is a modest youth," said Halmuros in my ear, "but rather too zealous in partisanship."

*Demosthenes.* Inconsiderate and silly is the criticism of Halmuros. Must a pugilist, because he is a pugilist, always

clench his fist? — may he not relax it at dinner, at wine, at the reception of a friend? Is it necessary to display the strength of my muscles when I have no assailant to vanquish or intimidate? When we are wrestling we do not display the same attitudes as when we are dancing. On the sand and in the circle we contend for the crown; amid the modulations of flute and lyre, of tabor and cymbal, we wear it. And it is there, among our friends and favorites, among the elegant and refined, we draw attention to the brightness and the copiousness and the pliancy of its constituent parts. It is permitted me, I trust, O Eubulides, to indulge in a flowery and flowing robe when I descend from the *bema*, and relax my limbs in the cool retirement at home. If I did it in public I should be powerless; for there is paralysis in derision. Plainness and somewhat of austerity ought to be habitual with the orator. If he relinquishes them rarely, when he DOES relinquish them he gains the affections of his audience by his heartiness, warmth, and condescension. But sentences well measured and well molded are never thrown away on the meanest of the Athenians; and many of them perhaps are as sensible of the variety I give to mine as the most delicate of the critics, and are readier to do me justice.

*Eubulides.* It appears to be among the laws of Nature that the mighty of intellect should be pursued and carped at by the little, as the solitary flight of one great bird is followed by the twittering petulance of many smaller.

*Demosthenes.* The higher and richer bank is corroded by the stream which is gentle to the flat and barren sand; and philosophers tell us that mountains are shaken by the vilest of the minerals below them.

*Eubulides.* Here, O Demosthenes, let the parallel be broken. And now, cannot I draw from you the avowal that you have heard the news from Pella, brought by the messenger at sunrise? Your derision has not deterred the people from asking, "Is Philip dead?"

*Demosthenes.* The messenger came first to my house, knowing my habitude of early rising. My order as magistrate was that he keep secret this visit of his to me, threatening him with the displeasure and censure of the more

ancient, if ever they should discover that the intelligence reached them after. My thoughts crowded upon me so fast and turbulently, that, no sooner had I reached the monument of Antiope, than I stopped from exhaustion, and sat down beneath it. Happy as I always am to meet you, my good Eubulides, I acknowledge I never was less so than on this occasion. For it is my practice, and ever has been, to walk quite alone. In my walks I collect my arguments, arrange my sentences, and utter them aloud. Eloquence with me can do little else in the city than put on her bracelets, tighten her sandals, and show herself to the people. Her health, and vigor, and beauty, if she has any, are the fruits of the open fields. The slowness or celerity of my steps is now regulated and impelled by the gravity and precision, now by the enthusiasm and agitation, of my mind ; and the presence of any one, however dear and intimate, is a check and impediment to the free agency of these emotions. Thousands, I know, had I remained in the city, would have come running up to me with congratulations and embraces ; as if danger could befall us only from the hand of Philip ! — another Jove, who alone upon earth can vibrate the thunder.

*Eubulides.* One hour afterward I passed through them hastily, and saw and heard them wandering and buzzing along the streets in every direction.

*Demosthenes.* Leaving to us the country and fresh air, and, what itself is the least tranquil thing in Nature, but is the most potent tranquilizer of an excited soul, the sea. To-day I avoid the swarm : to-morrow I strike my brass and collect it.

How soon, O Eubulides, may this ancient hive be subverted, and these busy creatures lie under it extinct !

*Eubulides.* That greatest and most fortunate event, the death of Philip, seems at one moment in the course of our conversation to have given you more than your ordinary vigor, and at another (as now again) to have almost torpefied you.

*Demosthenes.* Inattention and taciturnity are not always proofs of incivility and disrespect. I was revolving in my mind what I might utter as we went along, less unworthy

of your approbation than many things I have spoken in public, and with great anxiety that they should be well received.

There is then one truth, O Eubulides, far more important than every other; far more conducive to the duration of States, to the glory of citizens, to the adornment of social life, to the encouragement of arts and sciences, to the extension of the commerce and intercourse of nations, to the foundation and growth of colonies, to the exaltation and dominion of genius, and indeed to whatever is desirable to the well educated and the free.

*Eubulides.* Enounce it.

*Demosthenes.* There is, I repeat it, one truth above all the rest; above all promulgated by the wisdom of legislators, the zeal of orators, the enthusiasm of poets, or the revelation of gods: a truth whose brightness and magnitude are almost lost to view by its stupendous height. If I never have pointed it out, knowing it as I do, let the forbearance be assigned not to timidity but to prudence.

*Eubulides.* May I hope at last to hear it?

*Demosthenes.* I must conduct you circuitously, and interrogate you beforehand, as those do who lead us to the mysteries.

You have many sheep and goats upon the mountain, which were lately bequeathed to you by your nephew Timocles. Do you think it the most advantageous to let some mastiff, with nobody's chain or collar about his neck, run among them and devour them one after another, or to prepare a halter and lay poison and a trap for him?

*Eubulides.* Certainly here, O Demosthenes, you are not leading me into any mysteries. The answer is plain: the poison, trap, and halter are ready.

*Demosthenes.* Well spoken. You have several children and grandchildren; you study economy in their behalf: would you rather spend twenty drachmas for fuel than three for the same quantity of the same material?

*Eubulides.* Nay, nay, Demosthenes; if this is not mystery, it is worse. You are like a teacher to whom a studious man goes to learn the meaning of a sentence, and who, instead of opening the volume that contains it, asks

him gravely whether he has learned his alphabet. Prythee do not banter me.

*Demosthenes.* Tell me then which you would rather,—make one drunken man sober forever, or ten thousand men drunk for many years?

*Eubulides.* By all the gods! abstain from such idle questions.

*Demosthenes.* The solution of this, idle as you call it, may save you much more than the twenty drachmas. O Eubulides! we have seen, to our sorrow and ignominy, the plain of Cheronæa bestrewn with the bodies of our bravest citizens: had one barbarian fallen, they had not. Rapine and licentiousness are the precursors and the followers of even the most righteous war. A single blow against the worst of mortals may prevent them. Many years and much treasure are usually required for an uncertain issue, beside the stagnation of traffic, the prostration of industry, and innumerable maladies arising from towns besieged and regions depopulated. A moment is sufficient to avert all these calamities. No usurper, no invader, should be permitted to exist on earth. And on whom can the vengeance of the gods be expected to descend, if it descend not on that guilty wretch who would rather that ten thousand innocent, ten thousand virtuous citizens should perish, than that one iniquitous and atrocious despot should be without his daily bath of blood? A single brave man might have followed the late tyrant into Scythia, and have given his carcass to the vulture; by which heroic deed we should have been spared the spectacle of Greece in mourning. What columns, what processions, would have been decreed to this deliverer, out of the treasure we may soon be condemned to pay, whether as tribute or subsidy, to our enslaver!

*Eubulides.* No, no! Praises to the immortals! he is dead.

*Demosthenes.* Philip has left the world. But regard not, O my friend, the mutual congratulations, the intemperate and intempestive joy, of the Athenians with any other sentiment than pity; for while Alexander lives, or Alexander's successor, while any king whatever breathes on any of our confines, Philip is not dead.

*Eubulides.* Raise up thy brow, O Demosthenes! raise up again that arm, hanging down before thee as if a flame from heaven had blasted it! Have we not seen it in its godlike strength, terrible even in beneficence, like Neptune's, when the horse sprang from under his trident? Take courage! give it! Inspire it in a breath from the inner and outer Keramicus to the Parthenon, from the temple of the Eumenides to the gates of the Piræus. What is the successor of Philip?—a mad youth.

*Demosthenes.* Does much mischief require much wisdom? Is a firebrand sensible; is a tempest prudent? It is a very indifferent rat or weasel that hath not as much courage as Alexander, and more prudence: I say nothing of temperance, in which even inferior beasts, if there be any such, are his betters. We know this; the knowledge of it does not insure our quiet, but rather is a reason, at least the latter part of it, why we can trust in him for none.

If men considered the happiness of others, or their own; in fewer words, if they were rational or provident,—no State would be depopulated, no city pillaged, not a village would be laid in ashes, not a farm deserted. But there always have been, and always will be, men about the despot, who persuade him that terror is better than esteem; that no one knows whether he is reverenced or not, but that he who is dreaded has indubitable proofs of it, and is regarded by mortals as a god. By pampering this foible in the prince, they are admitted to come closer and closer to him; and from the indulgence of his corrupted humors they derive their wealth and influence. Every man in the world would be a republican, if he did not hope from fortune and favor more than from industry and desert; in short, if he did not expect to carry off sooner or later, from under another system, what never could belong to him rightfully, and what cannot (he thinks) accrue to him from this. To suppose the contrary would be the same as to suppose that he would rather have a master in his house than friend, brother, or son; and that he has both more confidence and more pleasure in an alien's management of it than in his own, or in any person's selected by his experience and deputed by his choice.

*Eubulides.* Insanity to imagine it!

*Demosthenes.* In religions and governments, O Eubulides, there are things on which few men reason, and at which those who do reason shrink and shudder. The worthless cling upon these lofty follies, and use them as the watch-towers of Ambition. We too are reproved by them in turn for like propensities: and truly I wish it could be said that every human motive were ingenuous and pure. We cannot say any thing similar. Come, let us own the worst: we are ambitious. But is it not evident of us orators in a republic, that our ambition and the scope of it must drop together when we no longer can benefit or forewarn our citizens? In kingdoms, the men are most commended and most elevated who serve the fewest, and who, serving the fewest, injure the most; in republics, those who serve the many and injure none. The loss of this privilege is the greatest loss humanity can sustain. To you, because I ponder and meditate, I appear dejected. Clearly do I see indeed how much may soon cease to be within my power; but I possess the confidence of strength within me, and the consciousness of having exerted it for the glory of my country and the utility of mankind. Look at that olive before us. Seasons and iron have searched deeply into its heart; yet it shakes its berries in the air, promising you sustenance and light. In olives it is common to see remaining just enough of the body to support the bark; and this is often so perforated, that, if near the ground, a dog or sheep may pass through. Neither the vitality nor the fecundity of the tree appears in the least to suffer by it. While I remember what I have been, I never can be less. External power affects those only who have none intrinsically. I have seen the day, Eubulides, when the most august of cities had but one voice within her walls; and when the stranger on entering them stopped at the silence of the gateway, and said, "Demosthenes is speaking in the assembly of the people."

This is an ambition which no other can supplant or reach. The image of it stands eternally between me and kings, and separates me by an immeasurable interval from their courts and satraps. I swear against them, in the name of

our country, in the name of Pallas-Athenè and of all the gods, amid the victims that have fallen by them and are about to fall, everlasting hatred!

Go now to the city, Eubulides, and report my oath. Add, that you left me contemplating in solitude the posture of our affairs, reluctant to lay before the Athenians any plan or project until I have viewed it long and measured it correctly; and to deliver any words to them, whether of counsel or comfort or congratulation, unworthy of so sedate and circumspect a people.

*Eubulides.* How gravely and seriously you speak! Do you think of them so highly?

*Demosthenes.* I have said it; go, repeat it.

## ARISTOTELES AND CALLISTHENES

*ARISTOTELES.* I rejoice, O Callisthenes, at your return; and the more, as I see you in the dress of your country; while others, who appear to me of the lowest rank by their language and physiognomy, are arrayed in the Persian robe, and mix the essence of rose with pitch.

*Callisthenes.* I thank the gods, O Aristoteles, that I embrace you again; that my dress is a Greek one and an old one; that the conquests of Alexander have cost me no shame, and have encumbered me with no treasures.

*Aristoteles.* Jupiter! what then are those tapestries, for I will not call them dresses, which the slaves are carrying after you, in attendance (as they say) on you orders.

*Callisthenes.* They are presents from Alexander to Xenocrates; by which he punishes, as he declared to the Macedonians, both me and you. And I am well convinced that the punishment will not terminate here; but that he, so irascible and vindictive, will soon exercise his new dignity of godship by breaking our heads, or, in the wisdom of his providence, by removing them an arm's length from our bodies.

*Aristoteles.* On this subject we must talk again. Xenocrates is indeed a wise and virtuous man; and although I could wish that Alexander had rather sent him a box of books than a bale of woolen, I acknowledge that the gift could hardly have been better bestowed.

*Callisthenes.* You do not appear to value very highly the learning of this philosopher.

*Aristoteles.* To talk and dispute are more the practices of the Platonic school than to read and meditate. Talkative men seldom read. This is among the few truths which appear the more strange the more we reflect upon them. For what is reading but silent conversation? People make extremely free use of their other senses; and I know not what difficulty they could find or apprehend in making use of their eyes, particularly in the gratification of a propensity which they indulge so profusely by the tongue. The fatigue, you would think, is less; the one organ requiring much motion, the other little. Added to which, they may leave their opponent when they please, and never are subject to captiousness or personality. In open contention with an argumentative adversary, the worst brand a victor imposes is a blush. The talkative man blows the fire himself for the reception of it; and we cannot deny that it may likewise be suffered by a reader, if his conscience lies open to reproach. Yet even in this case, the stigma is illegible on his brow; no one triumphs in his defeat, or even freshens his wound, as may sometimes happen, by the warmth of sympathy. All men, you and I among the rest, are more desirous of conversing with a great philosopher, or other celebrated man, than of reading his works. There are several reasons for this; some of which it would be well if we could deny or palliate. In justice to ourselves and him, we ought to prefer his writings to his speech, for even the wisest say many things inconsiderately; and there never was one of them in the world who ever uttered extemporaneously three sentences in succession, such as, if he thought soundly and maturely upon them afterward, he would not in some sort modify and correct. Effrontery and hardness of heart are the characteristics of every great speaker I can mention,

excepting Phocion; and if he is exempt from them, it is because eloquence — in which no one ever excelled or ever will excel him — is secondary to philosophy in this man, and philosophy to generosity of spirit. On the same principle as impudence is the quality of great speakers and disputants, modesty is that of great readers and composers. Not only are they abstracted by their studies from the facilities of ordinary conversation, but they discover from time to time things of which they were ignorant before, and on which they had not even the ability of doubting. We, my Callisthenes, may consider them not only as gales that refresh us while they propel us forward, but as a more compendious engine of the gods, whereby we are brought securely into harbor, and deeply laden with imperishable wealth. Let us then strive day and night to increase the number of these beneficent beings, and to stand among them in the sight of the living and the future. It is required of us that we give more than we receive.

*Callisthenes.* O my guide and teacher! you are one of the blessed few at whose hands the gods may demand it: if they had intended to place it in my duties, they would have chosen me a different master. How small a part of what I have acquired from you (and to you I owe all of knowledge and wisdom I possess) shall I be able to transmit to others!

*Aristoteles.* Encourage better hopes. Again I tell you, it is required of us, not merely that we place the grain in a garner, but that we ventilate and sift it; that we separate the full from the empty, the faulty from the sound; and that, if it must form the greater, it do not form the more elegant part of the entertainment our friends expect from us. I am now in the decline of life; to shove me from behind would be a boyish trick: but wherever I fall I shall fall softly, the gods having placed me in a path out of which no violence can remove me. In youth our senses and the organs of them wander; in the middle of life they cease to do it; in old age the body itself, and chiefly the head, bends over and points to the earth which must soon receive it, and partakes in some measure of its torpor.

*Callisthenes.* You appear to me fresh and healthy, and your calmness and indifference to accidents are the effects of philosophy rather than of years.

*Aristoteles.* Plato is older by twenty, and has lost nothing of juvenility but the color of his hair. The higher delights of the mind are in this, as in every thing else, very different in their effects from its seductive passions. These cease to gratify us the sooner, the earlier, we indulge in them; on the contrary, the earlier we indulge in thought and reflection the longer do they last, and the more faithfully do they serve us. So far are they from shortening or debilitating our animal life, that they prolong and strengthen it greatly. The body is as much at repose in the midst of high imaginations as in the midst of profound sleep. In imperfect sleep it wears away much, as also in imperfect thoughts; in thoughts that cannot rise from the earth and sustain themselves above it. The object which is in a direct line behind a thing seems near; now nothing is in a more direct line than death to life: why should it not also be considered, on the first sight, as near at hand? Swells and depressions, smooth ground and rough, usually lie between; the distance may be rather more or rather less; the proximity is certain. Alexander, a god, descends from his throne to conduct me.

*Callisthenes.* Endurance on the part of the injured is more pathetic than passion. The intimate friends of this conductor will quarrel over his carcass while yet warm, as dogs over a dish after supper! How different are our conquests from his! how different our friends!—not united for robbery and revelry, but joyous in discovery, calm in meditation, and intrepid in research. How often, and throughout how many ages, shall you be a refuge from such men as he and his accomplices! How often will the studious, the neglected, the deserted, fly toward you for compensation in the wrongs of fortune, and for solace in the rigor of destiny! His judgment seat is covered by his sepulchre; after one year hence no appeals are made to him: after ten thousand there will be momentous questions—not of avarice or litigation, not of violence or fraud, but of reason and of science—brought before your judgment seat and settled by

your decree. Dyers and tailors, carvers and gilders, grooms and trumpeters, make greater men than God makes; but God's last longer, throw them where you will.

*Aristoteles.* Alexander hath really punished me by his gifts to Xenocrates; for he obliges me to send him the best tunic I have: and you know that in my wardrobe I am, as appears to many, unphilosophically splendid. There are indeed no pearls in this tunic; but golden threads pursue the most intricate and most elegant design, the texture is the finest of Miletus, the wool is the softest of Tarentum, and the purple is Hermionic. He will sell Alexander's dresses, and wear mine; the consequence of which will be imprisonment or scourges.

*Callisthenes.* A provident god forsooth in his benefits is our Alexander!

*Aristoteles.* Much to be pitied if ever he returns to his senses! Justly do we call barbarians the wretched nations that are governed by one man; and among them the most deeply plunged in barbarism is the ruler. Let us take any favorable specimen: Cyrus for instance, or Cambyses, or this Alexander; for however much you and I may despise him, seeing him often and nearly, he will perhaps leave behind him as celebrated a name as they. He is very little amid philosophers, though very great amid monarchs. Is he not undoing with all his might what every wise man, and indeed every man in the order of things, is most solicitous to do? — namely, doth he not abolish kindly and affectionate intercourse? doth he not draw a line of distinction (which of all follies and absurdities is the wildest and most pernicious) between fidelity and truth? In the hour of distress and misery the eye of every mortal turns to friendship; in the hour of gladness and conviviality what is our want? — it is friendship. When the heart overflows with gratitude, or with any other sweet and sacred sentiment, what is the word to which it would give utterance? — MY FRIEND. Having thus displaced the right feeling, he finds it necessary to substitute at least a strong one. The warmth which should have been diffused from generosity and mildness must come from the spiceman, the vintner, and the milliner; he must be perfumed, he must

be drunk, he must toss about shawl and tiara. You would imagine that his first passion, his ambition, had an object; yet, before he was a god, he prayed that no one afterward might pass the boundaries of his expedition, and he destroyed at Abdera, and in other places, the pillars erected as memorials by the Argonauts and by Sesostris.

*Callisthenes.* I have many doubts upon the Argonauts. We Greeks are fond of attributing to ourselves all the great actions of remote antiquity; we feign that Isis, DAUGHTER OF INACHUS, taught the Egyptians laws and letters. It may be questioned whether the monuments assigned to the Argonauts were not really those of Sesostris, or Osiris, or some other eastern conqueror; and even whether the tale of Troy be not, in part at least, translated. Many principal names, evidently not Grecian, and the mention of a language spoken by the gods (meaning their representatives and officials), in which the rivers and other things are professed to be called differently from what they were called among men, are the foundations of my query. The Hindus, the Egyptians, and probably the Phrygians (a very priestly nation), had their learned language quite distinct from the vulgar.*

*Aristoteles.* We will discuss this question another time. Perhaps you were present when Alexander ran around the tomb of Achilles in honor of his memory: if Achilles were now living, or any hero like him, Alexander would swear his perdition. Neither his affection for virtue nor his enmity to vice is pure or rational. Observation has taught me that we do not hate those who are worse than ourselves because they are worse, but because we are liable to injury from them, and because (as almost always is the case) they are preferred to us; while those who are better we hate purely for being so. After their decease, if we remit our hatred, it is because then they are more like virtue in the abstract than virtuous men, and are fairly out of our way.

*Callisthenes.* Disappointment made him at all times outrageous. What is worse, he hated his own virtues in

* The "Galliambic" of Catullus may be a relic (the only one) of Phrygian poetry. He resided in the country, and may have acquired the language; but his translation came through the Greek.

another; as dogs growl at their own faces in a mirror. The courage of Tyre, and many other cities, provoked not admiration but cruelty. Even his friends were unspared; even Clitus and Parmenio.

*Aristoteles.* Cruelty, if we consider it as a crime, is the greatest of all; if we consider it as a madness, we are equally justifiable in applying to it the readiest and the surest means of suppression. Bonds may hold the weak; the stronger break them, and strangle the administrator. Cruelty quite destroys our sympathies, and, doing so, supersedes and masters our intellects. It removes from us those who can help us, and brings against us those who can injure us. Hence it opposes the great principle of our nature, self-preservation, and endangers not only our well-being, but our being. Reason is then the most perfect when it enables us in the highest degree to benefit our fellow-men; reason is then the most deranged when there is that over it which disables it. Cruelty is that. As for the wisdom of Alexander, I do not expect from a Macedonian, surrounded by flatterers and drinkers, the prudence of an Epaminondas or a Phocion; but educated by such a father as Philip, and having with him in his army so many veteran captains, it excited no small ridicule in Athens when it was ascertained that he and Darius, then equally eager for combat, missed each other's army in Cilicia.

*Callisthenes.* He has done great things, but with great means; the generals you mention overcame more difficulties with less, and never were censured for any failure from deficiency of foresight.

*Aristoteles.* There is as much difference between Epaminondas and Alexander, as between the Nile and a winter torrent. In this there is more impetuosity, foam, and fury, more astonishment from spectators; but it is followed by devastation and barrenness. In that there is an equable, a steady, and perennial course, swelling from its ordinary state only for the benefit of mankind, and subsiding only when that has been secured.

I have not mentioned Phocion so often as I ought to have done; but now, Callisthenes, I will acknowledge that I consider him as the greatest man upon earth. He foresaw

long ago what has befallen our country; and while others were proving to you that your wife, if a good woman, should be at the disposal of your friend, and that if you love your children you should procure them as many fathers as you can, Phocion was practising all the domestic and all the social duties.

*Callisthenes.* I have often thought that his style resembles yours. Are you angry?

*Aristoteles.* I will not dissemble to you that mine was formed upon his. Polieuctus, by no means a friend to him, preferred it openly to that of Demosthenes, for its brevity, its comprehensiveness, and its perspicuity. There is somewhat more of pomp and solemnity in Demosthenes, and perhaps of harmony; but his warmth is on many occasions the warmth of coarseness, and his ridicule the roughest part of him; while in Phocion there is the acuteness of Pericles, and, wherever it is requisite, the wit of Aristophanes. He conquered with few soldiers, and he convinced with few words. I know not what better description I could give you, either of a great captain or a great orator.

Now imagine for a moment the mischief which the system of Plato, just alluded to, would produce,—that women should be common. We hear that among the Etrurians they were so, and perhaps are yet; but of what illustrious action do we read ever performed by that ancient people? A thousand years have elapsed without a single instance on record of courage or generosity. With us one word, altered only in its termination, signifies both FATHER and COUNTRY: can he who is ignorant of the one be solicitous about the other? Never was there a true patriot who was not, if a father, a kind one; never was there a good citizen who was not an obedient and reverential son. Strange, to be ambitious of pleasing the multitude, and indifferent to the delight we may afford to those nearest us,—our parents and our children! Ambition is indeed the most inconsiderate of passions, none of which are considerate; for the ambitious man, by the weakest inconsistency, proud as he may be of his faculties, and impatient as he may be to display them, prefers the opinion of the ignorant to his own. He would be what others can make him, and not what he could make

himself without them. Nothing in fact is consistent and unambiguous but virtue.

Plato would make wives common, to abolish selfishness,— the mischief which above others it would directly and immediately bring forth. There is no selfishness where there is a wife and family: the house is lighted up by the mutual charities: everything achieved for them is a victory, everything endured for them is a triumph. How many vices are suppressed, that there may be no bad example! how many exertions made, to recommend and inculcate a good one! Selfishness then is thrown out of the question. He would perhaps render man braver by his exercises in the common field of affections. Now bravery is of two kinds; the courage of instinct and the courage of reason. Animals have more of the former, men more of the latter; for I would not assert, what many do, that animals have no reason, as I would not that men have no instinct. Whatever creature can be taught must be taught by the operation of reason upon reason, small as may be the quantity called forth or employed in calling it, and however harsh may be the means. Instinct has no operation but upon the wants and desires. Those who entertain a contrary opinion are unaware how inconsequently they speak when they employ such expressions as this, "We are taught by instinct." Courage, so necessary to the preservation of states, is not weakened by domestic ties, but is braced by them. Animals protect their young while they know it to be theirs, and neglect it when the traces of that memory are erased. Man cannot so soon lose the memory of it, because his recollective faculties are more comprehensive and more tenacious; and because, while in the brute creation the parental love, which in most is only on the female side, lessens after the earlier days, his increases as the organs of the new creature are developed. There is a desire of property in the sanest and best men, which Nature seems to have implanted as conservative of her works, and which is necessary to encourage and keep alive the arts. Phidias and our friend Apelles would never have existed as the Apelles and Phidias they appear, if property (I am ashamed of the solecism which Plato now forces on

me) were in common. A part of his scheme indeed may be accomplished in select and small communities, holden together by some religious bond,— as we find among the disciples of Pythagoras; but he never taught his followers that prostitution is a virtue, much less that it is the summit of perfection. They revered him, and deservedly, as a father. As what father? Not such as Plato would fashion; but as a parent who had gained authority over his children by his assiduous vigilance, his tender and peculiar care, in separating them as far as possible from whatever is noxious in an intercourse with mankind.

To complete the system of selfishness, idleness, and licentiousness — the worshipful triad of Plato — nothing was wanting but to throw all other property where he had thrown the wives and children. Who then should curb the rapacious? who should moderate the violent? The weaker could not work, the stronger would not. Food and raiment would fail; and we should be reduced to something worse than a state of Nature, into which we can never be cast back, any more than we can become children again. Civilization suddenly retrograde generates at once the crimes and vices not only of its various stages, but of the state anterior to it, without any of its advantages, if it indeed have any. Plato would make forever all the citizens, what we punish with death a single one for being once. He is a man of hasty fancy and indistinct reflection; more different from Socrates than the most violent of his adversaries. If he had said that in certain cases a portion of landed property should be divided among the citizens, he had spoken sagely and equitably. After a long war, when a state is oppressed by debt, and when many who have borne arms for their country have moreover consumed their patrimony in its service,— these, if they are fathers of families, should receive allotments from the estates of others who are not, and who either were too young for warfare, or were occupied in less dangerous and more lucrative pursuits. It is also conducive to the public good that no person should possess more than a certain and definite extent of land, to be limited by the population and produce; else the freedom of vote and the honesty of election must be

violated, and the least active members of the community will occupy those places which require the most activity. This is peculiarly needful in mercantile states, like ours, that everyone may enjoy the prospect of becoming a landholder, and that the money accruing from the sale of what is curtailed on the larger properties may again fall into commerce. A state may eventually be reduced to such distresses by war, even after victories, that it shall be expedient to deprive the rich of whatever they possess beyond the portion requisite for the decent and frugal sustenance of a family. This extremity it is difficult to foresee; nor do I think it is arrived at until the industrious and well educated, in years of plenty, are unable by all their exertions to nourish and instruct their children,—a speculative case which it cannot be dangerous or mischievous to state, for certainly, when it occurs, the sufferers will appeal to the laws and forces of Nature, and not to the schools of rhetoric or philosophy. No situation can be imagined more painful or more abominable than this; while many, and indeed most, are worse than that whereunto the wealthier would be reduced in amending it; since they would lose no comforts, no conveniences, no graceful and unincumbering ornaments of life, and few luxuries,—which would be abundantly compensated, to the generality of them, by smoothing their mutual pretensions, and by extinguishing the restless spirit of their rivalry.

*Callisthenes.* The visions of Plato have led to reason: I marvel less that he should have been so extravagant, than that he should have scattered on that volume so little of what we admire in his shorter "Dialogues."

*Aristoteles.* I respect his genius, which however has not accompanied all his steps in this discussion; nor indeed do I censure in him what has been condemned by Xenophon, who wonders that he should attribute to Socrates long dissertations on the soul and other abstruse doctrines, when that singularly acute reasoner discoursed with his followers on topics only of plain utility. For it is requisite that important things should be attributed to important men; and a sentiment would derive but small importance from the authority of Crito or Phædo. A much greater fault is

attributable to Xenophon himself, who has not even preserved the coarse features of nations and of ages in his "Cyropædia." A small circle of wise men should mark the rise of mind, as the Egyptian priests marked the rise of their river, and should leave it chronicled in their temples. Cyrus should not discourse like Solon.

*Callisthenes.* You must likewise then blame Herodotus.

*Aristoteles.* If I blame Herodotus, whom can I commend? He reminds me of Homer by his facility and his variety, and by the suavity and fullness of his language. His view of history was, nevertheless, like that of the Asiatics, who write to instruct and please. Now truly there is little that could instruct, and less that could please, us in the actions and speeches of barbarians, from among whom the kings alone come forth distinctly. Delightful tales and apposite speeches are the best things you could devise; and many of these undoubtedly were current in the East, and were collected by Herodotus; some, it is probable, were invented by him. It is of no importance to the world whether the greater part of historical facts, in such countries, be true or false; but they may be rendered of the highest, by the manner in which a writer of genius shall represent them. If history were altogether true, it would be not only undignified but unsightly; great orators would often be merely the mouthpieces of prostitutes, and great captains would be hardly more than gladiators or buffoons. The prime movers of those actions which appall and shake the world are generally the vilest things in it; and the historian, if he discovers them, must conceal them or hold them back.

*Callisthenes.* Pray tell me whether, since I left Athens, your literary men are busy.

*Aristoteles.* More than ever; as the tettix chirps loudest in time of drought. Among them we have some excellent writers, and such as (under Pallas) will keep out the Persian tongue from the Piræus. Others are employed in lucrative offices; are made ambassadors and salt surveyors, and whatever else is most desirable to common minds, for proving the necessity of more effectual (this is always the preamble) and less changeful laws, such as those of the Medes and Indians. Several of our orators, whose grandfathers were

in a condition little better than servile, have had our fortunes and lives at their disposal, and are now declaiming on the advantages of what they call "regular government." You would suppose they meant that perfect order which exists when citizens rule themselves, and when every family is to the republic what every individual is to the family; a system of mutual zeal and mutual forbearance. No such thing: they mean a government with themselves at the head, and such as may insure to them impunity for their treasons and peculations. One of them a short time ago was deputed to consult with Metanyctius, a leading man among the Thracians, in what manner and by what instalments a sum of money, lent to them by our republic, should be repaid. Metanyctius burst into laughter on reading the first words of the decree. "Dine with me," said he, "and we will conclude the business when we are alone." The dinner was magnificent; which in such business is the best economy: few contractors or financiers are generous enough to give a plain one. "Your republic," said Metanyctius, "is no longer able to enforce its claim; and we are as little likely to want your assistance in future, as you would be inclined to afford it. A seventh of the amount is at my disposal: you shall possess it. I shall enjoy about the same emolument for my fidelity to my worthy masters. The return of peace is so desirable, and regular government so divine a blessing,—added to which, your countrymen are become of late so indifferent to inquiry into what the factious call abuses,—that I pledge my experience you will return amid their acclamations and embraces."

Our negotiator became one of the wealthiest men in the city, although wealth is now accumulated in some families to such an amount as our ancestors, even in the age of Crœsus or of Midas, would have deemed incredible. For wars drive up riches in heaps, as winds drive up snows, making and concealing many abysses. Metanyctius was the more provident and the more prosperous of the two. I know not in what king's interest he was, but probably the Persian's; be this as it may, it was resolved for the sake of good UNDERSTANDING (another new expression) to abolish the name of republic throughout the world. This

appeared an easy matter. Our negotiator rejoiced in the promise exacted from him, to employ his address in bringing about a thing so desirable: for REPUBLIC sounded in his ears like RETRIBUTION. It was then demanded that laws should be abolished, and that kings should govern at their sole discretion. This was better, but more difficult to accomplish. He promised it however; and a large body of barbarian troops was raised in readiness to invade our territory, when the decree of Alexander reached the city, ordering that the states both of Greece and Asia should retain their pristine laws. The conqueror had found letters and accounts which his loquacity would not allow him to keep secret; and the negotiator, whose opinion (a very common one) was that exposure alone is ignominy, at last severed his weasand with an ivory-handled knife.

*Callisthenes.* On this ivory the goddess of our city will look down with more complacency than on that whereof her own image is composed; and the blade should be preserved with those which, on the holiest of our festivals, are displayed to us in the handful of myrtle, as they were carried by Harmodius and Aristogiton. And now tell me, Aristoteles, for the question much interests me, are you happy in the midst of Macedonians, Illyrians, and other strange creatures, at which we wonder when we see their bodies and habiliments like ours?

*Aristoteles.* Dark reflections do occasionally come, as it were by stealth, upon my mind; but philosophy has power to dispel them. I care not whether the dog that defends my house and family be of the Laconian breed or the Molossan; if he steals my bread or bites the hand that offers it, I strangle him or cut his throat, or engage a more dexterous man to do it, the moment I catch him sleeping.

*Callisthenes.* The times are unfavorable to knowledge.

*Aristoteles.* Knowledge and wisdom are different. We may know many things without an increase of wisdom; but it would be a contradiction to say that we can know anything new without an increase of knowledge. The knowledge that is to be acquired by communication is intercepted or impeded by tyranny. I have lost an ibis, or perhaps a hippopotamus, by losing the favor of Alexander;

he has lost an Aristoteles. He may deprive me of life; but, in doing it, he must deprive himself of all he has ever been contending for, of glory: and even a more reasonable man than he will acknowledge that there is as much difference between life and glory as there is between an ash-flake from the brow of Etna and the untamable and eternal fire within its centre. I may lose disciples; he may put me out of fashion: a tailor's lad can do as much. He may forbid the reading of my works; less than a tailor's lad can do that. Idleness can do it, night can do it, sleep can do it; a sunbeam rather too hot, a few hailstones, a few drops of rain, a call to dinner. By his wealth and power he might have afforded me opportunities of improving some branches of science, which I alone have cultivated with assiduity and success. Fools may make wise men wiser more easily than wise men can make them so. At all events, Callisthenes, I have prepared for myself a monument, from which, perhaps, some atoms may be detached by time, but which will retain the testimonials of its magnificence and the traces of its symmetry, when the substance and site of Alexander's shall be forgotten. Who knows but that the very ant-hill whereon I stand may preserve its figure and contexture when the sepulchre of this Macedonian shall be the solitary shed of a robber, or the manger of mules and camels?* If I live, I will leave behind me the history of our times, from the accession of Philip to the decease of Alexander. For our comet must disappear soon; the moral order of the world requires it. How happy and glorious was Greece at the commencement of the period! how pestilential was the folly of those rulers who rendered, by a series of idle irritations and untimely attacks, a patient for Anticyra, the arbiter of the universe!

I will now return with you to Plato, whose plan of government, by the indulgence of the gods, has lain hitherto on their knees.†

* Chrysostom, in his 25th homily, says, that neither the tomb of Alexander nor the day of his death was known. Ποῦ, εἰπέ μοι, τὸ σῆμα Αλεξάνδρου; δειξόν μοι· καὶ εἰπὲ τὴν ἡμέραν καθ' ἣν ἐτελεύτησε.

† The Homeric expression for "remaining to be decreed by them." Θεων επι γουνασι κειται.

*Callisthenes.* I was unwilling to interrupt you; otherwise I should have remarked the bad consequences of excluding the poets from his commonwealth; not because they are in general the most useful members of it, but because we should punish a song more severely than a larceny. There are verses in Euripides such as every man utters who has the toothache; and all expressions of ardent love have the modulation and emphasis of poetry. What a spheristerion is opened here to the exercise of informers! We should create more of these than we should drive out of poets. Judges would often be puzzled in deciding a criminal suit; for, before they could lay down the nature of the crime, they must ascertain what are the qualities and quantities of a dithyrambic. Now, Aristoteles, I suspect that even you cannot do this; for I observe in Pindar a vast variety of commutable feet,—sonorous, it is true, in their cadences, but irregular and unrestricted. You avoid, as all good writers do carefully, whatever is dactylic, for the dactyl is the bindweed of prose; but I know not what other author has trimmed it with such frugal and attentive husbandry.* One alone, in writing or conversation, would subject a man to violent suspicion of bad citizenship; and he who should employ it twice in a page or an oration would be deemed so dangerous and desperate a malefactor, that it might be requisite to dig a pitfall or to lay an iron trap for him, or to noose him in his bed.

* Callisthenes means the instance where another dactyl, or a spondee, follows it; in which case only is the period to be called dactylic. Cicero on one occasion took it in preference to a weak elision, or to the concurrence of two ESSES: —

> « *Quinctus Mutius augur*
> *Scævola multa; ac . . .* »

He judged rightly; but he could easily have done better. Longinus says that dactyls are the noblest of feet and the most adapted to the sublime. He adduces no proof, although he quotes a sentence of Demosthenes as RESEMBLING the dactylic: —

> Τουτο το ψηφισμα τον τοτε τῇ πολει περισταντα
> κινδυνον παρελθειν εποιησεν ὡσπερ νεφος.

Here is plenty of alliteration, but only ONE dactyl; for τουτο το is not one, being followed by ψ. The letter τ recurs nine times in fifteen syllables. A dactyl succeeded by a dichoree, or by a trochee with a spondee

*Aristoteles.* Demosthenes has committed it in his first "Philippic," where two dactyls and a spondee come after a tumultuous concourse of syllables, many sounding alike, *Ὀυδε γαρ δυτυς παρα την αυτου ρωμην τυσουτον επηυξηται ὁσυν παρα την ημετεραν αμελειαν.* Here are seven dactyls; the same number is nowhere else to be found within the same number of words.

*Callisthenes.* Throughout your works there is certainly no period that has not an iambic in it. Now our grammarians tell us that one is enough to make a verse, as one theft is enough to make a thief; an informer, then, has only to place it last in his bill of indictment, and not Minos himself could absolve you.

*Aristoteles.* They will not easily take me for a poet.

*Callisthenes.* Nor Plato for anything else; he would be like a bee caught in his own honey.

*Aristoteles.* I must remark to you, Callisthenes, that among the writers of luxuriant and florid prose, however rich and fanciful, there never was one who wrote good poetry. Imagination seems to start back when they would

at the close, is among the sweetest of pauses; the gravest and most majestic is composed of a dactyl, a dichoree, and a dispondee. He, however, will soon grow tiresome who permits his partiality to any one close to be obtrusive or apparent.

The remark attributed to Callisthenes, on the freedom of Aristoteles from pieces of verse in his sentences, is applicable to Plato, and surprisingly, if we consider how florid and decorated is his language. Among the Romans, T. Livius is the most abundant in them; and among the Greeks there is a curious instance in the prefatory words of Dionysius of Halicarnassus. *Φύσεως δὴ νόμος ἅπασι κοινὸς, ὃν οὐδεὶς καταλύσει χρόνος, ἀρχειν ἀεὶ των ἡττόνων τοὺς κρείττονας.*

These words appear to have been taken from some tragedy: the last constitute a perfect iambic; and the preceding, with scarcely a touch, assume the same appearance. The diction, too, is quite poetical: *ἅπασι κοινὸς . . . καταλύσει*, etc.

*Ἅπασι κοινὸς ἐστι πῆς φύσεως νόμος,*
*Ὃν . . . οὐδεὶς . . . καταλύσει χρόνος,*
*Ἄρχειν ἀεὶ τῶν ἡττόνων τοὺς κρείττονας.*

In the Gorgias of Plato is the same idea in nearly the same words. *Δηλοῖ δὲ ταῦτα πολλαχοῦ ὅτι οὕτως ἔχει, καὶ ἐν τοῖς ἄλλοῖς ζωοις, καὶ τῶν ἀνθρώπων ἐν ὅλαις ταῖς πόλεσι καὶ γένεσιν, ὅτι οὕτω τὸ δίκαιον κέκριται, τὸν κρείττω τοῦ ἥττονος ἀρχειν καὶ πλέον ἔχειν.*

lead her into a narrower walk, and to forsake them at the first prelude of the lyre. Plato has written much poetry, of which a few epigrams alone are remembered. He burned his iambics, but not until he found that they were thoroughly dry and withered. If ever a good poet should excel in prose, we who know how distinct are the qualities, and how great must be the comprehension and the vigor that unites them, shall contemplate him as an object of wonder, and almost of worship. It is remarkable in Plato that he is the only florid writer who is animated. He will always be admired by those who have attained much learning and little precision, from the persuasion that they understand him, and that others do not; for men universally are ungrateful toward him who instructs them, unless, in the hours or in the intervals of instruction, he present a sweet cake to their self-love.

*Callisthenes.* I never saw two men so different as you and he.

*Aristoteles.* Yet many of those sentiments in which we appear most at variance can be drawn together until they meet. I had represented excessive wealth as the contingency most dangerous to a republic; he took the opposite side, and asserted that excessive poverty is more.* Now, wherever there is excessive wealth, there is also in the train of it excessive poverty; as, where the sun is brightest, the shade is deepest. Many republics have stood for ages while no citizen among them was in very great affluence, and while, on the contrary, most were very poor; but none hath stood long after many, or indeed a few, have grown inordinately wealthy. Riches cause poverty, then irritate, then corrupt it; so throughout their whole progress and action they are dangerous to the state. Plato defends his thesis with his usual ingenuity; for, if there is nowhere a worse philosopher, there is hardly anywhere a better writer. He says, and truly, that the poor become wild and terrible animals, when they no longer can gain their bread by their

*It is evident that Aristoteles wrote his "Polity" after Plato, for he animadverts on a false opinion of Plato's in the proœmium; but many of the opinions must have been promulgated by both before the publication of their works.

trades and occupations; and that, laden to excess with taxes, they learn a lesson from Necessity which they never would have taken up without her. Upon this all philosophers — all men of common sense, indeed — think alike. Usually, if not always, the poor are quiet while there is among them no apprehension of becoming poorer,— that is, while the government is not oppressive and unjust; but the rich are often the most satisfied while the government is the most unjust and oppressive. In civil dissensions, we find the wealthy lead forth the idle and dissolute poor against the honest and industrious; and generally with success: because the numbers are greater in calamitous times; because this party has ready at hand the means of equipment; because the young and active, never prone to reflection, are influenced more by the hope of a speedy fortune than by the calculation of a slower; and because there are few so firm and independent as not to rest willingly on patronage, or so blind and indifferent as not to prefer that of the most potent.

In writing on government, we ought not only to search for what is best, but for what is practicable. Plato has done neither; nor indeed has he searched at all: instead of it he has thought it sufficient to stud a plain argument with an endless variety of bright and prominent topics. Now diversity of topics has not even the merit of invention in every case: he is the most inventive who finds most to say upon one subject, and renders the whole of it applicable and useful. Splendid things are the most easy to find, and the most difficult to manage. If I order a bridle for my horse, and he of whom I order it brings me rich trappings in place of it, do I not justly deem it an importunate and silly answer to my remonstrances, when he tells me that the trappings are more costly than the bridle?

Be assured, my Callisthenes, I speak not from any disrespect to a writer so highly and so justly celebrated. Reflecting with admiration upon his manifold and extraordinary endowments, I wish the more earnestly he always had been exempt from contemptuousness and malignity. We have conversed heretofore on his conduct toward Xenophon, and indeed toward other disciples of Socrates; whom the same

age and the same studies, and whom the counsels and memory of the same master, should have endeared to him. Toward me indeed he is less blamable. I had collected the documents on which I formed an exact account of the most flourishing states, and of the manners, laws, and customs by which they were so, being of opinion that no knowledge is of such utility to a commonwealth. I had also, as you remember, drawn up certain rules for poetry; taking my examples from Homer principally, and from our great dramatists. Plato immediately forms a republic in the clouds, to overshadow all mine at once, and descends only to kick the poets through the streets. Homer, the chief object of my contemplation, is the chief object of his attack. I acknowledge that poets of the lower and middle order are in general bad members of society; but the energies which exalt one to the higher, enable him not only to adorn but to protect his country. Plato says the gods are degraded by Homer; yet Homer has omitted those light and ludicrous tales of them, which rather suit the manners of Plato than his. He thought about the gods, I suspect, just as you and I do, and cared as little how Homer treated them; yet, with the prison of Socrates before his eyes, and his own "Dialogues" under them, he had the cruelty to cast forth this effusion against the mild Euripides. His souls and their occupancy of bodies are not to be spoken of with gravity; and, as I am inclined for the present to keep mine where it is, I will be silent on the subject.

*Callisthenes.* I must warn you, my friend and teacher, that your Macedonian pupil is likely to interrupt your arrangements in that business. I am informed, and by those who are always credible in such assertions, that, without apologies, excuses, and protestations, Aristoteles will follow the shades of Clitus and Parmenio. There is nothing of which Alexander is not jealous; no, not even eating and drinking. If any great work is to be destroyed, he must do it with his own hands. After he had burned down the palace of Cyrus, the glory of which he envied a strumpet, one Polemarchus thought of winning his favor by demolishing the tomb: he wept for spite, and hanged him. Latterly he has been so vain, mendacious, and irrational, as to order

not only suits of armor of enormous size, but even mangers commensurate, to be buried in certain parts where his battles were fought; that, when in after ages they happen to be dug up, it may appear that his men and horses were prodigious. If he had sent the report before him, he would have been somewhat less inconsiderate; for it might among weak barbarians have caused terror and submission. But, by doing as he did, he would leave a very different impression from what he designed, if indeed men regarded it at all; for no glory could arise from conquering with such advantages of superior force. They who are jealous of power are so from a consciousness of strength; they who are jealous of wisdom are so from a consciousness of wanting it. Weakness has its fever — but you appear grave and thoughtful.

*Aristoteles.* The barbarians no more interest me than a shoal of fishes would do.

*Callisthenes.* I entertain the same opinion.

*Aristoteles.* Of their rulers equally?

*Callisthenes.* Yes, certainly; for among them there can be no other distinction than in titles and in dress. A Persian and a Macedonian, an Alexander and a Darius, if they oppress the liberties of Greece, are one.

*Aristoteles.* Now, Callisthenes! if Socrates and Anytos were in the same chamber; if the wicked had mixed poison for the virtuous, the active in evil for the active in good; and some Divinity had placed it in your power to present the cup to either, and, touching your head, should say, "This head also is devoted to the Eumenides if the choice be wrong,"— what would you resolve?

*Callisthenes.* To do that by command of the god, which I would likewise have done without it.

*Aristoteles.* Bearing in mind that a myriad of conquerors is not worth the myriadth part of a wise and virtuous man, return, Callisthenes, to Babylon, and see that your duty be performed.

## MENANDER AND EPICURUS

*MENANDER.* Another year! another year! my old friend! TO THE GARDEN! TO THE GARDEN ONCE MORE, said I to myself, as the dawn entered my chamber.

*Epicurus.* Sit down by me; you seem fatigued.

*Menander.* The sun is now ascending the heavens at full speed. I prefer the white dapples of his horses, such as I saw when we were starting together, to their fume and foam which I now feel about me. Ah, Epicurus! I wish I was as thin as you are. A few stadions make me drag my heels after me with a chain about them.

*Epicurus.* If you were as thin and angular as I am, the arts would have lost a rich ornament. Your statue, in a sitting posture, is the most beautiful and the most characteristic of any in our city. There is ease in thoughtfulness, and pleasantry in wisdom; there is also a warm day, like the present, in the attitude.

*Menander.* The gods are gracious to me! but they have scarcely left breath enough in my body to walk twenty more paces.

*Epicurus.* And why should you?

*Menander.* To gather another cyclamen. Since the last, Actene has bequeathed to you, I hear, the greater part of her property: just as if her wishes that you would espouse her Ternissa had been accomplished.

*Epicurus.* We were born in the same Olympaid, if not in the same Archonate. Thramites, her husband, was willing and desirous that I should educate their daughter. He often brought her with him to hear me, while she was yet a child. Unlearned as he was, he had collected many books, some in Athens, some in Miletus, some on the borders of the Nile. Being a merchant, he was obliged to take in payment these occasionally; and he consulted me what authors the little girl should read. Never was I more puzzled; at last I recommended "Æsop's Fables" and

the "Histories of Herodotus"; but under my tuition. The pious mother stealthily interfered, but I dissembled my knowledge of this interference. Ternissa was admonished by me to obey her in all things, especially in regard to the gods.

*Menander.* You astonish me.

*Epicurus.* My good Menander! obedience to parents, in all things lawful, is the most sacred of duties, and the earliest to be taught. We know not what the gods may hereafter give us, or intend for us; but we do know that they have given us parents. We do know that parents love us instinctively, and that one of them hath suffered much for us ere she knew us. Gratitude then — which is the better part of religion, and worth all the rest, even of the purer — draws us toward the sources of our existence.

*Menander.* Leontion has related to me that her friend Ternissa was averse to study.

*Epicurus.* The fault, if there is any fault in it, is mine. I would not perplex, or suffer her to be perplexed, by systems of what we call philosophy. But we often read together a few pages of Natural History, from the entertaining and instructive pages of Aristoteles.

*Menander.* What is become of the numerous volumes collected by her father?

*Epicurus.* They are sold and carried to Alexandria.

*Menander.* Actene, it is said, bequeathed them all to you; together with the rest of her property.

*Epicurus.* She did.

*Menander.* And you sold them?

*Epicurus.* No, indeed; but in my small house there is no room for books or property. It could, however, hold a porphyry vase large enough for a child to bathe in; and two additional volumes, one the "Odyssea," the other the poems of Simonides.

*Menander.* Dissemble no more your love of poetry; one of these contains the most imaginative, the other the purest, the tenderest, the most elegant.

*Epicurus.* The "Odyssea" was my delight in boyhood.

*Menander.* Simonides must have drawn forth some of your earliest and your latest tears.

*Epicurus.* For which reason I was resolved they should draw forth none more precious. Two years before the death of Ternissa, I found her with these pages in her hands. "Ternissa," said I, "give me the smile that does not sparkle so." The sparkle ran down her cheeks, the smile left it. "Give me that book." She gave it, and I took it home. Within the hour I returned, carrying the "Odyssea" with me. She was sitting alone, not expecting me, yet looking as one expectant. "Thank you," said she, "thank you, Epicurus! It was silly in me to shed a tear; me who am so happy." The happy one sighed; the wise one was confounded. "Ternissa," said I, "we will make an exchange. Here is a book containing more true tenderness than yours does, together with trials of endurance, victory over vain wishes, reward for fidelity, and return to domestic peace." One deeper sigh ensued.

*Menander.* Long treasured in the bosom of Epicurus, it now breathes softly on his friends.

*Epicurus.* Seven years, nearly eight, has that shadow gone among those other shadows which vanish in succession from the earth. Can you tell me, could I ever tell myself, whether she has left me more of pain or pleasure? It seems to me that I thought of her, while she was living, with less of tenderness than I do now. Often with anxiety then, now with none. Memory grows more and more merciful; and the harrow roots up the weeds for wholesome seeds to grow.

*Menander.* When we met in this garden last year, we threw away on politics as much time as we could have counted a hundred in, and been better employed in doing it. Leontion tells me that you no longer are communicative with her about her younger friend. Hardly then can I expect that you will be more so with me, desirous as I am of hearing whatever I can learn about one who brought to you so much happiness.

*Epicurus.* Incredulous as you must be, Leontion was jealous. No wonder you laugh.

*Menander.* Incredulity is not much addicted to laughter. Four years are somewhat more than an Olympiad in the days of women. Such, if I remember, was about the dif-

ference in theirs; and Leontion must now have seen the lugubrious flight of thirty years. She speaks of you with reverence, which a man beyond fifty must do his best to bear. I suspect that my seated figure would hardly have procured for me such an expression. And now, may I ask of you whether you possess any little statue of the sweet Ternissa?

*Epicurus.* None.

*Menander.* My question, I fear, is imprudent, and offends.

*Epicurus.* Fear no such a thing. Whatever is interesting to me is interesting to my friend.

*Menander.* The spring, I remember, waited for Ternissa, and would not go without her.

*Epicurus.* We crowned her with some of the flowers she had cherished. Maternal fondness, not without an apprehension that her beauty might attract the Macedonian, kept her within the house, when the fresh air might have been beneficial to her health.

*Menander.* O Epicurus! in my own despite, and in despite of my piety, you drive me again into politics. Never have I cursed the Macedonians so heartily for the shame and sorrow they have inflicted on us, as for the few of them which darkened the house of Ternissa. And now let me repeat to you a few verses which are neither comic nor consolatory; nor such perhaps as will ever be sung at the festivals of those barbarians. They are more applicable to the people of Attica, and some others:

> «Ye whom your earthly gods condemn to heave
> The stone of Sisyphus uphill for ever,
> Do not, if ye have heard of him, believe,
> As your forefathers did, that he was clever.
>
> «Strength in his arm, and wisdom in his head,
> He would have hurl'd his torment higher still,
> And would have brought them down with it, instead
> Of thus turmoiling at their wanton will.»

*Epicurus.* Methinks it would have been more godlike if they had inspired him to break the stone, and had kept him to mend the roads with it. But such imaginations are as ill adapted to our garden as iron benches would be, offering us rest, and giving us uneasiness and disquiet. If

hereabout are only a few tufts of smooth and soft grass, we need not however peer into every quarter for the sharpest flints to set our feet on. If we have no images of nymphs and naiads, let us at least be exempt from such as represent the stronger animals tearing and devouring the weaker.

*Menander.* We have numerous artists chiseling in this school, who thrive prodigiously.

*Epicurus.* Verily the stones are broken small enough, but the other party will never do the business, with their present overseers. You have taken me for a moment out of the chamber in which I loved to linger.

*Menander.* If there is no indiscretion in the request, I would entreat to enter it with you again; for I much admire the chamber of that powerful and innocent girl, and I have often been desirous of seeing it reflected by you in some calm later hour: the hour is now come.

*Epicurus.* There is cheerfulness in the sunshine, but there is somewhat in the dusk beyond the best of cheerfulness. Light was withdrawn from me with Ternissa; but it is not in the glare of day that we see the stars, and feel the coolness of the heavens. In the morn of life we are alert, we are heated in its noon, and only in its decline do we repose.

*Menander.* But you in every stage of it have been temperate and serene.

*Epicurus.* None are; but some greatly more than others. Abstinence from public life, and from general society, has given me leisure for thought and meditation. Metrodorus and you are the only men I have admitted to familiarity.

*Menander.* Never were two more different.

*Epicurus.* In habitudes and pursuits. You propel your thoughts into action, and throw wisdom into the gaping mouth of the laughing multitude. Metrodorus turns his little fish on the gridiron over a handful of charcoal, puts it between two slices of black bread and two rows of ready teeth, swallows a large cupful of fresh water, and sleeps soundly after it.

*Menander.* I doubt whether Ternissa would have been contented with his repast.

*Epicurus.* She preferred her mother's, and even mine, although I seldom offered to her more than a small basketful of well-ripened fruit, which she usually carried home with her; because the figs of this garden, especially the green and the yellow, were in favor with her mother.

*Menander.* And now tell me, if not disagreeable to you, how it happened that her mother, so fond of her, never thought of employing a sculptor to retain her youth and beauty.

*Epicurus.* Earlier, she might never have thought of losing her: later, when I suggested that it should be done in the meridian of her health and loveliness, she laughed at my enthusiasm: "TIME ENOUGH YET," said she. O Menander! what miseries in all ages have these three words produced! how many duties have they caused to be unfulfilled! how many keen regrets have they excited! When the mother saw, or fancied she saw, that her girl's slender form grew slenderer, she sent for the same sculptor who had been so successful in me. Ternissa was never disobedient to her mother, but she now was incompliant. Was it that I might be sent for to give my opinion? I was sent for, and went. Several days had passed since I had seen her. She was now sitting on the bedside, in a close yellow tunic, not reaching the gray sandals. "See how thin she is," said Actene. I stopped the hand that was on the shoulder! Ternissa smiled approvingly. "Do you desire my bust, O Epicurus?" "BUST? child! STATUE we want." She opened her eyes wide, turned them away from us, caught up her pillow, buried her face in it, and said, almost inaudibly, "O mother, mother!" "We will have Ternissa," said I, "we will have no statue, no bust." She turned round languidly, and kissed my hand and cheek; then, turning to her mother, she said to her, "Thank for me, bless for me, Epicurus." Little thought I, and little thought Actene, that our beloved one was so soon about to leave us. My visits had been frequent, but irregular. Usually I went to the house at noon, when the citizens and soldiers were at dinner or asleep; and the distance was short. Actene told me that one day, shortly after the customary hour, she found her child weak and fevered, and

could not refrain from telling her. The reply was, "I may be weak and feverish, but Epicurus is wiser than either of us; and, if he were not confident and certain of my speedy recovery, he would not have been absent from us three whole days." Indeed I was unaware of any danger. The first day Actene sent her maid for me, and I met her on the road. On my first inquiry, she told me her young mistress had recovered all her freshness, and had gained more. I found it true. The morning was excessively hot. I kissed her forehead; she took my hand and kissed it. "Remember the strawberries," said she, and a faint blush and fainter smile played momentarily over her cheek. "The blossoms must be dropping fast, and the fruit must be setting: water it for me; I cannot go and help you." She sighed, leaned forward, and I caught her in my arms. "KIND HEART," said Actene to me: she might have said, BROKEN ONE. Inconsiderate! inconsistent! When Ternissa had for ever ceased to weep, I wept.

## SECOND CONVERSATION

*Epicurus.* Menander! can it be Menander I see before me? Ah! indeed it is; for no other man alive would press so heartily the hand of an old friend.

*Menander.* Do not lose your philosophy in your emotion, my Epicurus.

*Epicurus.* I would lose it any day on such a bargain. There is no danger of any man carrying his best affections to excess, provided they be not adulterated with worse.

*Menander.* Do you know what day it is?

*Epicurus.* I know it, and was thinking of it when you entered the garden.

*Menander.* Alas! my Epicurus, on this very day we behold the middle of our centenary.

*Epicurus.* True; but why ALAS? We may do wiser things, and utter wiser, than we ever have yet done or uttered. Even you may; although I always have thought you, beyond all comparison, the wisest man Greece ever gave birth to.

*Menander.* Is such an opinion as consistent with philosophy as with friendship?

*Epicurus.* I do not always weigh my words before I utter them; but I always weigh my thoughts before I turn them out into words. Among the most celebrated of our philosophers, as they were pleased to call themselves, I have found little else than clever quibbles and defense of pernicious falsehoods. I should have called Demosthenes the wisest of mankind, he being at once the most acute, the most eloquent, the most virtuous, the most patriotic. But this last virtue, which was perhaps the most prominent of them, induces me to think him defective in solidity of wisdom. He defended the Commonwealth when he stood alone: was this rational?

*Menander.* He defended my father: and then also he stood alone.

*Epicurus.* But there he knew his power of persuasion and his probability of gaining the cause. Against the Macedonian no chance remained. And now, Menander, let me ask you a question. Did you ever in the course of your life hear me converse with you, or any man, so long on politics?

*Menander.* Never: and I may with equal confidence ask of you the same question in regard to me. There is only one government worth defending, and even that government is neither worth anxiety nor productive of it. Here it lies: with me under a loose and flowing robe, with you under one shorter and more succinct. Leontion, and that pretty little Themisto, whom Leontion used to call TERENISSA, and she herself and you TERNISSA, never agitated to more than a sunny ripple your gentle and fond bosom. Glycera with me was more mischievously playful, and dipped her wand more deeply.

*Epicurus.* Are you never discomposed, O Menander, at seeing those coarser images and grosser follies which you describe with such accuracy and in such diversity?

*Menander.* Not at all; nor indeed do I see the hundredth part of them. Imagination is quite as fond of comedy as of the tragic or epic.

*Epicurus.* But you must sometimes have walked in unseemly and uncleanly places.

*Menander.* Rarely and unwillingly. Others have lived and labored for me. Precious stones are imbedded in sterile rocks, and pearls in foul putridity. I do not gather them, although I polish, wear, and display them.

Leontion more than once has puzzled and perplexed me by the intricacies of her discourse, and by attempting to lead me into abstruse investigations; Glycera, on the contrary, is so simple, I would not say SILLY, that I pick up from her incessantly fresh ideas, or the nutriment of them, without her ever perceiving or suspecting it, which would render her intolerably vain. The sweetness of her temper would not let her be arrogant if she found me out, but she would become less girlish. If we would caress, we must stoop.

*Epicurus.* Leontion is ageing a little. Death had pity on Ternissa, and crowned her in her spring of youth. There is only one cypress in this garden: under it, surrounded by strawberries, lies Ternissa. O Menander! how these plants, planted by her, cooled my cheek; how nearly they comforted my heart, the first moment I threw myself upon them!

*Menander.* And there are those who eulogize, and also those who rebuke, the apathy of Epicurus!

*Epicurus.* Both are right. The passion of love may be indulged by good citizens, the sentiment by the wise recluse. Ternissa died on my bosom, and died happy; less happy would she have been had I died on hers. She bequeathed me this thought for the assuagement of my grief; it were ungrateful to renounce or to forget it.

*Menander.* Leontion, with her usual affability and politeness, congratulate me always on the success of my comedies.

*Epicurus.* Then you must meet often; for although you sometimes are less popular than your competitor, you excel him invariably.

*Menander.* I asked Polemon whether he never blushed at the preference given to him over me.

"WHAT IS A BLUSH," said Polemon, "WHEN IT IS TO BE DIVIDED AMONG SO MANY?"

*Epicurus.* I never heard of this reply.

*Menander.* I doubt whether he repeated it to any one: I have not until now.

*Epicurus.* You retain your equanimity on your defeat, as indeed I might have expected you would do.

*Menander.* Surely it is the least you might have expected from me, when our defeats and failures affect with no small pleasure so many of our friends. They received a great satisfaction in meeting us with their condolences, and in lifting up their eyes at the injustice of the world.

As you never go to the theatre and are contented to hear from me the philosophy I throw occasionally on the stage, I will repeat to you a couple of verses from my successful opponent; not that in this matter we are opponents at all, neither of us being in the sad category here described: —

> "There are two miseries in human life:
> To live without a friend, and with a wife."

Such are the expressions of "Misogamos." When they were reported to Diogenes on his deathbed at Corinth, he raised himself upon his elbow, and said, "I am no conjectural critic, but I suspect the young poet wrote DOG, nor FRIEND, unless he intended a *synonyme.*"

Polemon writes admirably, and possesses the advantage of studying his own personages. Neither you nor I are much disposed to mingle with the people, or to face them on any occasion.

*Epicurus.* It is what beyond all things I have the most avoided, unless it be to sit down at dinner with several others. Loud language, discharges of it across the table, the smell of meat intermixed with it, and often both of them together in the same mouth at the same time, would be to me such a penalty as your graver brethren of the buskin never have inflicted on the most criminal in the infernal regions.

*Menander.* Many thanks to you, Epicurus, for giving me the framework of a new comedy. What think you of some such title as "The Deipnosophists?"

*Epicurus.* Our Macedonians would delight in it; but it requires the exertion of your whole genius to make it palatable to our Demos. Something of the Attic is yet left in Attica.

*Menander.* The Demos could swallow fare even less delicate, set before them by Aristophanes. Observe, whatever may be my self-complacency, I lay no claim to equality with the most harmonious and facetious of poets. Ages will pass away, and crops of follies will spring up season after season, and be mowed down again; but never will comedian arise to the level of this Hymettian lark, building the nest upon the ground, and soaring in full song among the CLOUDS.

*Epicurus.* I have conversed with few poets familiarly; you are the only one I ever encountered free from invidiousness and self-conceit. Aristophanes, in his "Birds," has turned into well-merited ridicule the framers of imaginary commonwealths. If any such could be introduced into our country, they who sigh at all would sigh for the return of the Macedonians. To me the fresh air of this elevated garden is a perennial fountain of delight; YOU must breathe the breath of the people.

*Menander.* I confess to you, I enjoy it.

*Epicurus.* May you never lose your enjoyment, or experience a diminution of it. Every man should enjoy what he can enjoy innocently, and without trespassing upon others. You have written more than any man, and better than any. Even in Homer there are tedious passages, and long ones; but I question whether the most fastidious critic would expunge twenty verses from your hundred thousand.

*Menander.* Gently! gently! Hundred thousand!

*Epicurus.* You have composed nearly a hundred comedies: each contains at least a thousand verses; some contain many more.

*Menander.* Is it possible?

*Epicurus.* Possible is it that any poet in existence has never counted the lines he wrote?

*Menander.* Jocularity made me insensible to labor, and I never counted the seeds I scattered from my sack over so extensive a field.

I wonder whether the greatest of our poets, since Homer, could have felt the same degree of pleasure. Æschylus, I am inclined to believe, is almost as inventive as even

Homer himself. We have no other poet who either has displayed much invention or much discrimination and truth of character. Poor Æschylus! what must he have suffered while he and his Prometheus were under the vulture, and creatures more ferocious than vultures stood taunting round about! He had his task to do, and he did it — how grandly!

I do not believe you care very much about poetry?

*Epicurus.* Perhaps it is because I am so ignorant of it. I confess to you that, when I used to read tragedies, they affected me more than I thought desirable. I collect from your comedies what are the manners of the Athenians, and I read of them more complacently than I could live among them. We are pleased in pictures with what would displease us in real life.

*Menander.* May I walk up to the cypress?

*Epicurus.* Yes, if you promise me that you will not break off a particle.

*Menander.* I promise; let us go.

*Epicurus.* Menander! go alone. You are among the few I would ever walk a hundred paces with, and thither not even with you. Gather as many strawberries as you can find, for the day is hot, and they are refreshing. The few violets have ceased to blossom, but there is another flower which Ternissa transplanted from among the rocks into this little mound: it was her favorite, and I cannot but fancy that it returns me the odor of her cool, sweet face. It is the white cyclamen: you may gather one flower, but not give it away when you go home.

*Menander.* Parsimonious man! I will obey, however.

*Epicurus.* So soon returned?

*Menander.* There is no inscription.

*Epicurus.* Ah, yes there is.

*Menander.* I did not see it.

*Epicurus.* It is not well you should. The cypress, the cyclamen, the violet, will outlast it. Pure, tender love wrote it where none shall find it.

I often bring her image before me; gentle, serene, impassive. Menander! my Menander! Life has much to give us, and Death has little to take away; therefore the one is to be

cherished, the other neither to be deplored nor feared. While we retain our memory, we also retain, if we are wise and virtuous, the best of our affections; when we lose it, we lose together with it the worst of our calamities. Sleep, every night, deprives men of that faculty which it is (inconsiderately!) thought an evil to lose in the last days of life.

*Menander.* Frankly do I confess to you, Epicurus, that I would rather lose my memory than my teeth. One of these losses carries its own remedy with it: we know not, or know but imperfectly, that it is gone; of the other loss we are reminded at least twice a day, and we curse the impotence of cookery. At present I am spared my maledictions: I carry my arms stoutly in high polish, especially when I celebrate the intermarriage of young kid with old Chian. There are among us some who, on their return from Persia and Babylonia, have introduced loud music into dinner parties. Can you imagine anything more barbarous? A festival ought to be a solemnity, and a dinner party is a festival. During the meal there ought to be silence; after it music as much as you please: it dilutes the grossness of conversation, and corrects its insipidity. Added to which, there is somewhat in music which breathes an aroma over the wine.

*Epicurus.* Of this you can judge better than I can, who drink water only; and I would rather see kid upon the mountain than upon the table. Yet I also have my delicacies: I am much addicted to sweet and light cakes flavored with rose-water, and to whatever is composed of fruit and cream, not excluding from my hospitable board any quail or partridge that may alight upon it. I do not perceive, my Menander, that the advance of age has produced any material difference in our tempers and dispositions.

*Menander.* O my friend, you have always been readier to scrutinize your own heart than your neighbor's. Perhaps I never exhibited in your presence the imperfections of mine; indeed in your company I never was inclined to be impetuous or impatient. Bad men grow worse by keeping, as bad wines do. The unwise are rendered more morose by years, the wise

more temperate and gentle. You, who are the essence of tranquillity, are unchanged for the worse or the better; while other philosophers indulge their pride, their arrogance, their resentments toward those nearest them, reserving all their good qualities for the gods. Tranquillity is enjoyment, and it is folly to look for it elsewhere. The passions drive it from the house: it is hazarded in society; it is lost in crowds. Philosophy will always bring it to us, if she knows where to find us and we will wait for her; but we must not behave like children who fight for the ball. She avoids contention, and never scolds or wrangles; never puzzles with a maze of thorny interrogations, in which Truth is farther out of sight at every turn, and the artificer of the clipped hedge shows us no way out of the labyrinth.

You are among the few, or I should rather have said you stand the foremost and most distinct, of those who walk quietly with her and converse unostentatiously. It is not pride which witholds you from turning round upon the captious and casting them at your feet.

*Epicurus.* I never answer an adversary.

*Menander.* You confer enough of honor by hearing him.

*Epicurus.* Even this honor I have no right to claim.

*Menander.* But there are extravagances which you might correct without exciting your bile (if you have any in you) by the least of intercourse.

*Epicurus.* I suspect, my good Menander, that you enjoy the follies of men in our rotten state as flies enjoy fruit in its decay.

*Menander.* What can we do with such men as those about us better than laugh at them?

*Epicurus.* Nothing with them, but much by keeping apart. If they laugh at each other for their weaknesses and their vices, these, countenanced and cherished by pleasantry, will become habitual and will increase.

*Menander.* If I exhorted them to be virtuous, they would ask me what virtue is. My father would have answered, that patriotism is a main part of it; and for such an assertion no Demosthenes could have saved him from the sword of the executioner. One wise man took the poison

presented to him by the cupbearer of the state; another saved the state that ceremonial. Things are not so bad, but we are still permitted to laugh: if we wept, we should be called to a strict account for every tear.

*Epicurus.* It would be folly to shed one. There are virtuous men among us who feel sorely the ignominy of living under the domination of the stranger. Inconsiderate! Is this, which is now unavoidable, so low a condition as it is to be defrauded of freedom by those in whom we trusted, and to be unable or unwilling to make them responsible for their misdeeds?

*Menander.* No slave is clever enough to tie his own hands behind him: only they who call themselves free have acquired this accomplishment.

*Epicurus.* I live unmolested in my retirement. My philosophy does not irritate or excite. I have what I want of it for home consumption, and am willing, but not anxious, that others should take the rest.

*Menander.* This indeed is true philosophy, yours exclusively. Socrates had a barking stomach for controversy and quibble; Xenophon was half traitor, Plato complete sycophant. Perverseness actuated one, vanity the other: one left Philosophy outside the camp; the other left her a prostitute in the palace. Far away from both, the graver and better Aristoteles was induced to be the guide of a wild youth, but unwilling and unable to be the keeper of a madman; the gods have given to Epicurus more than Epicurus could find among the gods.

*Epicurus.* Smile, my friend, as you will about them, they have given him a calm conscience, a spirit averse to disputation, and a friend to enjoy his garden with him uninterrupted; a friend even dearer than solitude.

# CLASSICAL CONVERSATIONS

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## ROMAN

## MARCELLUS AND HANNIBAL

*HANNIBAL.* Could a Numidian horseman ride no faster? Marcellus! ho! Marcellus! He moves not — he is dead. Did he not stir his fingers? Stand wide, soldiers — wide, forty paces — give him air — bring water — halt! Gather those broad leaves, and all the rest, growing under the brushwood — unbrace his armor. Loose the helmet first — his breast rises. I fancied his eyes were fixed on me — they have rolled back again. Who presumed to touch my shoulder? This horse? It was surely the horse of Marcellus! Let no man mount him. Ha! ha! the Romans to sink into luxury: here is gold about the charger.

*Gaulish Chieftain.* Execrable thief! The golden chain of our king under a beast's grinders! The vengeance of the gods hath overtaken the impure —

*Hannibal.* We will talk about vengeance when we have entered Rome, and about purity among the priests, if they will hear us. Sound for the surgeon. That arrow may be extracted from the side, deep as it is. The conqueror of Syracuse lies before me. Send a vessel off to Carthage. Say Hannibal is at the gates of Rome. Marcellus, who stood alone between us, fallen. Brave man! I would rejoice and cannot. How awfully serene a countenance! Such as we hear are in the islands of the Blessed. And how glorious a form and stature! Such too was theirs! They also once lay thus upon the earth wet with their blood — few other enter there. And what plain armor!

*Gaulish Chieftain.* My party slew him — indeed I think I slew him myself. I claim the chain: it belongs to my king; the glory of Gaul requires it. Never will she endure to see another take it: rather would she lose her last man. We swear! we swear!

*Hannibal.* My friend, the glory of Marcellus did not require him to wear it. When he suspended the arms of

your brave king in the temple, he thought such a trinket unworthy of himself and of Jupiter. The shield he battered down, the breastplate he pierced with his sword,—these he showed to the people and to the gods; hardly his wife and little children saw this, ere his horse wore it

*Gaulish Chieftain.* Hear me, O Hannibal!

*Hannibal.* What! when Marcellus lies before me? when his life may perhaps be recalled? when I may lead him in triumph to Carthage? when Italy, Sicily, Greece, Asia, wait to obey me? Content thee! I will give thee mine own bridle, worth ten such.

*Gaulish Chieftain.* For myself?

*Hannibal.* For thyself.

*Gaulish Chieftain.* And these rubies and emeralds, and that scarlet—

*Hannibal.* Yes, yes.

*Gaulish Chieftain.* O glorious Hannibal! unconquerable hero! O my happy country! to have such an ally and defender. I swear eternal gratitude—yes, gratitude, love, devotion, beyond eternity.

*Hannibal.* In all treaties we fix the time: I could hardly ask a longer. Go back to thy station. I would see what the surgeon is about, and hear what he thinks. The life of Marcellus! the triumph of Hannibal! what else has the world in it? Only Rome and Carthage: these follow.

*Surgeon.* Hardly an hour of life is left.

*Marcellus.* I must die then? The gods be praised! The commander of a Roman army is no captive.

*Hannibal* (*to the Surgeon*). Could not he bear a sea voyage? Extract the arrow.

*Surgeon.* He expires that moment.

*Marcellus.* It pains me: extract it.

*Hannibal.* Marcellus, I see no expression of pain on your countenance, and never will I consent to hasten the death of an enemy in my power. Since your recovery is hopeless, you say truly you are no captive.

(*To the Surgeon*). Is there nothing, man, that can assuage the mortal pain? for, suppress the signs of it as he may, he must feel it. Is there nothing to alleviate and allay it?

*Marcellus.* Hannibal, give me thy hand — thou hast found it and brought it me, compassion.

(*To the Surgeon*). Go, friend; others want thy aid; several fell around me.

*Hannibal.* Recommend to your country, O Marcellus, while time permits it, reconciliation and peace with me, informing the Senate of my superiority in force, and the impossibility of resistance. The tablet is ready: let me take off this ring — try to write, to sign it at least. Oh, what satisfaction I feel at seeing you able to rest upon the elbow, and even to smile!

*Marcellus.* Within an hour or less, with how severe a brow would Minos say to me, "Marcellus, is this thy writing?"

Rome loses one man: she hath lost many such, and she still hath many left.

*Hannibal.* Afraid as you are of falsehood, say you this? I confess in shame the ferocity of my countrymen. Unfortunately, too, the nearer posts are occupied by Gauls, infinitely more cruel. The Numidians are so in revenge; the Gauls both in revenge and in sport. My presence is required at a distance, and I apprehend the barbarity of one or other, learning, as they must do, your refusal to execute my wishes for the common good, and feeling that by this refusal you deprive them of their country, after so long an absence.

*Marcellus.* Hannibal, thou art not dying.

*Hannibal.* What then? What mean you?

*Marcellus.* That thou mayest, and very justly, have many things yet to apprehend: I can have none. The barbarity of thy soldiers is nothing to me: mine would not dare be cruel. Hannibal is forced to be absent; and his authority goes away with his horse. On this turf lies defaced the semblance of a general; but Marcellus is yet the regulator of his army. Dost thou abdicate a power conferrred on thee by thy nation? Or wouldst thou acknowledge it to have become, by thy own sole fault, less plenary than thy adversary's?

I have spoken too much: let me rest; this mantle oppresses me.

*Hannibal.* I placed my mantle on your head when the helmet was first removed, and while you were lying in the sun. Let me fold it under, and then replace the ring.

*Marcellus.* Take it, Hannibal. It was given me by a poor woman who flew to me at Syracuse, and who covered it with her hair, torn off in desperation that she had no other gift to offer. Little thought I that her gift and her words should be mine. How suddenly may the most powerful be in the situation of the most helpless! Let that ring and the mantle under my head be the exchange of guests at parting. The time may come, Hannibal, when thou (and the gods alone know whether as conqueror or conquered) mayest sit under the roof of my children, and in either case it shall serve thee. In thy adverse fortune, they will remember on whose pillow their father breathed his last; in thy prosperous (Heaven grant it may shine upon thee in some other country!) it will rejoice thee to protect them. We feel ourselves the most exempt from affliction when we relieve it, although we are then the most conscious that it may befall us.

There is one thing here which is not at the disposal of either.

*Hannibal.* What?

*Marcellus.* This body.

*Hannibal.* Whither would you be lifted. Men are ready.

*Marcellus.* I meant not so. My strength is failing. I seem to hear rather what is within than what is without. My sight and my other senses are in confusion. I would have said — This body, when a few bubbles of air shall have left it, is no more worthy of thy notice than of mine; but thy glory will not let thee refuse it to the piety of my family.

*Hannibal.* You would ask something else. I perceive an inquietude not visible till now.

*Marcellus.* Duty and Death make us think of home sometimes.

*Hannibal.* Thitherward the thoughts of the conqueror and of the conquered fly together.

*Marcellus.* Hast thou any prisoners from my escort?

*Hannibal.* A few dying lie about — and let them lie — they are Tuscans. The remainder I saw at a distance, flying, and but one brave man among them — he appeared a Roman — a youth who turned back, though wounded. They surrounded and dragged him away, spurring his horse with their swords. These Etrurians measure their courage carefully, and tack it well together before they put it on, but throw it off again with lordly ease.

Marcellus, why think about them? or does aught else disquiet your thoughts?

*Marcellus.* I have suppressed it long enough. My son — my beloved son!

*Hannibal.* Where is he? Can it be? Was he with you?

*Marcellus.* He would have shared my fate — and has not. Gods of my country! beneficent throughout life to me, in death surpassingly beneficent: I render you, for the last time, thanks.

## P. SCIPIO ÆMILIANUS, POLYBIUS, PANÆTIUS

*SCIPIO.* Polybius, if you have found me slow in rising to you, if I lifted not up my eyes to salute you on your entrance, do not hold me ungrateful. Proud there is no danger that you will ever call me: this day of all days would least make me so; it shows me the power of the immortal gods, the mutability of fortune, the instability of empire, the feebleness, the nothingness of man. The earth stands motionless; the grass upon it bends and returns, the same to-day as yesterday, the same in this age as in a hundred past; the sky darkens and is serene again; the clouds melt away, but they are clouds another time, and float like triumphal pageants along the heavens. Carthage is fallen to rise no more! The funeral horns have this hour announced to us, that, after eighteen days and eighteen nights of conflagration, her last embers are extinguished.

*Polybius.* Perhaps, O Æmilianus, I ought not to have come in.

*Scipio.* Welcome, my friend.

*Polybius.* While you were speaking, I would by no means interrupt you so idly as to ask you to whom you have been proud, or to whom could you be ungrateful?

*Scipio.* To him, if to any, whose hand is in mine; to him on whose shoulder I rest my head, weary with presages and vigils. Collect my thoughts for me, O my friend! the fall of Carthage hath shaken and scattered them. There are moments when, if we are quite contented with ourselves, we never can remount to what we were before.

*Polybius.* Panætius is absent.

*Scipio.* Feeling the necessity, at the moment, of utter loneliness, I despatched him toward the city. There may be (yes, even there) some sufferings which the Senate would not censure us for assuaging. But behold he returns! We were speaking of you, Panætius!

*Panætius.* And about what beside? Come, honestly tell me, Polybius, on what are you reflecting and meditating with such sedately intense enthusiasm?

*Polybius.* After the burning of some village, or the overleaping of some garden wall, to exterminate a few pirates or highwaymen, I have seen the commander's tent thronged with officers; I have heard as many trumpets around him as would have shaken down the places of themselves; I have seen the horses start from the prætorium, as if they would fly from under their trappings, and spurred as if they were to reach the east and west before sunset, that nations might hear of the exploit, and sleep soundly. And now do I behold in solitude, almost in gloom, and in such silence that, unless my voice prevents it, the grasshopper is audible, him who has leveled to the earth the strongest and most populous of cities, the wealthiest and most formidable of empires. I had seen Rome; I had seen (what those who never saw never WILL see) Carthage! I thought I had seen Scipio; it was but the image of him: here I find him.

*Scipio.* There are many hearts that ache this day; there are many that never will ache more: hath one man done it? one man's breath? What air upon the earth, or upon the waters, or in the void of heaven is lost so quickly? It flies away at the point of an arrow, and returns no more!

the sea foam stifles it! the tooth of a reptile stops it! a noxious leaf suppresses it. What are we in our greatness? — whence rises it? whither tends it?

Merciful gods! may not Rome be what Carthage is? May not those who love her devotedly, those who will look on her with fondness and affection after life, see her in such condition as to wish she were so?

*Polybius.* One of the heaviest groans over fallen Carthage burst from the breast of Scipio! who would believe this tale?

*Scipio.* Men like my Polybius: others must never hear it.

*Polybius.* You have not ridden forth, Æmilianus, to survey the ruins?

*Scipio.* No, Polybius: since I removed my tent to avoid the heat from the conflagration, I never have ridden nor walked nor looked toward them. At this elevation, and three miles off, the temperature of the season is altered. I do not believe, as those about me would have persuaded me, that the gods were visible in the clouds; that thrones of ebony and gold were scattered in all directions; that broken chariots, and flaming steeds, and brazen bridges, had cast their fragments upon the earth; that eagles and lions, dolphins and tridents, and other emblems of power and empire, were visible at one moment and at the next had vanished; that purple and scarlet overspread the mansions of the gods; that their voices were heard at first confusedly and discordantly; and that the apparition closed with their high festivals. I could not keep my eyes on the heavens: a crash of arch or of theatre or of tower, a column of flame rising higher than they were, or a universal cry as if none until then had perished, drew them thitherward. Such were the dismal sights and sounds, a fresh city seemed to have been taken every hour for seventeen days. This is the nineteenth since the smoke arose from the level roofs and from the lofty temples; and thousands died, and tens of thousands ran in search of death.

Calamity moves me; heroism moves me more. That a nation whose avarice we have so often reprehended should have cast into the furnace gold and silver, from the insufficiency of brass and iron for arms; that palaces the most

magnificent should have been demolished by the proprietor for their beams and rafters, in order to build a fleet against us; that the ropes whereby the slaves hauled them down to the new harbor should in part be composed of hair, for one lock of which kings would have laid down their diadems; that Asdrubal should have found equals, his wife none,—my mind, my very limbs, are unsteady with admiration!

O Liberty! what art thou to the valiant and brave, when thou art thus to the weak and timid?—dearer than life, stronger than death, higher than purest love. Never will I call upon thee where thy name can be profaned, and never shall my soul acknowledge a more exalted Power than thee.

*Panætius.* The Carthaginians and Moors have, beyond other nations, a delicate feeling on female chastity. Rather than that their women should become slaves and concubines, they slay them: is it certain that Asdrubal did not observe, or cause to be observed, the custom of his country?

*Polybius.* Certain: on the surrender of his army his wife threw herself and her two infants into the flames. Not only memorable acts, of what the dastardly will call desperation, were performed, but some also of deliberate and signal justice. Avaricious as we called the people, and unjustly, as you have proved, Æmilianus, I will relate what I myself was witness to.

In a part of the city where the fire had subsided, we were excited by loud cries, rather of indignation, we thought, than of such as fear or lament or threaten or exhort; and we pressed forward to disperse the multitude. Our horses often plunged into the soft dust and in the holes whence the pavement had been removed for missiles, and often reared up and snorted violently at smells which we could not perceive, but which we discovered to rise from bodies, mutilated and half burned, of soldiers and horses laid bare, some partly, some wholly, by the march of the troop. Although the distance from the place whence we parted to that where we heard the cries was very short, yet from the incumbrances in that street, and from the dust and smoke issuing out of others, it was some time before we reached it. On

our near approach, two old men threw themselves on the ground before us, and the elder spake thus: "Our age, O Romans, neither will nor ought to be our protection. We are, or rather we have been, judges of this land; and to the uttermost of our power we have invited our countrymen to resist you. The laws are now yours."

The expectation of the people was intense and silent; we had heard some groans, and now the last words of the old man were taken up by others, by men in agony.

"Yes, O Romans!" said the elder, who accompanied him that had addressed us, "the laws are yours; and none punish more severely than you do treason and parricide. Let your horses turn this corner, and you will see before you traitors and parricides."

We entered a small square: it had been a market place; the roofs of the stalls were demolished, and the stones of several columns (thrown down to extract the cramps of iron and the lead that fastened them) served for the spectators, male and female, to mount on. Five men were nailed on crosses; two others were nailed against a wall from scarcity (as we were told) of wood.

"Can seven men have murdered their parents in the same year?" cried I.

"No, nor has any of the seven," replied the first who had spoken. "But when heavy impositions were laid upon those who were backward in voluntary contributions, these men, among the richest in our city, protested by the gods that they had no gold or silver left. They protested truly."

"And they die for this? inhuman, insatiable, inexorable wretch!"

"Their books," added he, unmoved at my reproaches, "were seized by public authority and examined. It was discovered that, instead of employing their riches in external or internal commerce, or in manufactures, or in agriculture,— instead of reserving it for the embellishment of the city, or the utility of the citzens,— instead of lending it on interest to the industrious and the needy,— they had lent it to foreign kings and tyrants, some of whom were waging unjust wars by these very means, and others were enslaving their own country. For so heinous a crime the

laws had appointed no specific punishment. On such occasions, the people and elders vote in what manner the delinquent shall be prosecuted, lest any offender should escape with impunity, from their humanity or improvidence. Some voted that these wretches should be cast amid the panthers; the majority decreed them (I think wisely) a more lingering and more ignominious death."

The men upon the crosses held down their heads, whether from shame, or pain, or feebleness. The sunbeams were striking them fiercely; sweat ran from them, liquefying the blood that had blackened and hardened on their hands and feet. A soldier stood by the side of each, lowering the point of his spear to the ground; but no one of them gave it up to us. A centurion asked the nearest of them how he dared to stand armed before him.

"Because the city is in ruins, and the laws still live," said he. "At the first order of the conqueror or the elders, I surrender my spear."

"What is your pleasure, O commander?" said the elder.

"That an act of justice be the last public act performed by the citizens of Carthage, and that the sufferings of these wretches be not abridged."

Such was my reply. The soldiers piled their spears, for the points of which the hearts of the crucified men thirsted; and the people hailed us as they would have hailed deliverers.

*Scipio.* It is wonderful that a city, in which private men are so wealthy as to furnish the armories of tyrants, should have existed so long, and flourishing in power and freedom.

*Panætius.* It survived but shortly this flagrant crime in its richer citizens. An admirable form of government, spacious and safe harbors, a fertile soil, a healthy climate, industry and science in agriculture, in which no nation is equal to the Moorish, were the causes of its prosperity: there are many of its decline.

*Scipio.* Enumerate them, Panætius, with your wonted clearness.

*Panætius.* We are fond, O my friends, of likening power and greatness to the luminaries of heaven; and we think

ourselves quite moderate when we compare the agitations of elevated souls to whatever is highest and strongest on the earth, liable alike to shocks and sufferings, and able alike to survive and overcome them. And truly thus to reason, as if all things around and above us sympathized, is good both for heart and intellect. I have little or nothing of the poetical in my character; and yet, from reading over and considering these similitudes, I am fain to look upon nations with somewhat of the same feeling; and, dropping from the mountains and disentangling myself from the woods and forests, to fancy I see in states what I have seen in cornfields. The green blades rise up vigorously in an inclement season, and the wind itself makes them shine against the sun. There is room enough for all of them: none wounds another by collision, or weakens by overtopping it; but, rising and bending simultaneously, they seem equally and mutually supported. No sooner do the ears of corn upon them lie close together in their full maturity, than a slight inundation is enough to cast them down, or a faint blast of wind to shed and scatter them. In Carthage we have seen the powerful families, however discordant among themselves, unite against the popular; and it was only when their lives were at stake that the people co-operated with the Senate.

A mercantile democracy may govern long and widely; a mercantile aristocracy cannot stand. What people will endure the supremacy of those, uneducated and presumptuous, from whom they buy their mats and faggots, and who receive their money for the most ordinary and vile utensils? If no conqueror enslaves them from abroad, they would, under such disgrace, welcome as their deliverer, and acknowledge as their master, the citizen most distinguished for his military achievements. The rich men who were crucified in the weltering wilderness beneath us would not have employed such criminal means of growing richer, had they never been persuaded to the contrary, and that enormous wealth would enable them to commit another and a more flagitious act of treason against their country, in raising them above the people and enabling them to become its taxers and oppressors.

O Æmilianus, what a costly beacon here hath Rome before her, in this awful conflagration! the greatest (I hope) ever to be, until that wherein the world must perish.

*Polybius.* How many Sibylline books are legible in yonder embers!

The causes, O Panætius, which you have stated, of Carthage's former most flourishing condition, are also those why a hostile Senate hath seen the necessity of her destruction, necessary not only to the dominion, but to the security, of Rome. Italy has the fewest and the worst harbors of any country known to us; a third of her soil is sterile, a third of the remainder is pestiferous: and her inhabitants are more addicted to war and rapine than to industry and commerce. To make room for her few merchants on the Adriatic and Ionian seas, she burns Corinth; to leave no rival in traffic or in power, she burns Carthage.

*Panætius.* If the Carthaginians had extended their laws and language over the surrounding states of Africa, which they might have done by moderation and equity, this ruin could not have been effected. Rome has been victorious by having been the first to adopt a liberal policy, which even in war itself is a wise one. The parricides who lent their money to the petty tyrants of other countries would have found it greatly more advantageous to employ it in cultivation nearer home, and in feeding those as husbandmen whom else they must fear as enemies. So little is the Carthaginian language known, that I doubt whether we shall in our lifetime see anyone translate their annals into Latin or Greek: and within these few days what treasures of antiquity have been irreparably lost! The Romans will repose at citrean* tables for ages, and never know at last, perhaps, whence Carthaginians brought their wood.

*The *trabs citrea* is not CITRON WOOD as we understand the fruit tree. It was often of great dimensions: it appears from the description of its color to have been mahogany. The trade to the Atlantic continent and islands must have been possessed by a company bound to secrecy by oath and interest. The prodigious price of this wood at Rome proves that it had ceased to be imported, or perhaps found, in the time of Cicero.

*Scipio.* It is an awful thing to close as we have done the history of a people. If the intelligence brought this morning to Polybius be true,* in one year the two most flourishing and most beautiful cities in the world have perished, in comparison with which our Rome presents but the penthouses of artisans or the sheds of shepherds. With whatever celerity the messenger fled from Corinth and arrived here, the particulars must have been known at Rome as early, and I shall receive them ere many days are past.

*Panætius.* I hardly know whether we are not less affected at the occurrence of two or three momentous and terrible events than at one; and whether the gods do not usually place them together in the order of things, that we may be awe-stricken by the former, and reconciled to their decrees by the latter, from an impression of their power. I know not what Babylon may have been; but I presume that, as in the case of all other great Asiatic capitals the habitations of the people (who are slaves) were wretched, and that the magnificence of the place consisted in the property of the king and priesthood, and in the walls erected for the defense of it. Many streets probably were hardly worth a little bronze cow of Myron, such as a stripling could steal and carry off. The case of Corinth and of Carthage was very different. Wealth overspread the greater part of them, competence and content the whole. Wherever there are despotical governments, poverty and industry dwell together; Shame dogs them in public walks; Humiliation is among their household gods.

*Scipio.* I do not remember the overthrow of any two other great cities within so short an interval.

*Panætius.* I was not thinking so much of cities or their inhabitants, when I began to speak of what a breath of the gods removes at once from earth. I was recollecting, O Æmilianus, that in one Olympiad the three greatest men that ever appeared together were swept off. What is Babylon, or Corinth, or Carthage, in comparison with these!

* Corinth in fact was not burned until some months after Carthage; but as one success is always followed by the rumor of another, the relation is not improbable.

what would their destruction be, if every hair on the head of every inhabitant had become a man, such as most men are! First in order of removal was he whose steps you have followed, and whose labors you have completed,—Africanus; then Philopœmen, whose task was more difficult, more complex, more perfect; and lastly, Hannibal. What he was you know better than any.

*Scipio.* Had he been supported by his country, had only his losses been filled up, and skillful engineers sent out to him with machinery and implements for sieges, we should not be discoursing here on what he was: the Roman name had been extinguished.

*Polybius.* Since Æmilianus is as unwilling to blame an enemy as a friend, I take it on myself to censure Hannibal for two things, subject, however, to the decision of him who had conquered Carthage.

*Scipio.* The first I anticipate: now what is the second?

*Panætius.* I would hear both stated and discoursed on, although the knowledge will be of little use to me.

*Polybius.* I condemn, as every one does, his inaction after the battle of Cannæ; and, in his last engagement with Africanus, I condemn no less his bringing into the front of the centre, as became some showy tetrarch rather than Hannibal, his eighty elephants, by the refractoriness of which he lost the battle.

*Scipio.* What would you have done with them, Polybius?

*Polybius.* Scipio, I think it unwise and unmilitary to employ any force on which we can by no means calculate.

*Scipio.* Gravely said, and worthy of Polybius. In the first book of your history, which leaves me no other wish or desire than that you should continue as you begin it, we have, in three different engagements, three different effects produced by the employment of elephants. The first, when our soldiers in Sicily, under Lucius Postumius and Quinctus Mamilius, drove the Carthaginians into Heraclea; in which battle the advanced guard of the enemy, being repulsed, propelled these animals before it upon the main body of the army, causing an irreparable disaster: the second, in the ill-conducted engagement of Atilius Regulus, who, fearing the shock of them, condensed his centre, and

was outflanked. He should have opened the lines to them and have suffered them to pass through, as the enemy's cavalry was in the wings, and the infantry not enough in advance to profit by such an evolution. The third was evinced at Panormus, when Metellus gave orders to the light-armed troops to harass them and retreat into the trenches, from which, wounded and confounded, and finding no way open, they rushed back (as many as could) against the Carthaginian army, and accelerated its discomfiture.

*Polybius.* If I had employed the elephants at all, it should rather have been in the rear or on the flank; and even there not at the beginning of the engagement, unless I knew that the horses or the soldiers were unused to encounter them. Hannibal must have well remembered (being equally great in memory and invention) that the Romans had been accustomed to them in the war with Pyrrhus, and must have expected more service from them against the barbarians of the two Gauls — against the Insubres and Taurini — than against our legions. He knew that the Romans had on more than one occasion made them detrimental to their masters. Having with him a large body of troops collected by force from various nations, and kept together with difficulty, he should have placed the elephants where they would have been a terror to these soldiers, not without a threat that they were to trample down such of them as attempted to fly or declined to fight.

*Scipio.* Now, what think you, Panætius?

*Panætius.* It is well, O Æmilianus, when soldiers would be philosophers; but it is ill when philosophers would be soldiers. Do you and Polybius agree on the point? if you do, the question need be asked of none other.

*Scipio.* Truly, O Panætius, I would rather hear the thing from him than that Hannibal should have heard it: for a wise man will say many things which even a wiser man may not have thought of. Let me tell you both, however, what Polybius may perhaps know already, that combustibles were placed by Africanus both in flank and rear, at equal distances, with archers from among the light horsemen, whose arrows had liquid fire attached to them, and whose

movements would have irritated, distracted, and wearied down the elephants, even if the wounds and scorchings had been ineffectual. But come, Polybius, you must talk now as others talk; we all do sometimes.

*Polybius.* I am the last to admit the authority of the vulgar; but here we all meet and unite. Without asserting or believing that the general opinion is of any weight against a captain like Hannibal; agreeing on the contrary with Panætius, and firmly persuaded that myriads of little men can no more compensate a great one than they can make him,—you will listen to me if I adduce the authority of Lælius.

*Scipio.* Great authority! and perhaps, as living and conversing with those who remembered the action of Cannæ, preferable even to your own.

*Polybius.* It was his opinion that, from the consternation of Rome, the city might have been taken.

*Scipio.* It suited not the wisdom or the experience of Hannibal to rely on the consternation of the Roman people. I too, that we may be on equal terms, have some authority to bring forward. The son of Africanus, he who adopted me into the family of the Scipios, was, as you both remember, a man of delicate health and sedentary habits, learned, elegant, and retired. He related to me, as having heard it from his father, that Hannibal after the battle sent home the rings of the Roman knights, and said in his letter: "If you will instantly give me a soldier for each ring, together with such machines as are already in the arsenal, I will replace them surmounted by the statue of Capitoline Jupiter, and our supplications to the gods of our country shall be made along the streets and in the temples, on the robes of the Roman Senate." Could he doubt of so moderate a supply? he waited for it in vain.

And now I will relate to you another thing, which I am persuaded you will accept as a sufficient reason of itself why Hannibal did not besiege our city after the battle of Cannæ. His own loss was so severe, that, in his whole army, he could not muster ten thousand men.*

*Plutarch says, and undoubtedly upon some ancient authority, that BOTH armies did not contain that number.

But, my friends, as I am certain that neither of you will ever think me invidious, and as the greatness of Hannibal does not diminish the reputation of Africanus, but augment it, I will venture to remark that he had little skill or practice in sieges; that, after the battle of Thrasymene, he attacked (you remember) Spoletum unsuccessfully; and that, a short time before the unhappy day at Cannæ, a much smaller town than Spoletum had resisted and repulsed him. Perhaps he rejoiced in his heart that he was not supplied with materials requisite for the capture of strong places; since in Rome, he well knew, he would have found a body of men, partly citizens who had formerly borne arms, partly the wealthier of our allies who had taken refuge there, together with their slaves and clients, exceeding his army in number, not inferior in valor, compensating the want of generalship by the advantage of position and by the desperation of their fortunes, and possessing the abundant means of a vigorous and long defense. Unnecessary is it to speak of its duration. When a garrison can hold our city six months, or even less, the besieger must retire. Such is the humidity of the air in its vicinity, that the Carthaginians, who enjoyed here at home a very dry and salubrious climate, would have perished utterly. The Gauls, I imagine, left us unconquered on a former occasion from the same necessity. Beside, they are impatient of inaction, and would have been most so under a general to whom, without any cause in common, they were but hired auxiliaries. None in any age hath performed such wonderful exploits as Hannibal; and we ought not to censure him for deficiency in an art which we ourselves have acquired but lately. Is there, Polybius, any proof or record that Alexander of Macedon was master of it?

*Polybius.* I have found none. We know that he exposed his person, and had nearly lost his life, by leaping from the walls of a city; which a commander-in-chief ought never to do, unless he would rather hear the HUZZAS of children than the approbation of military men or any men, of discretion or sense. Alexander was without an excuse for his temerity, since he was attended by the generals who had taken Thebes, and who, therefore, he might well

know, would take the weaker and less bravely defended towns of Asia.

*Scipio.* Here again you must observe the superiority of Hannibal. He was accompanied by no general of extraordinary talents, resolute as were many of them, and indeed all. His irruption into and through Gaul, with so inconsiderable a force; his formation of allies out of enemies, in so brief a space of time; and then his holding them together so long,—are such miracles, that, cutting through eternal snows, and marching through paths which seem to us suspended loosely and hardly poised in the heavens, are less. And these too were his device and work. Drawing of parallels, captain against captain, is the occupation of a trifling and scholastic mind, and seldom is commenced, and never conducted, impartially. Yet, my friends, who of these idlers in parallelograms is so idle as to compare the invasion of Persia with the invasion of Gaul, the Alps, and Italy,—Moors and Carthaginians with Macedonians and Greeks; Darius and his hordes and satraps with Roman legions under Roman consuls?

While Hannibal lived, O Polybius and Panætius, although his city lay before us smouldering in its ashes, ours would be ever insecure.

*Panætius.* You said, O Scipio, that the Romans had learned but recently the business of sieges; and yet many cities in Italy appear to me very strong, which your armies took long ago.

*Scipio.* By force and patience. If Pyrrhus had never invaded us, we should scarcely have excelled the Carthaginians, or even the Nomades, in castrametation, and have been inferior to both in cavalry. Whatever we know, we have learned from your country, whether it be useful in peace or war. I say your country; for the Macedonians were instructed by the Greeks. The father of Alexander, the first of his family who was not as barbarous and ignorant as a Carian or Armenian slave, received his rudiments in the house of Epaminondas.

*Panætius.* Permit me now to return, O Scipio, to a question not unconnected with philosophy. Whether it was prudent or not in Hannibal to invest the city of Rome

after his victory, he might somewhere have employed his army, where it should not waste away with luxury.

*Scipio.* Philosophers, O Panætius, seem to know more about luxury than we military men do. I cannot say upon what their apprehensions of it are founded, but certainly they sadly fear it.

*Polybius.* For us. I wish I could as easily make you smile to-day, O Æmilianus, as I shall our good-tempered and liberal Panætius,—a philosopher, as we have experienced, less inclined to speak ill or ludicrously of others, be the sect what it may, than any I know or have heard of.

In my early days, one of a different kind, and whose alarms at luxury were (as we discovered) subdued in some degree, in some places, was invited by Critolaus to dine with a party of us, all then young officers, on our march from Achaia into Elis. His florid and open countenance made his company very acceptable: and the more so, as we were informed by Critolaus that he never was importunate with his morality at dinner time.

Philosophers, if they deserve the name, are by no means indifferent as to the places in which it is their intention to sow the seeds of virtue. They choose the ingenuous, the modest, the sensible, the obedient. We thought rather of where we should place our table. Behind us lay the forest of Pholöe, with its many glens opening to the plain; before us the Temple of Olympian Zeus, indistinctly discernible, leaned against the azure heavens; and the rivulet of Selinus ran a few stadions from us, seen only where it received a smaller streamlet, originating at a fountain close by.

The cistus, the pomegranate, the myrtle, the serpolet, bloomed over our heads and beside us; for we had chosen a platform where a projecting rock, formerly a stone-quarry, shaded us, and where a little rill, of which the spring was there, bedimmed our goblets with the purest water. The awnings we had brought with us to protect us from the sun were unnecessary for that purpose: we rolled them, therefore, into two long seats, filling them with moss, which grew profusely a few paces below. "When our guest arrives," said Critolaus, "every one of

these flowers will serve him for some moral illustration; every shrub will be the rod of Mercury in his hands." We were impatient for the time of his coming. Thelymnia, the beloved of Critolaus, had been instructed by him in a stratagem, to subvert, or shake at least and stagger, the philosophy of Euthymedes. Has the name escaped me? no matter — perhaps he is dead — if living, he would smile at a recoverable lapse as easily as we did.

Thelymnia wore a dress like ours, and acceded to every advice of Critolaus, excepting that she would not consent so readily to entwine her head with ivy. At first she objected that there was not enough of it for all. Instantly two or three of us pulled down (for nothing is more brittle) a vast quantity from the rock, which loosened some stones, and brought down together with them a bird's nest of the last year. Then she said, "I dare not use this ivy: the omen is a bad one."

"Do you mean the nest, Thelymnia?" said Critolaus.

"No, not the nest so much as the stones," replied she, faltering.

"Ah! those signify the dogmas of Euthymedes, which you, my lovely Thelymnia, are to loosen and throw down."

At this she smiled faintly and briefly, and began to break off some of the more glossy leaves; and we who stood around her were ready to take them and place them in her hair; when suddenly she held them tighter, and let her hand drop. On her lover's asking her why she hesitated, she blushed deeply, and said, "Phoroneus told me I look best in myrtle."

Innocent and simple and most sweet (I remember) was her voice; and, when she had spoken, the traces of it were remaining on her lips. Her beautiful throat itself changed color; it seemed to undulate; and the roseate predominated in its pearly hue. Phoroneus had been her admirer: she gave the preference to Critolaus; yet the name of Phoroneus at that moment had greater effect upon him than the recollection of his defeat.

Thelymnia recovered herself sooner. We ran wherever we saw myrtles, and there were many about, and she took a part of her coronal from every one of us, smiling on

each ; but it was only of Critolaus that she asked if he thought that myrtle became her best. "Phoroneus," answered he, not without melancholy, "is infallible as Paris." There was something in the tint of the tender sprays resembling that of the hair they encircled : the blossoms, too, were white as her forehead. She reminded me of those ancient fables which represent the favorites of the gods as turning into plants ; so accordant and identified was her beauty with the flowers and foliage she had chosen to adorn it.

In the midst of our felicitations to her we heard the approach of horses, for the ground was dry and solid ; and Euthymedes was presently with us. The mounted slave who led off his master's charger, for such he appeared to be in all points, suddenly disappeared : I presume lest the sight of luxury should corrupt him. I know not where the groom rested, nor where the two animals (not neglected ones certainly, for they were plump and stately) found provender.

Euthymedes was of lofty stature, had somewhat passed the middle age ; but the Graces had not left his person, as they usually do when it begins to bear an impression of authority. He was placed by the side of Thelymnia. Gladness and expectation sparkled from every eye : the beauty of Thelymnia seemed to be a light sent from heaven for the festival,— a light the pure radiance of which cheered and replenished the whole heart. Desire of her was chastened, I may rather say was removed, by the confidence of Critolaus in our friendship.

*Panætius.* Well said ! The story begins to please and interest me. Where love finds the soul he neglects the body, and only turns to it in his idleness as to an afterthought. Its best allurements are but the nuts and figs of the divine repast.

*Polybius.* We exulted in the felicity of our friend, and wished for nothing which even he would not have granted. Happy was the man from whom the glancing eye of Thelymnia seemed to ask some advice, how she should act or answer : happy he who, offering her an apple in the midst of her discourse, fixed his keen survey upon the next, anxious to mark where she had touched it. For it was a

calamity to doubt upon what streak or speck, while she was inattentive to the basket, she had placed her finger.

*Panætius.* I wish Æmilianus, you would look rather more severely than you do — upon my life! I cannot — and put an end to these dithyrambics. The ivy runs about us, and may infuriate us.

*Scipio.* The dithyrambics, I do assure you, Panætius, are not of my composing. We are both in danger from the same thyrsus: we will parry it as well as we can, or bend our heads before it.

*Panætius.* Come, Polybius, we must follow you then, I see, or fly you.

*Polybius.* Would you rather hear the remainder another time?

*Panætius.* By Hercules! I have more curiosity than becomes me.

*Polybius.* No doubt, in the course of the conversation, Euthymedes had made the discovery we hoped to obviate. Never was his philosophy more amiable or more impressive. Pleasure was treated as a friend, not as a master; many things were found innocent that had long been doubtful: excesses alone were condemned. Thelymnia was enchanted by the frankness and liberality of her philosopher, although, in addressing her, more purity on his part and more rigor were discernible. His delicacy was exquisite. When his eyes met hers, they did not retire with rapidity and confusion, but softly and complacently, and as though it were the proper time and season of reposing from the splendors they had encountered. Hers from the beginning were less governable: when she found that they were so, she contrived scheme after scheme for diverting them from the table, and entertaining his unobservedly.

The higher part of the quarry, which had protected us always from the western sun, was covered with birch and hazel; the lower with innumerable shrubs, principally the arbutus and myrtle. "Look at those goats above us," said Thelymnia. "What has tangled their hair so? they seem wet."

"They have been lying on the cistus in the plain," replied Euthymedes: "many of its broken flowers are stick-

ing upon them yet, resisting all the efforts, as you see, of hoof and tongue."

"How beauteous," said she, "are the flexible and crimson branches of this arbutus," taking it in one hand and beating with it the back of the other. "It seems only to have come out of its crevice to pat my shoulder at dinner, and twitch my myrtle when my head leaned back. I wonder how it can grow in such a rock."

"The arbutus," answered he, "clings to the Earth with the most fondness where it finds her in the worse poverty, and covers her bewintered bosom with leaves, berries, and flowers. On the same branch is unripe fruit of the most vivid green; ripening, of the richest orange; ripened, of perfect scarlet. The maidens of Tyre could never give so brilliant and sweet a lustre to the fleeces of Miletus; nor did they ever string such even and graceful pearls as the blossoms are, for the brides of Assyrian or Persian kings."

"And yet the myrtle is preferred to the arbutus," said Thelymnia, with some slight uneasiness.

"I know why," replied he: "may I tell it?" She bowed and smiled, perhaps not without the expectation of some compliment. He continued,—"The myrtle has done what the arbutus comes too late for.

"The myrtle has covered with her starry crown the beloved of the reaper and vintager; the myrtle was around the head of many a maiden celebrated in song, when the breezes of autumn scattered the first leaves, and rustled among them on the ground; and when she cried timidly, Rise, rise! people are coming! here! there! many!"

Thelymnia said, "That now is not true. Where did you hear it?" and in a softer and lower voice, if I may trust Androcles, "O Euthymedes, do not believe it!"

Either he did not hear her, or dissembled it; and went on: "This deserves preference; this deserves immortality; this deserves a place in the Temple of Venus; in her hand, in her hair, in her breast: Thelymnia herself wears it."

We laughed and applauded; she blushed and looked grave and sighed,—for she had never heard any one, I imagine, talk so long at once. However it was, she sighed; I saw and heard her. Critolaus gave her some glances: she did not catch

them. One of the party clapped his hands longer than the rest, whether in approbation or derision of this rhapsody delivered with glee and melody, and entreated the philosopher to indulge us with a few of his adventures.

"You deserve, young man," said Euthymedes gravely, "to have as few as I have had,—you whose idle curiosity would thus intemperately reveal the most sacred mysteries. Poets and philosophers may reason on love, and dream about it, but rarely do they possess the object; and, whenever they do, that object is the invisible deity of a silent worshiper."

"Reason then, or dream," replied the other, breathing an air of scorn to soothe the soreness of the reproof.

"When we reason on love," said Euthymedes, "we often talk as if we were dreaming: let me try whether the recital of my dream can make you think I talk as if I were reasoning. You may call it a dream, a vision, or what you will.

"I was in a place not very unlike this, my head lying back against a rock, where its crevices were tufted with soft and odoriferous herbs, and where vine leaves protected my face from the sun, and from the bees; which, however, were less likely to molest me, being busy in their first hours of honey-making among the blossoms. Sleep soon fell upon me; for of all philosophers I am certainly the drowsiest, though perhaps there are many quite of equal ability in communicating the gift of drowsiness. Presently I saw three figures, two of which were beautiful; very differently, but in the same degree: the other was much less so. The least of the three, at the first glance, I recognized to be Love; although I saw no wings, nor arrows, nor quiver, nor torch, nor emblem of any kind designating his attributes. The next was not Venus, nor a grace, nor a nymph, nor goddess of whom in worship or meditation I had ever conceived an idea; and yet my heart persuaded me she was a goddess, and from the manner in which she spoke to Love, and he again to her, I was convinced she must be. Quietly and unmovedly as she was standing, her figure, I perceived, was adapted to the perfection of activity. With all the succulence and suppleness of early youth, scarcely

beyond puberty, it however gave me the idea, from its graceful and easy languor, of its being possessed by a fondness for repose. Her eyes were large and serene, and of a quality to exhibit the intensity of thought, or even the habitude of reflection, but incapable of expressing the plenitude of joy; and her countenance was tinged with so delicate a color, that it appeared an effluence from an irradiated cloud passing over it in the heavens. The third figure — who sometimes stood in one place and sometimes in another, and of whose countenance I could only distinguish that it was pale, anxious, and mistrustful — interrupted her perpetually. I listened attentively and with curiosity to the conversation, and by degrees I caught the appellations they interchanged. The one I found was Hope, — and I wondered I did not find it out sooner; the other was Fear, which I should not have found out at all; for she did not look terrible nor aghast, but more like Sorrow or Despondency. The first words I could collect of Hope were these, spoken very mildly, and rather with a look of appeal than of accusation: 'Too surely you have forgotten — for never was child more forgetful or more ungrateful — how many times I have carried you in my bosom, when even your mother drove you from her, and when you could find no other resting-place in heaven or earth.'

"'O unsteady, unruly Love!' cried the pale goddess with much energy, 'it has often been by my intervention that thy wavering authority was fixed. For this I have thrown alarm after alarm into the heedless breast that Hope had once beguiled, and that was growing insensible and torpid under her feebler influence. I do not upbraid thee; and it never was my nature to caress thee; but I claim from thee my portion of the human heart, — mine, ever mine, abhorrent as it may be of me. Let Hope stand on one side of thy altars, but let my place be on the other; or, I swear by all the gods! not any altars shalt thou possess upon the globe.'

"She ceased — and Love trembled. He turned his eyes upon Hope, as if in his turn appealing to her. She said, 'It must be so; it was so from the beginning of the world: only let me never lose you from my sight.' She clasped

her hands upon her breast, as she said it, and he looked on her with a smile, and was going up (I thought) to kiss her, when he was recalled, and stopped.

"'Where Love is, there will I be also,' said Fear; 'and even thou, O Hope! never shalt be beyond my power.'

"At these words, I saw them both depart. I then looked toward Love: I did not see him go; but he was gone."

The narration being ended, there were some who remarked what very odd things dreams are; but Thelymnia looked almost as if she herself was dreaming; and Alcimus, who sat opposite, and fancied she was pondering on what the vision could mean, said it appeared to him a thing next to certainty, that it signified how love cannot exist without hope or without fear. Euthymedes nodded assent, and assured him that a soothsayer in great repute had given him the same interpretation. Upon which the younger friends of Alcimus immediately took the ivy from his forehead, and crowned him with laurel, as being worthy to serve Apollo. But they did it with so much noise and festivity, that, before the operation was completed, he began to suspect they were in jest. Thelymnia had listened to many stories in her lifetime, yet never had she heard one from any man before, who had been favored by the deities with a vision. Hope and Love, as her excited imagination represented them to her, seemed still to be with Euthymedes. She thought the tale would have been better without the mention of Fear; but perhaps this part was only a dream, all the rest a really true vision. She had many things to ask him: she did not know when, nor exactly what, for she was afraid of putting too hard a question to him in the presence of so many, lest it might abash him if he could not answer it; but she wished to ask him something, anything. She soon did it, not without faltering, and was enchanted by the frankness and liberality of her philosopher.

"Did you ever love?" said she, smiling, though not inclined to smile, but doing it to conceal (as in her simplicity she thought it would) her blushes; and looking a little aside, at the only cloud in the heavens, which crossed the moon, as if adorning her for a festival, with a fillet of pale sapphire and interlucent gold.

"I thought I did," replied he, lowering his eyes, that she might lower hers to rest upon him.

"Do then people ever doubt this?" she asked in wonder, looking full in his face with earnest curiosity.

"Alas!" said he softly, "until a few hours ago, until Thelymnia was placed beside me, until an ungenerous heart exposed the treasure, that should have dwelt within it, to the tarnish of a stranger, if that stranger had the baseness to employ the sophistry that was in part expected from him, never should I have known that I had not loved before. We may be uncertain if a vase or an image be of the richest metal, until the richest metal be set right against it. Thelymnia! if I thought it possible at any time hereafter, that you should love me as I love you, I would exert to the uttermost my humble powers of persuasion to avert it."

"Oh! there is no danger," said she, disconcerted; "I did not love any one: I thought I did, just like you; but indeed, indeed, Euthymedes, I was equally in an error. Women have dropped into the grave from it, and have declared to the last moment that they never loved: men have sworn they should die with desperation, and have lived merrily, and have dared to run into the peril fifty times. They have hard, cold hearts, incommunicative and distrustful."

"Have I, too, Thelymnia?" gently he expostulated.

"No, not you," said she; "you may believe I was not thinking of you when I was speaking. But the idea does really make me smile and almost laugh, that you should fear me, supposing it possible, if you could suppose any such thing. Love does not kill men, take my word for it."

He looked rather in sorrow than in doubt, and answered: "Unpropitious love may not kill us always, may not deprive us at once of what at their festivals the idle and inconsiderate call life; but, O Thelymnia! our lives are truly at an end when we are beloved no longer. Existence may be continued, or rather may be renewed, yet the agonies of death and the chilliness of the grave have been passed through; nor are there Elysian fields, nor the sports that delighted in former times, awaiting us,— nor

pleasant converse, nor walks with linked hands, nor intermitted songs, nor vengeful kisses for leaving them off abruptly, nor looks that shake us to assure us afterward, nor that bland inquietude, as gently tremulous as the expansion of buds into blossoms, which hurries us from repose to exercise and from exercise to repose."

"Oh! I have been very near loving!" sighed Thelymnia. "Where in the world can a philosopher have learned all this about it!"

The beauty of Thelymnia, her blushes, first at the deceit, afterward at the encouragement she received in her replies, and lastly from some other things which we could not penetrate, highly gratified Critolaus. Soon however (for wine always brings back to us our last strong feeling) he thought again of Phoroneus, as young, as handsome, and once (is that the word?) as dear to her. He saddened at the myrtle on the head of his beloved; it threw shadows and gloom upon his soul: her smiles, her spirits, her wit, and, above all, her nods of approbation, wounded him. He sighed when she covered her face with her hand; when she disclosed it he sighed again. Every glance of pleasure, every turn of surprise, every movement of her body, pained and oppressed him. He cursed in his heart whoever it was who had stuffed that portion of the couch: there was so little moss, thought he, between Thelymnia and Euthymedes. He might have seen Athos part them, and would have murmured still.

The rest of us were in admiration at the facility and grace with which Thelymnia sustained her part, and observing less Critolaus than we did in the commencement, when he acknowledged and enjoyed our transports, indifferently and contentedly saw him rise from the table and go away, thinking his departure a preconcerted section of the stratagem. He retired, as he told us afterward, into a grot. So totally was his mind abstracted from the entertainment, he left the table athirst, covered as it was with fruit and wine, and abundant as ran beside us the clearest and sweetest and most refreshing rill. He related to me that, at the extremity of the cavern, he applied his parched tongue to the dripping rock, shunning the light of day, the voice of

friendship, so violent was his desire of solitude and concealment; and he held his forehead and his palms against it when his lips had closed. We knew not and suspected not his feelings at the time, and rejoiced at the anticipation of the silly things a philosopher should have whispered, which Thelymnia in the morning of the festival had promised us to detail the next day. Love is apt to get entangled and to trip and stumble when he puts on the garb of Friendship: it is too long and loose for him to walk in, although he sometimes finds it convenient for a covering. Euthymedes the philosopher made this discovery, to which perhaps others may lay equal claim.

After the lesson he had given her, which amused her in the dictation, she stood composed and thoughtful, and then said hesitatingly, "But would it be quite proper? would there be nothing of insincerity and falsehood in it, to my Critolaus?" He caught her up in his arms, and, as in his enthusiasm he had raised her head above his, he kissed her bosom. She reproved and pardoned him, making him first declare and protest he would never do the like again. "O soul of truth and delicacy!" cried he aloud; and Thelymnia, no doubt, trembled lest her lover should in a moment be forsworn; so imminent and inevitable seemed the repetition of his offense. But he observed on her eyelashes, what had arisen from his precipitation in our presence,—

> A hesitating, long-suspended tear,
> Like that which hangs upon the vine fresh-pruned,
> Until the morning kisses it away.

The nymphs, who often drive men wild (they tell us), have led me astray: I must return with you to the grot. We gave every facility to the stratagem. One slipped away in one direction, another in another; but, at a certain disance, each was desirous of joining some comrade, and of laughing together; yet each reproved the laughter, even when far off, lest it should do harm, reserving it for the morrow. While they walked along, conversing, the words of Euthymedes fell on the ears of Thelymnia softly as cistus petals, fluttering and panting for a moment in the air, fall on the thirsty sand. She, in a voice that makes the brain dizzy as it plunges into the breast, replied to him,—

"O Euthymedes! you must have lived your whole lifetime in the hearts of women, to know them so thoroughly: I never knew mine before you taught me."

Euthymedes now was silent, being one of the few wise men whom love ever made wiser. But, in his silence and abstraction, he took especial care to press the softer part of her arm against his heart, that she might be sensible of its quick pulsation; and, as she rested her elbow within the curvature of his, the slenderest of her fingers solicited, first one, then another, of those beneath them, but timidly, briefly, inconclusively, and then clung around it pressingly for countenance and support. Panætius, you have seen the mountains on the left hand, eastward, when you are in Olympia, and perhaps the little stream that runs from the nearest of them into the Alpheus. Could you have seen them that evening! the moon never shone so calmly, so brightly, upon Latmos, nor the torch of Love before her. And yet many of the stars were visible; the most beautiful were among them; and as Euthymedes taught Thelymnia their names, their radiance seemed more joyous, more effulgent, more beneficent. If you have ever walked forth into the wilds and open plains upon such moonlight nights, cautious as you are, I will venture to say, Panætius, you have often tripped, even though the stars were not your study. There was an arm to support or to catch Thelymnia: yet she seemed incorrigible. Euthymedes was patient: at last he did I know not what, which was followed by a reproof, and a wonder how he could have done so, and another how he could answer for it. He looked ingenuously and apologetically, forgetting to correct his fault in the meanwhile. She listened to him attentively, pushing his hand away at intervals, yet less frequently and less resolutely in the course of his remonstrance, particularly when he complained to her that the finer and more delicate part of us, the eye, may wander at leisure over what is in its way; yet that its dependents in the corporeal system must not follow it; that they must hunger and faint in the service of a power so rich and absolute. "This being hard, unjust, and cruel," said he, "never can be the ordinance of the gods. Love alone feeds the famishing; Love alone places all things,

both of matter and of mind, in perfect harmony: Love hath less to learn from Wisdom than Wisdom hath to learn from Love."

"Modest man!" said she to herself, "there is a great deal of truth in what he says, considering he is a philosopher." She then asked him, after a pause, why he had not spoken so in the conversation on love, which appeared to give animation, mirth, and wit, to the dullest of the company, and even to make the wines of Chios, Crete, and Lesbos, sparkle with fresh vivacity in their goblets.

"I who was placed by the fountain head," replied he, "had no inclination to follow the shallow and slender stream, taking its course toward streets and lanes, and dipped into and muddied by unhallowed and uncleanly hands. After dinner such topics are usually introduced, when the objects that ought to inspire our juster sentiments are gone away. An indelicacy worse than Thracian! The purest gales of heaven, in the most perfect solitudes, should alone lift up the aspiration of our souls to the divinities all men worship."

"Sensible creature!" sighed Thelymnia in her bosom, "how rightly he does think!"

"Come, fairest of wanderers," whispered he, softly and persuasively, "such will I call you, though the stars hear me, and though the gods too in a night like this pursue their loves upon earth — the moon has no little pools filled with her light under the rock yonder; she deceives us in the depth of these hollows, like the limpid sea. Beside, we are here among the pinks and sand roses: do they never prick your ankles with their stems and thorns? Even their leaves at this late season are enough to hurt you."

"I think they do," replied she, and thanked him, with a tender, timid glance, for some fresh security his arm or hand had given her in escaping from them. "Oh, now we are quite out of them all! How cool is the saxifrage! how cool the ivy leaves!"

"I fancy, my sweet scholar, — or shall I rather say (for you have been so oftener) my sweet teacher, — they are not ivy leaves: to me they appear to be periwinkles."

"I will gather some and see," said Thelymnia.

Periwinkles cover wide and deep hollows: of what are they incapable when the convolvulus is in league with them! She slipped from the arm of Euthymedes, and in an instant had disappeared. In an instant too he had followed.

*Panætius.* These are mad pranks, and always end ill. Moonlights! cannot we see them quietly from the tops of our houses, or from the plain pavement? Must we give challenges to mastiffs, make appointments with wolves, run after asps, and languish for stone-quarries? Unwary philosopher and simple girl! Were they found again?

*Polybius.* Yea, by Castor! and most unwillingly.

*Scipio.* I do not wonder. When the bones are broken, without the consolation of some great service rendered in such misfortune, and when beauty must become deformity, I can well believe that they both would rather have perished.

*Polybius.* Amaranth on the couch of Jove and Hebe was never softer than the bed they fell on. Critolaus had advanced to the opening of the cavern: he had heard the exclamation of Thelymnia as she was falling — he forgave her — he ran to her for her forgiveness — he heard some low sounds — he smote his heart, else it had fainted in him — he stopped.

Euthymedes was raising up Thelymnia, forgetful (as was too apparent) of himself. "Traitor!" exclaimed the fiery Critolaus, "thy blood shall pay for this. Impostor! whose lesson this very day was, that luxury is the worst of poisons."

"Critolaus," answered he calmly, drawing his robe about him (for, falling in so rough a place, his vesture was a little disordered), "we will not talk of blood; but as for my lesson of to-day, I must defend it. In a few words, then, since I think we are none of us disposed for many, hemlock does not hurt goats, nor luxury philosophers."

Thelymnia had risen more beautiful from her confusion; but her color soon went away, and, if any slight trace of it were remaining on her cheeks, the modest moonlight and the severer stars would let none show itself. She looked

as the statue of Pygmalion would have looked, had she been destined the hour after animation to return into her inanimate state. Offering no excuse, she was the worthier of pardon: but there is one hour in which pardon never entered the human breast, and that hour was this. Critolaus, who always had ridiculed the philosophers, now hated them from the bottom of his heart. Every sect was detestable to him,—the Stoic, the Platonic, the Epicurean,—all equally; but especially those hypocrites and impostors in each, who, under the cloak of philosophy, come forward with stately figures, prepossessing countenances, and bland discourse.

*Panætius.* We do not desire to hear what such foolish men think of philosophers, true or false; but pray tell us how he acted on his own notable discovery: for I opine he was the unlikeliest of the three to grow quite calm on a sudden.

*Polybius.* He went away; not without fierce glances at the stars, reproaches to the gods themselves, and serious and sad reflections upon destiny. Being, however, a pious man by constitution and education, he thought he had spoken of the omens unadvisedly, and found other interpretations for the stones we had thrown down with the ivy. "And, ah!" said he, sighing, "the bird's nest of last year, too! I now know what that is!"

*Panætius.* Polybius, I considered you too grave a man to report such idle stories. The manner is not yours: I rather think you have torn out a page or two from some love feast (not generally known) of Plato.

*Polybius.* Your judgment has for once deserted you, my friend. If Plato had been present, he might then indeed have described what he saw, and elegantly; but if he had feigned the story, the name that most interests us would not have ended with a vowel.

*Scipio.* You convince me, Polybius.

*Panætius.* I join my hands, and give them to you.

*Polybius.* My usual manner is without variety. I endeavor to collect as much sound sense and as many solid facts as I can, to distribute them as commodiously, and to keep them as clear of ornament. If any one thought of

me or my style in reading my history, I should condemn myself as a defeated man.

*Scipio.* Polybius, you are by far the wisest that ever wrote history, though many wise have written it; and, if your facts are sufficiently abundant, your work will be the most interesting and important.

*Polybius.* Live then, Scipio!

*Panætius.* The gods grant it!

*Polybius.* I know what I can do and what I cannot (the proudest words, perhaps, that ever man uttered)—I say it plainly to you, my sincere and judicious monitor; but you must also let me say that, doubtful whether I could amuse our Æmilianus in his present mood, I would borrow a tale, unaccustomed as I am to such, from the libraries of Miletus, or snatch it from the bosom of Elephantis.

*Scipio.* Your friendship comes under various forms to me, my dear Polybius, but it is always warm and always welcome. Nothing can be kinder or more delicate in you, than to diversify as much as possible our conversation this day. Panætius would be more argumentative on luxury than I: even Euthymedes (it appears) was unanswerable.

*Panætius.* Oh the knave! such men bring reproaches upon philosophy.

*Scipio.* I see no more reason why they should, than why a slattern, who empties a certain vase on your head in the street, should make you cry, "O Jupiter! what a curse is water!"

*Panætius.* I am ready to propose almost such an exchange with you, Æmilianus, as Diomedes with Glaucus—my robe for yours.

*Scipio.* Panætius, could it be done, you would wish it undone. The warfare you undertake is the more difficult: we have not enemies on both sides, as you have.

*Panætius.* If you had seen straight, you would have seen that the offer was to exchange my philosophy for yours. You need less meditation, and employ more, than any man. Now if you have aught to say on luxury, let me hear it.

*Scipio.* It would be idle to run into the parts of it, and to make a definition of that which we agree on; but it is not so to remind you that we were talking of it in soldiers, for the pleasant tale of Thelymnia is enough to make us forget them, even while the trumpet is sounding. Believe me, my friend (or ask Polybius), a good general will turn this formidable thing luxury to some account. He will take care that, like the strong vinegar the legionaries carry with them, it should be diluted, and thus be useful.

*Panætius.* Then it is luxury no longer.

*Scipio.* True; and now tell me, Panætius, or you Polybius, what city was ever so exuberant in riches, as to maintain a great army long together in sheer luxury? I am not speaking of cities that have been sacked, but of the allied and friendly, whose interests are to be observed, whose affection is to be conciliated and retained. Hannibal knew this, and minded it.

*Polybius.* You might have also added to the interrogation, if you had thought proper, those cities which HAVE been sacked; for there plenty is soon wasted, and not soon supplied again.

*Scipio.* Let us look closer at the soldier's board, and see what is on it in the rich Capua. Is plentiful and wholesome food luxury? or do soldiers run into the market place for a pheasant? or do those on whom they are quartered pray and press them to eat it? Suppose they went hunting quails, hares, partridges; would it render them less active? There are no wild boars in that neighborhood, or we might expect from a boar hunt a visitation of the gout. Suppose the men drew their idea of pleasure from the school or from the practices of Euthymedes. One vice is corrected by another, where a higher principle does not act, and where a man does not exert the proudest dominion over the most turbulent of states — himself. Hannibal, we may be sure, never allowed his army to repose in utter inactivity; no, nor to remain a single day without its exercise — a battle, a march, a foraging, a conveyance of wood or water, a survey of the banks of rivers, a fathoming of their depth, a certification of their soundness or unsoundness at bottom, a

measurement of the greater or less extent of their fords, a review, or a castrametation. The plenty of his camp at Capua (for you hardly can imagine, Panætius, that the soldiers had in a military sense the freedom of the city, and took what they pleased without pay and without restriction) attached to him the various nations of which it was composed, and kept together the heterogeneous and discordant mass. It was time that he should think of this; for probably there was not a soldier left who had not lost in battle or by fatigue his dearest friend and comrade.

Dry bread and hard blows are excellent things in themselves, and military requisites,— to those who converse on them over their cups, turning their heads for the approbation of others on whose bosom they recline, and yawning from sad disquietude at the degeneracy and effeminacy of the age. But there is finally a day when the cement of power begins to lose its strength and coherency, and when the fabric must be kept together by pointing it anew, and by protecting it a little from that rigor of the seasons which at first compacted it.

The story of Hannibal and his army wasting away in luxury is common, general, universal: its absurdity is remarked by few, or rather by none.

*Polybius.* The wisest of us are slow to disbelieve what we have learned early; yet this story has always been to me incredible.

*Scipio.* Besides the reasons I have adduced, is it necessary to remind you that Campania is subject to diseases which incapacitate the soldier? Those of Hannibal were afflicted by them; few indeed perished, but they were debilitated by their malady, and while they were waiting for the machinery which (even if they had had the artificers among them) could not have been constructed in double the time requisite for importing it, the period of dismay at Rome, if ever it existed, had elapsed. The wonder is less that Hannibal did not take Rome than that he was able to remain in Italy, not having taken it. Considering how he held together, how he disciplined, how he provisioned (the most difficult thing of all, in the face of such enemies) an army in great part, as one would imagine, so intractable

and wasteful; what commanders, what soldiers, what rivers, and what mountains, opposed him,—I think, Polybius, you will hardly admit to a parity or comparison with him, in the rare union of political and military science, the most distinguished of your own countrymen: not Philopœmen, nor Philip of Macedon; if indeed you can hear me without anger and indignation, name a barbarian king with Greeks.

*Polybius.* When kings are docile, and pay due respect to those who are wiser and more virtuous than themselves, I would not point at them as objects of scorn or contumely, even among the free. There is little danger that men educated as we have been should value them too highly, or that men educated as they have been should eclipse the glory of Philopœmen. People in a republic know that their power and existence must depend on the zeal and assiduity, the courage and integrity, of those they employ in their first offices of state; kings on the contrary lay the foundations of their power on abject hearts and prostituted intellects, and fear and abominate those whom the breath of God hath raised higher than the breath of man. Hence, from being the dependants of their own slaves, both they and their slaves become at last the dependants of free nations, and alight from their cars to be tied by the neck to the cars of better men.

*Scipio.* Deplorable condition! if their education had allowed any sense of honor to abide in them. But we must consider them as the tulips and anemones and other gaudy flowers that shoot from the earth to be looked upon in idleness, and to be snapped by the stick or broken by the wind without our interest, care, or notice. We cannot thus calmly contemplate the utter subversion of a mighty capital; we cannot thus indifferently stand over the strong agony of an expiring nation, after a gasp of years in a battle of ages to win a world, or be forever fallen.

Seldom are we prone to commiserate the misfortunes of our enemies. The reason is, they are seldom great or virtuous men; and, when they are, we are apt to think otherwise. But Hannibal hath shown greatness both in prosperity and adversity. He hath conciliated both the most barbarous and the most civilized of mankind, the

most frugal and the most luxurious,—the mountaineers of Helvetia, the princes of Campania; and, if truth is ever painful to utter it is painful now, he hath vanquished the most experience in war. Again I see the Alps rise up before me; and I witness the discomfiture of that commander whose name I reverence and bear. Resentment hath no place in my bosom: I can pity the man whom an ungrateful country helped his enemies to throw down; who flies from potentate to potentate for protection; who is destined to die not in the land that nurtured him, probably not in the field of battle, probably not with kindred or friends about him. Enough! enough! somewhat of this may befall even those who are now prosperous and triumphant.

*Panætius.* We see little when we are cast down; and when we are raised high we are ill inclined to see all we might. Ingratitude is a monster not peculiar to Africa.

*Polybius.* The breed will never be exterminated.

*Panætius.* Never! be sure of that; but there are men, however few of them, in all countries, who know a remedy for its venom.

*Polybius.* What can that be?

*Panætius.* Covering the fresh wound with fresh kindness. It is not every one who has the privilege of making an ingrate: there must be power and will to benefit. Hannibal, at all events, owes but small gratitude to the Roman Senate; yet, if his character is indeed so exalted as I am willing to suppose it, he would not be insensible to the praises his vanquisher hath bestowed on him. You estimate, O Æmilianus, the abilities of a general, not by the number of battles he has won, nor of enemies he hath slain or led captive, but by the combinations he hath formed, the blows of fortune he hath parried or avoided, the prejudices he hath removed, and the difficulties of every kind he hath overcome. In like manner we should consider kings. Educated still more barbarously than other barbarians, sucking their milk alternately from Vice and Folly, guided in their first steps by Duplicity and Flattery, whatever they do but decently is worthy of applause; whatever they do virtuously, of admiration. I would say it even to Caius Gracchus: I would tell him it even in

the presence of his mother, unappalled by her majestic mien, her truly Roman sanctity, her brow that cannot frown, but that reproves with pity; for I am not so hostile to royalty as other philosophers are,—perhaps because I have been willing to see less of it.

*Scipio.* Cornelia is dearer to me for her virtues than even for our consanguinity; and I reciprocate the fondness of her brave and intelligent sons, whose estrangement from our order I fear to trace and grieve to reprehend. Let us rather look once again toward your own country, Greece. Many have been signally courageous, signally judicious, in battle; many by their eloquence have been leaders at Rome, where tumults and mutinies are more ready to break out and more difficult to quell; many have managed the high and weighty magistratures with integrity and discretion, with hand equally firm and pure. Any one of these qualities is sufficient to constitute a memorable man. But, O Panætius and Polybius, we do not find in the records of history, we do not find in the regions of fable, a greater than your Pericles, your Epaminondas, your Philopœmen.

*Polybius.* Praise from you, Æmilianus, would have supported the heart of Philopœmen, which sank only under the ruins of our country. Of such materials as this praise, such glorification from superior minds, are the lamps that shine inextinguishable in the tomb. Eternal thanks to the Romans! who, whatever reason they may have had to treat the Greeks as enemies; to traverse and persecute such men as Lycortas, my father, and as Philopœmen, my early friend; to consume our cities with fire, and to furrow our streets with torrents (as we have heard lately) issuing from the remolten images of gods and heroes,—have, however, so far respected the mother of Civilization and of Law, as never to permit the cruel mockery of erecting Barbarism and Royalty on their vacant bases.

*Panætius.* Our ancient institutions in part exist; we lost the rest when we lost the simplicity of our forefathers. Let it be our glory that we have resisted the most populous and wealthy nations, and that, having been conquered, we have been conquered by the most virtuous; that every one of our chief cities hath produced a greater number of

illustrious men than all the remainder of the earth around us; that no man can anywhere enter his hall or portico, and see the countenances of his ancestors from their marble columellas, without a commemorative and grateful sense of obligation to us; that neither his solemn feasts nor his cultivated fields are silent on it; that not the lamp which shows him the glad faces of his children, and prolongs his studies, and watches by his rest,— that not the ceremonies whereby he hopes to avert the vengeance of the gods, nor the tenderer ones whereon are founded the affinities of domestic life, nor finally those which lead toward another, —would have existed in this country, if Greece had not conveyed them. Bethink thee, Scipio, how little hath been done by any other nation to promote the moral dignity or enlarge the social pleasures of the human race. What parties ever met in their most populous cities, for the enjoyment of liberal and speculative conversation? What Alcibiades, elated with war and glory, turned his youthful mind from general admiration and from the cheers and caresses of coeval friends, to strengthen and purify it under the cold reproofs of the aged? What Aspasia led Philosophy to smile on Love, or taught Love to reverence Philosophy? These, as thou knowest, are not the safest guides for either sex to follow; yet in these were united the gravity and the graces of wisdom, never seen, never imagined, out of Athens.

I would not offend thee by comparing the genius of the Roman people with ours: the offense is removable, and in part removed already, by thy hand. The little of sound learning, the little of pure wit, that hath appeared in Rome from her foundation, hath been concentrated under thy roof: one tile would cover it. Have we not walked together, O Scipio, by starlight, on the shores of Surrentum and Baiæ, of Ischia and Caprea, and hath it not occurred to thee that the heavens themselves, both what we see of them and what lieth above our vision, are peopled with our heroes and heroines? The ocean that roars so heavily in the ears of other men hath for us its tuneful shells, its placid nymphs, and its beneficent ruler. The trees of the forest, the flowers, the plants, passed indiscriminately elsewhere,

awaken and warm our affections; they mingle with the objects of our worship; they breathe the spirit of our ancestors; they lived in our form; they spoke in our language; they suffered as our daughters may suffer; the deities revisit them with pity; and some (we think) dwell among them.

*Scipio.* Poetry! poetry!

*Panætius.* Yes; I own it. The spirit of Greece, passing through and ascending above the world, hath so animated universal nature, that the very rocks and woods, the very torrents and wilds burst forth with it,—and it falls, Æmilianus, even from me.

*Scipio.* It is from Greece I have received my friends, Panætius and Polybius.

*Panætius.* Say more, Æmilianus! You have indeed said it here already; but say it again at Rome: it is Greece who taught the Romans all beyond the rudiments of war; it is Greece who placed in your hand the sword that conquered Carthage.

## MARCUS TULLIUS AND QUINCTUS CICERO

*MARCUS.* The last calamities of our country, my brother Quinctus, have again united us; and something like the tenderness of earlier days appears to have returned, in the silence of ambition and in the subsidence of hope. It has frequently occurred to me how different we are from the moment when the parental roof bursts asunder, as it were, and the inmates are scattered abroad, and build up here and there new families. Many, who before lived in amity and concord, are then in the condition of those who, receiving intelligence of a shipwreck, collect at once for plunder, and quarrel on touching the first fragment.

*Quinctus.* We never disagreed on the division of any property, unless indeed the state and its honors may be considered as such; and although, in regard to Cæsar, our fortune drew us different ways latterly, and my gratitude made me, until your remonstrances and prayers prevailed,

reluctant to abandon him, you will remember my anxiety to procure you the consulate and the triumph. You cannot and never could suppose me unmindful of the signal benefits and high distinctions I have received from Cæsar, or quite unreluctant to desert an army, for my services in which he often praised me to you, while I was in Britain and in Gaul. Such moreover was his generosity, he did not erase my name from his "Commentaries" for having abandoned and opposed his cause. My joy therefore ought not to be unmingled at his violent death, to whom I am indebted not only for confidence and command, not only for advancement and glory, but also for immortality. When you yourself had resolved on leaving Italy to follow Cneius Pompeius, you were sensible, as you told me, that my obligations to Cæsar should at least detain me in Italy. Our disputes, which among men who reason will be frequent, were always amicable; our political views have always been similar, and generally the same. You indeed were somewhat more aristocratical and senatorial; and this prejudice hath ruined both. As if the immortal gods took a pleasure in confounding us by the difficulty of our choice, they placed the best men at the head of the worst cause. Decimus Brutus and Porcius Cato held up the train of Sylla; for the late civil wars were only a continuation of those which the old dictator seemed, for a time, to have extinguished in blood and ruins. His faction was in authority when you first appeared at Rome; and although, among your friends and sometimes in public, you have spoken as a Roman should speak of Caius Marius, a respect for Pompeius (the most insincere of mortals) made you silent on the merits of Sertorius,— than whom there never was a better man in private life, a magistrate more upright, a general more vigilant, a citizen more zealous for the prerogative of our republic. Caius Cæsar, the later champion of the same party, overcame difficulties almost equally great, and, having acted upon a more splendid theatre, may perhaps appear a still greater character.

*Marcus.* He will seem so to those only who place temperance and prudence, fidelity and patriotism, aside from the component parts of greatness. Cæsar, of all men, knew

best when to trust Fortune: Sertorius never trusted her at all, nor ever marched a step along a path he had not patiently and well explored. The best of Romans slew the one, the worst the other. The death of Cæsar was that which the wise and virtuous would most deprecate for themselves and for their children; that of Sertorius what they would most desire. And since, Quinctus, we have seen the ruin of our country, and her enemies are intent on ours, let us be grateful that the last years of life have neither been useless nor inglorious, and that it is likely to close, not under the condemnation of such citizens as Cato and Brutus, but as Lepidus and Antonius. It is with more sorrow than asperity that I reflect on Caius Cæsar. Oh! had his heart been unambitious as his style, had he been as prompt to succor his country as to enslave her, how great, how incomparably great, were he! Then perhaps at this hour, O Quinctus, and in this villa, we should have enjoyed his humorous and erudite discourse; for no man ever tempered so seasonably and so justly the materials of conversation. How graceful was he! how unguarded! His whole character was uncovered; as we represent the bodies of heroes and of gods. Two years ago, at this very season, on the third of the Saturnalia, he came hither spontaneously and unexpectedly to dine with me; and although one of his attendants read to him, as he desired while he was bathing, the verses on him and Mamurra, he retained his usual good humor, and discoursed after dinner on many points of literature, with admirable ease and judgment. Him I shall see again; and, while he acknowledges my justice, I shall acknowledge his virtues, and contemplate them unclouded. I shall see again our father, and Mutius Scævola, and you, and our sons, and the ingenuous and faithful Tyro. He alone has power over my life, if any has; for to him I confide my writings. And our worthy Marcus Brutus will meet me, whom I would embrace among the first; for, if I had not done him an injury, I have caused him one. Had I never lived, or had I never excited his envy, he might perhaps have written as I have done; but for the sake of avoiding me he caught both cold and fever. Let us pardon him; let us love him. With a

weakness that injured his eloquence, and with a softness of soul that sapped the constitution of our state, he is no unworthy branch of that family which will be remembered the longest among men.

Oh happy day, when I shall meet my equals, and when my inferiors shall trouble me no more!

Man thinks it miserable to be cut off in the midst of his projects: he should rather think it miserable to have formed them. For the one is his own action, the other is not; the one was subject from the beginning to disappointments and vexations, the other ends them. And what truly is that period of life in which we are not in the midst of our projects? They spring up only the more rank and wild, year after year, from their extinction or change of form, as herbage from the corruption and dying down of herbage.

I will not dissemble that I upheld the senatorial cause for no other reason than that my dignity was to depend on it. My first enthusiasm was excited by Marius; my first poem was written on him. We were proud of him as a fellow-citizen of Arpinum. Say no more of him. It is only the most generous nature that grows more generous by age: Marius, like Pompeius, grew more and more austere. I praised his exploits in the enthusiasm of youth and poetry, either of which is sufficient excuse for many errors; and both together may extort somewhat more than pardon, when valor in a fellow townsman is the exciter of our praise. But, sitting now in calmer judgment, we see him stripped of his victorious arms and sevenfold consulship; we see him in his native rudeness, selfishness, and ferocity; we see him the murderer of his colleague in the consulship, of his comrade in the camp. Scarcely can we admire even the severity of his morals, when its principal use was to enforce the discipline needful to the accomplishment of his designs.

*Quinctus.* Marius is an example that a liberal education is peculiarly necessary where power is almost unlimited. Quiet, social, philosophical intercourse can alone restrict that tendency to arrogance which war encourages, and alone can inculcate that abstinence from wrong and spoliation which we have lately seen exercised more intemperately

than even by Marius or by Sylla, and carried into the farms and villas of ancient friends and close connections.

*Marcus.* Had the party of our townsman been triumphant, and the Senate (as it would have been) abolished, I should never have had a Catilinarian conspiracy to quell, and few of my best orations would have been delivered.

*Quinctus.* Do you believe that the Marian faction would have annulled your Order?

*Marcus.* I believe that their safety would have required its ruin, and that their vengeance, not to say their equity, would have accomplished it. The civil war was of the Senate against the Equestrian Order and the people, and was maintained by the wealth of the patricians, accumulated in the time of Sylla, from the proscription of all whom violence made, or avarice called, its adversaries. It would have been necessary to confiscate the whole property of the Order, and to banish its members from Italy. Any measures short of these would have been inadequate to compensate the people for their losses; nor would there have been a sufficient pledge for the maintenance of tranquillity. The exclusion of three hundred families from their estates, which they had acquired in great part by rapine, and their expulsion from a country which they had inundated with blood, would have prevented that partition treaty, whereby are placed in the hands of three men the properties and lives of all.

There should in no government be a contrariety of interests. Checks are useful; but it is better to stand in no need of them. Bolts and bars are good things; but would you establish a college of thieves and robbers to try how good they are? Misfortune has taught me many truths, which a few years ago I should have deemed suspicious and dangerous. The fall of Rome and of Carthage, the form of whose governments was almost the same, has been occasioned by the divisions of the ambitious in their Senates: for we Conscript Fathers call that ambition which the lower ranks call avarice. In fact, the only difference is that the one wears fine linen, the other coarse; one covets the government of Asia, the other a cask of vinegar. The people were indifferent which side prevailed, until their

houses in that country were reduced to ashes; in this, were delivered to murderers and gamesters.

*Quinctus.* Painful is it to reflect, that the greatness of most men originates from what has been taken by fraud or violence out of the common stock. The greatness of states, on the contrary, depends on the subdivision of property, chiefly of the landed, in moderate portions; on the frugal pay of functionaries, chiefly of those who possess a property; and on unity of interests and designs. Where provinces are allotted, not for the public service, but for the enrichment of private families; where consuls wish one thing, and tribunes wish another,— how can there be prosperity or safety? If Carthage, whose government (as you observe) much resembled ours, had allowed the same rights generally to the inhabitants of Africa; had she been as zealous in civilizing as in coercing them,— she would have ruined our Commonwealth and ruled the world. Rome found the rest of Italy more cultivated than herself, but corrupted for the greater part by luxury, ignorant of military science, and more patient of slavery than of toil. She conquered; and in process of time infused into them somewhat of her spirit, and imparted to them somewhat of her institutions. Nothing was then wanting to her policy, but only to grant voluntarily what she might have foreseen they would unite to enforce, and to have constituted a social body in Italy. This would have rendered her invincible. Ambition would not permit our senators to divide with others the wealth and aggrandizement arising from authority: and hence our worst citizens are become our rulers. The same error was committed by Sertorius, from purer principles, when he created a Senate in Spain, but admitted no Spaniard. The practice of disinterestedness, the force of virtue, in despite of so grievous an affront, united to him the bravest and most honorable of nations. If he had granted to them what was theirs by nature, and again due for benefits, he would have had nothing else to regret, than that they had so often broken our legions, and covered our commanders with shame.

What could be expected in our country, where the aristocracy possessed in the time of Sylla more than half the

land, and disposed of all the revenues and offices arising from our conquests? It would be idle to remark that the armies were paid out of them, when those armies were but the household of the rich, and necessary to their safety. On such reasoning there is no clear profit, no property, no possession; we cannot eat without a cook, without a husbandman, without a butcher: these take a part of our money. The armies were no less the armies of the aristocracy than the money that paid and the provinces that supplied them; no less, in short, than their beds and bolsters.

Why could not we have done from policy and equity what has been and often will be done, under another name, by favor and injustice? On the agrarian law we never were unanimous; yet Tiberius Gracchus had among the upholders of his plan the most prudent, the most equitable, and the most dignified in the republic,—Lælius, the friend of Scipio, whose wisdom and moderation you have lately extolled in your dialogue; Crassus, then Pontifex Maximus; and Appius Claudius, who resolved by this virtuous and patriotic deed to wipe away the stain left for ages on his family, by its licentiousness, pride, and tyranny. To these names another must be added; a name which we have been taught from our youth upward to hold in reverence,—the greatest of our jurists, Mutius Scævola. The adversaries of the measure cannot deny the humanity and liberality of its provisions, by which those who might be punished for violating the laws should be indemnified for the loss of the possessions they held illegally, and these possessions should be distributed among the poorer families; not for the purpose of corrupting their votes, but that they should have no temptation to sell them.

You smile, Marcus!

*Marcus.* For this very thing the Conscript Fathers were inimical to Tiberius Gracchus, and accused him of an attempt to introduce visionary and impracticable changes into the Commonwealth. Among the elder of his partisans some were called ambitious, some prejudiced; among the younger, some were madmen, the rest traitors,—just as they were protected or unprotected by the power of their families or the influence of their friends.

*Quinctus.* The most equitable and necessary law promulgated of latter times in our republic was that by Caius Gracchus, who, finding all our magistratures in the disposal of the Senate, and witnessing the acquittal of all criminals whose peculations and extortions had ruined our provinces and shaken our dominion, transferred the judicial power to the Equestrian Order. Cepio's law, five-and-twenty years afterward, was an infringement of this; and the oration of Lucius Crassus in its favor, bearing with it the force of genius and the stamp of authority, formed in great measure, as you acknowledge, both your politics and your eloquence. The intimacy of Crassus with Aculeo, the husband of our maternal aunt, inclined you perhaps to follow the more readily his opinions, and to set a higher value than you might otherwise have done on his celebrated oration.

*Marcus.* You must remember, my brother, that I neither was nor professed myself to be adverse to every agrarian law, though I opposed with all my energy and authority that agitated by Rullus. On which occasion I represented the two Gracchi as most excellent men, inflamed by the purest love of the Roman people, in their proposal to divide among the citizens what was unquestionably their due. I mentioned them as those on whose wisdom and institutions many of the solider parts in our government were erected; and I opposed the particular law at that time laid before the people, as leading to the tyranny of a decemvirate. The projects of Cæsar and Pompeius on this business were unjust and pernicious; those of Gracchus I now acknowledge to have been equitable to the citizens and salutary to the state. Unless I made you this concession, how could I defend my own conduct, a few months ago, in persuading the Senate to distribute among the soldiers of the fourth legion and the legion of Mars, for their services to the republic, those lands in Campania which Cæsar and Pompeius would have allotted in favor of their partisans in usurpation? Caius Gracchus on the contrary would look aside to no advantage or utility; and lost the most powerful of his friends, adherents, and relatives, by his inflexible rectitude. Beside those letters of his which are published, I remember

one in answer to his mother, which Scævola was fond of quoting, and of which he possessed the original.

*Quinctus.* Have we the transcript of it?

*Marcus.* The words of Cornelia, as well as I can recollect them, are these: —

"I have received the determination of Lælius and Scipio, in which they agree, as usual. He tells me that he never shall cease to be the advocate of so righteous a cause, if you will consent that the soldiers, who subdued for our republic the cities of Carthage and Numantia, shall partake in the public benefit; that Scipio is well aware how adverse the proposal would render the Senate to him, and at the same time how unpopular he shall be among his fellow-citizens at Rome, which may excite a suspicion in bad and thoughtless men that he would gratify the army in defiance of each authority. He requests you to consider that these soldiers are for the greater part somewhat elderly; and that granting them possessions, on which they may sit down and rest, cannot be the means an ambitious man would take for his aggrandizement. He wishes to render them inclined to peace, not alert for disturbances, and as good citizens as they have been good soldiers; and he entreats you, by the sanctity of your office, not to deprive them of what they should possess in common with others, for no better reason than because they defended by their valor the property of all. If you assent to this proposal, it will be unnecessary for him, he says, to undertake the settlement of the Commonwealth referred to him by the Senate,— not without danger, my dear Caius, though rather to his life than to his dignity. So desirable a measure, he adds, ought never to be carried into effect, nor supported too pertinaciously, by the general of an army."

*Quinctus.* I never knew of this letter. Scævola, I imagine, would not give it out of his hands for any one to read, in public or at home. Do you remember as much of the answer?

*Marcus.* I think I may do; for the language of the Gracchi was among my exercises, and I wonder that you have not heard me rehearse both pieces, in the practice of declamation. Caius answers his mother thus: —

"Mother, until you have exerted your own eloquence to persuade me, if indeed you participate in the opinions of Lælius, never shall I agree that the soldiers of Scipio have an allotment of land in Italy. When we withdraw our veterans from Spain and Africa, barbarian kings will tread upon our footsteps, efface the traces of our civilization, and obliterate the memorials of our glory. The countries will be useful to us: even if they never were to be, we must provide against their becoming injurious and pernicious, as they would be under any other power. Either we should not fight an enemy, or we should fight until we have overcome him. Afterward to throw away what we have taken is the pettishness of a child; to drop it is the imbecility of a suckling. Nothing of wantonness or frowardness is compatible with warfare, or congenial with the Roman character. To relinquish a conquest is an acknowledgment of injustice, or incapacity, or fear.

"Our soldiers under the command of Scipio have subdued two countries, of a soil more fertile than ours, and become by a series of battles, and by intestine discord, less populous: let them divide and enjoy it. The beaten should always pay the expenses of the war, and the instigators should be deprived of their possessions and their lives. Which, I pray you, is the more reasonable,—that the Roman people shall incur debts by having conquered, or that the weight of those debts shall fall totally on the vanquished? Either the war was unjust against THEM, or the conditions of peace against US. Our citizens are fined and imprisoned (since their debts begin with fine and end with imprisonment) for having hurt them. What! shall we strike and run away? Or shall our soldier, when he hath stripped the armor from his adversary, say, 'No, I will not take this: I will go to Rome and suit myself with better.'

"Let the army be compensated for its toils and perils; let it enjoy the fruit of its triumph on the soil that bore them: for never will any new one keep the natives in such awe. Those who fight for slavery should at all events have it: they should be sold as bondmen. The calamities of Carthage and of Numantia strike the bosom even of the conqueror. How many brave, how many free, how many

wise and virtuous, perished within their walls! But the petty princes and their satellites should be brought to market: not one of them should have a span of earth, or a vest, or a carcass of his own. Spaniards and Africans, who prefer the domination of a tetrarch to the protection of the laws, ought to be sold for the benefit of our legionaries in Spain and Africa, whether by the gang or the dozen, whether for the mine or the arena. While any such are in existence, and while their country, of which they are unworthy, opens regions unexplored before us and teeming with fertility, I will not permit that the victorious army partake in the distribution of our home domains. Write this to Lælius; and write it for Scipio's information, imploring him so to act as that he never may enfeeble the popular voice, nor deaden the world's applause. Remind him, O mother, for we both love him, how little it would become a good citizen and brave soldier, to raise up any cause, why he should have to guard himself against the suspicions and stratagems of the Senate."

*Quinctus.* The attempt to restore the sounder of our institutions was insolently and falsely called innovation. For, from the building of our city, a part of the conquered lands was sold by auction UNDER THE SPEAR,— an expression which hath since been used to designate the same transaction within the walls; another part was holden in common; a third was leased out at an easy rate to the poorer citizens. So that formerly the lower and intermediate class possessed by right the exclusive benefit of TWO-THIRDS, and an equal chance (wherever there was industry and frugality) of the other. Latterly, by various kinds of vexation and oppression, they had been deprived of nearly the whole.

Cornelia was not a woman of a heart so sickly tender as to awaken its sympathies at all hours, and to excite and pamper in it a false appetite. Like the rest of her family, she cared little or nothing for the applauses and opinions of the people: she loved justice; and it was on justice that she wished her children to lay the foundation of their glory. This ardor was inextinguished in her by the blood of her eldest son. She saw his name placed where she wished it;

and she pointed it out to Caius. Scandalous words may be written on the wall under it, by dealers in votes and traffickers in loyalty; but little is the worth of a name that perishes by chalk or charcoal.

*Marcus.* The moral, like the physical body, hath not always the same wants in the same degree. We put off or on a greater or less quantity of clothes, according to the season; and it is to the season that we must accommodate ourselves in government, wherein there are only a few leading principles which are never to be disturbed. I now perceive that the laws of society in one thing resemble the laws of perspective: they require that what is below should rise gradually, and that what is above should descend in the same proportion, but not that they should touch. Still less do they inform us, what is echoed in our ears by new masters from camp and schoolroom, that the wisest and the best should depend on the weakest and worst; and that when individuals, however ignorant of moral discipline and impatient of self-restraint, are deemed adequate to the management of their affairs at twenty years, a state should never be; that boys should come out of pupilage, that men should return to it; that people, in their actions and abilities so contemptible as the triumvirate, should become by their own appointment our tutors and guardians, and shake their scourges over Marcus Brutus, Marcus Varro, Marcus Tullius. The Romans are hastening back, I see, to the government of hereditary kings, whether by that name or another is immaterial, which no virtuous and dignified man, no philosopher of whatever sect, hath recommended, approved, or tolerated; and than which no moralist, no fabulist, no visionary, no poet, satirical or comic, no Fescennine jester, no dwarf or eunuch (the most privileged of privileged classes), no runner at the side of a triumphal car, in the uttermost extravagance of his licentiousness, has imagined anything more absurd, more indecorous, or more insulting. What else indeed is the reason why a nation is called barbarous by the Greeks and us? This alone stamps the character upon it, standing for whatever is monstrous, for whatever is debased.

What a shocking sight should we consider an old father of a family led in chains along the public street, with boys and prostitutes shouting after him! — and should we not retire from it quickly and anxiously? A sight greatly more shocking now presents itself: an ancient nation is reduced to slavery, by those who vowed before the people and before the altars to defend her. And is it hard for us, O Quinctus, to turn away our eyes from this abomination? Or is it necessary for a Gaul or an Illyrian to command us that we close them on it?

*Quinctus.* No, Marcus, no! Let us think upon it as our forefathers always thought, and our friends lately.

*Marcus.* I am your host, my brother, and must recall you awhile to pleasanter ideas. How beautiful is this Formian coast! how airy this villa! Ah, whither have I beckoned your reflections! — it is the last of ours, perhaps, we may ever see. Do you remember the races of our children along the sands, and their consternation when Tyro cried "THE LÆSTRYGONS! THE LÆSTRYGONS." He little thought he prophesied in his mirth, and all that poetry has feigned of these monsters should in so few years be accomplished. The other evening, an hour or two before sunset, I sailed quietly along the coast, for there was little wind, and the stillness on shore made my heart faint within me. I remembered how short a time ago I had conversed with Cato around the villa of Lucullus, whose son, such was the modesty of the youth, followed rather than accompanied us. O gods! how little then did I foresee or apprehend that the guardianship of this young man, and also of Cato's son, would within one year have devolved on me, by the deplorable death of their natural protector! A fading purple invested by degrees the whole promontory: I looked up at Misenus, and at those solitary and silent walks, enlivened so lately by friendship and philosophy. The last indeed of the thoughts we communicated were sorrowful and despondent; but, heavy as they were, they did not pain me like those which were now coming over me in my loneliness on the sea. For there only is the sense of solitude where every thing we behold is unlike us, and where we have been accustomed to meet our friends and equals.

*Quinctus.* There is something of softness, not unallied to sorrow, in these mild winter days and their humid sunshine.

*Marcus.* I know not, Quinctus, by what train or connection of ideas they lead me rather to the past than to the future; unless it be that, when the fibres of our bodies are relaxed, as they must be in such weather, the spirits fall back easily upon reflection, and are slowly incited to expectation. The memory of those great men who consolidated our republic by their wisdom, exalted it by their valor, and protected and defended it by their constancy, stands not alone nor idly; they draw us after them, they place us with them. O Quinctus! I wish I could impart to you my firm persuasion, that after death we shall enter into their society; and what matter if the place of our reunion be not the Capitol or the Forum, be not Elysian meadows or Atlantic islands! Locality has nothing to do with mind once free. Carry this thought perpetually with you; and Death, whether you believe it terminates our whole existence or otherwise, will lose, I will not say its terrors, for the brave and the wise have none, but its anxieties and inquietudes.

*Quinctus.* Brother, when I see that many dogmas in religion have been invented to keep the intellect in subjection, I may fairly doubt the rest.

*Marcus.* Yes, if any emolument be derived from them to the colleges of priests. But surely he deserves the dignity and the worship of a god, who first instructed men that by their own volition they may enjoy eternal happiness; that the road to it is most easy and most beautiful, such as any one would follow by preference, even if nothing desirable were at the end of it. Neither to give nor to take offense, are surely the two things most delightful in human life; and it is by these two things that eternal happiness may be attained. We shall enjoy a future state accordingly as we have employed our intellect and our affections. Perfect bliss can be expected by few; but fewer will be so miserable as they have been here.

*Quinctus.* A belief to the contrary, if we admit a future life, would place the gods beneath us in their best properties,—justice and beneficence.

*Marcus.* Belief in a future life is the appetite of reason: and I see not why we should not gratify it as unreluctantly as the baser. Religion does not call upon us to believe the fables of the vulgar, but on the contrary to correct them.

*Quinctus.* Otherwise, overrun as we are in Rome by foreigners of every nation, and ready to receive, as we have been, the buffooneries of Syrian and Egyptian priests, our citizens may within a few years become not only the dupes, but the tributaries of these impostors. The Syrian may scourge us until we join him in his lamentation of Adonis; and the Egyptian may tell us that it is unholy to eat a chicken, and holy to eat an egg; while a sly rogue of Judæa whispers in our ear, "That is superstition; you go to heaven if you pay me a tenth of your harvests." This, I have heard Cneius Pompeius relate, is done in Judæa.

*Marcus.* True, but the tenth paid all the expenses both of civil government and religious; for the magistracy was (if such an expression can be repeated with seriousness) THEOCRATICAL. In time of peace, a decimation of property would be intolerable.* Pisistratus and Hiero did exact it; but they were usurpers, and the exercise of their power was no more legitimate than the assumption. Among us, likewise, the tribunes of the people have complained, in former times, that taxes levied on the commons went to abase and ruin them. Certainly the Senate did not contribute in the same proportion; but the commons were taxed out of the produce of what had been allotted to them in the partition of conquered lands; and it was only the stipend of the soldier for preserving by arms the property that his arms had won. The Jews have been always at war; natives of a sterile country and borderers of a fertile one, acute, meditative, melancholy, morose. I know not whether we ourselves have performed such actions as they have, or whether any nation has fought with such resolution and pertinacity. We laugh at their worship: they

* The Spaniards had been a refractory and rebellious people, and therefore were treated, we may presume, with little lenity; yet T. Livius tells us that a part of Spain paid a TENTH, another part a TWENTIETH. Lib. xliii. See also Tacitus on the subject of taxation, *Ann.* xiii.; and Burmann *De Vectigali.*

abominate ours. In this I think we are the wiser; for surely on speculative points it is better to laugh than to abominate. But whence have you brought your eggs and chickens? I have heard our Varro tell many stories about the Egyptian ordinances, but I do not remember this among them; nor indeed did his friend Turranius, who resided long in that country, and was intimately versed in its antiquities, nor his son Manius, a young man of much pleasantry, ever relate it in conversation when we met at Varro's.

*Quinctus.* Indeed the distinction seems a little too absurd, even for the worshipers of cats and crocodiles. Perhaps I may have wronged them; the nation I may indeed have forgotten, but I am certain of the fact: I place it in the archives of superstition, you may deposit it in its right cell. Among the Athenians, the priestess of Minerva was entitled to a measure of barley, a measure of wheat, and an obol, on every birth and death.* Some eastern nations are so totally subjected to the priesthood, that a member of it is requisite at birth, at death, and, by Thalassius! at marriage itself. He can even inflict pains and penalties; he can oblige you to tell him all the secrets of the heart; he can call your wife to him, your daughter to him, your blooming and innocent son; he can absolve from sin; he can exclude from pardon.

*Marcus.* Now, Quinctus, egg and chicken, cat and crocodile, disappear and vanish: you repeat impossibilities; mankind, in its lowest degradation, has never been depressed so low. The savage would strangle the impostor that attempted it; the civilized man would scourge him and hiss him from society. Come, come, brother! we may expect such a state of things, whenever we find united the genius of the Cimmerian and the courage of the Troglodyte. Religions wear out, cover them with gold or case them with iron as you will. Jupiter is now less powerful in Crete than when he was in his cradle there, and spreads fewer terrors at Dodona than a shepherd's cur. Proconsuls have removed from Greece, from Asia, from Sicily, the most celebrated statues; and it is doubted at last whether those deities are in heaven, whom a cart and a yoke of oxen

* Aristot. *Œconom.* I. 2.

have carried away on earth. When the civil wars are over, and the minds of men become indolent and inactive, as is always the case after great excitement, it is not improbable that some novelties may be attempted in religion; but, as my prophecies in the whole course of the late events have been accomplished, so you may believe me when I prognosticate that our religion, although it should be disfigured and deteriorated, will continue in many of its features, in many of its pomps and ceremonies, the same. Sibylline books will never be wanting while fear and curiosity are inherent in the composition of man. And there is something consolatory in this idea of duration and identity; for whatever be your philosophy, you must acknowledge that it is pleasant to think, although you know not wherefore, that, when we go away, things visible, like things intellectual, will remain in great measure as we left them. A slight displeasure would be felt by us, if we were certain that after our death our houses would be taken down, though not only no longer inhabited by us, but probably not destined to remain in the possession of our children; and that even these vineyards, fields, and gardens, were about to assume another aspect.

*Quinctus.* The sea and the barren rocks will remain forever as they are; whatever is lovely changes. Misrule and slavery may convert our fertile plains into pestilential marshes; and whoever shall exclaim against the authors and causes of such devastation may be proscribed, slain, or exiled. Enlightened and virtuous men (painfullest of thoughts!) may condemn him; for a love of security accompanies a love of study, and that by degrees is adulation which was acquiescence. Cruel men have always at their elbow the supporters of arbitrary power; and although the cruel are seldom solicitous in what manner they may be represented to posterity, yet, if any one among them be rather more so than is customary, some projector will whisper in his ear an advice like this: "Oppress, fine, imprison, and torture those who (you have reason to suspect) are or may be philosophers or historians; so that, if they mention you at all, they will mention you with indignation and abhorrence. Your object is attained: few will implicitly

believe them; almost every one will acknowledge that their faith should be suspected, as there are proofs that they wrote in irritation. This is better than if they spoke of you slightingly, or cursorily, or evasively. By employing a hangman extraordinary, you purchase in perpetuity the title of a clement prince."

*Marcus.* Quinctus, you make me smile, by bringing to my recollection that, among the marauders of Pindenissus, was a fellow called by the Romans Fœdirupa, from a certain resemblance no less to his name than to his character. He commanded in a desert and sandy district, which his father and grandfather had enlarged by violence; for the family were, from time immemorial, robbers and assassins. Several schools had once been established in those parts, remote from luxury and seduction; and several good and learned men taught in them, having fled from Mithridates. Fœdirupa assumed on a sudden the air and demeanor of a patriot, and hired one Gentius to compose his rhapsodies on the love of our country, with liberty to promise what he pleased. Gentius put two hundred pieces of silver on his mule, rode to the schools, exhibited his money, and promised the same gratuity to every scholar who would arm and march forth against the enemy. The teachers breathed a free and pure spirit, and, although they well knew the knavery of Gentius, seconded him in his mission. Gentius, as was ordered, wrote down the names of those who repeated the most frequently that of country, and the least so that of Fœdirupa. Even rogues are restless for celebrity. The scholars performed great services against the enemy. On their return they were disarmed; the promises of Fœdirupa were disavowed; the teachers were thrown into prison, accused of violating the ancient laws, of perverting the moral and religous principles, and finally of abusing the simplicity of youth by illusory and empty promises. Gentius drew up against them the bills of indictment, and offered to take care of their libraries and cellars while they remained in prison. Fœdirupa cast them into dungeons; but, drawing a line of distinction much finer than the most subtle of them had ever done, "I will not kill them," said he; "I will only frighten them to death." He became at

last somewhat less cruel, and starved them. Only one was sentenced to lose his head. Gentius comforted him upon the scaffold, by reminding him how much worse he would have fared under Mithridates, who would not only have commanded his head to be cut off, but also to be fixed on a pike; and by assuring him that, instead of such wanton barbarity, he himself would carry it to the widow and her children, within an hour after their conference. The former words moved him little; he hardly heard them: but his heart and his brain throbbed in agony at the sound of children, of widow. He threw his head back; tears rolled over his temples, and dripped from his gray hair. "Ah, my dear friend," said Gentius, "have I unwittingly touched a tender part? Be manful; dry your eyes; the children are yours no longer; why be concerned for what you can never see again? My good old friend," added he, "how many kind letters to me has this ring of yours sealed formerly!" Then, lifting up the hand, he drew it slowly off, overcome by excess of grief. It fell into his bosom, and to moderate his grief he was forced to run away, looking through the corner of his eye at the executioner. The rogue was stoned to death by those he had betrayed, not long before my arrival in the province; and an arrow from an unseen hand did justice on Fœdirupa.

*Quinctus.* I have seen in my lifetime several rogues upon their crosses, although few, if any, so deserving of the punishment as Gentius and his colleague. Spectacles of higher interest are nearer and more attractive. It would please me greatly, if either the decline of evening or the windings of the coast would allow me a view of Misenus; and I envy you, Marcus, the hour or two before sunset, which enabled you to contemplate it from the unruffled sea at your leisure. Has no violence been offered to the retirement of Cornelia? Are there any traces of her residence left amid our devastations, as there surely ought to be, so few years after her decease?

*Marcus.* On that promontory her mansion is yet standing; the same which Marius bought afterward, and which our friend Lucullus last inhabited; and, whether from reverence of her virtues and exalted name, or that the gods preserve

it as a monument of womanhood, its exterior is unchanged. Here she resided many years, and never would be induced to revisit Rome after the murder of her younger son. She cultivated a variety of flowers, naturalized exotic plants, and brought together trees from vale and mountain: trees unproductive of fruit, but affording her, in their superintendence and management, a tranquil expectant pleasure. "There is no amusement," said she, "so lasting and varied, so healthy and peaceful, as horticulture." We read that the Babylonians and Persians were formerly much addicted to similar places of recreation. I have scarcely any knowledge in these matters;* and the first time I went thither I asked many questions of the gardener's boy, a child about nine years old. He thought me even more ignorant than I was, and said, among other such remarks, "I do not know what they call this plant at Rome or whether they have it there; but it is among the commonest here, beautiful as it is, and we call it cytisus." "Thank you, child!" said I, smiling; "and," pointing toward two cypresses, "pray what do you call those high and gloomy trees at the extremity of the avenue, just above the precipice?" "Others like them," replied he, "are called cypresses; but these, I know not why, have always been called Tiberius and Caius."

*Quinctus.* Of all studies, the most delightful and the most useful is biography. The seeds of great events lie near the surface; historians delve too deep for them. No history was ever true: lives I have read which, if they were not, had the appearance, the interest, and the utility of truth.

*Marcus.* I have collected facts about Cornelia, worth recording; and I would commemorate them the rather, as, while the Greeks have had among them no few women of abilities, we can hardly mention two.

*Quinctus.* Yet ours have advantages which theirs had not. Did Cornelia die unrepining and contented?

*Marcus.* She was firmly convinced to the last than an agrarian law would have been just and beneficial, and was

*"*De hortis quod me admones, nec fui unquam valde cupidus, et nunc domus suppeditat mihi hortorum amœnitatem.*" Ad Q. Fratr. I. 3. ep. 4.

consoled that her illustrious sons had discharged at once the debt of nature and of patriotism. Glory is a light that shines from us on others, and not from others on us. Assured that future ages would render justice to the memory of her children, Cornelia thought they had already received the highest approbation, when they had received their own.

*Quinctus.* If anything was wanting, their mother gave it.

*Marcus.* No stranger of distinction left Italy without a visit to her. You would imagine that they, and that she particularly, would avoid the mention of her sons: it was however the subject on which she most delighted to converse, and which she never failed to introduce on finding a worthy auditor. I have heard from our father and from Scævola, both of whom in their adolescence had been present on such occasions, that she mentioned her children, no longer indeed with the calm complacency and full content with which she showed them to the lady of Campania as her gems and ornaments, but with such an exultation of delight at their glory, as she would the heroes of antiquity. So little of what is painful in emotion did she exhibit at the recital, those who could not comprehend her magnanimity at first believed her maddened by her misfortunes; but so many signs of wisdom soon displayed themselves, such staidness and sedateness of demeanor, such serene majestic suavity, they felt as if some deity were present; and when wonder and admiration and awe permitted them to lift up their eyes again toward her, they discovered from hers that the fondest of mothers had been speaking,— the mother of the Gracchi.

*Quinctus.* I wish you would write her life.

*Marcus.* Titus Pomponius may undertake it; and Titus may live to accomplish it. All times are quiet times with him; the antagonist, the competitor of none,— the true philosopher! He knows the worth of men and the weight of factions, and how little they merit the disturbance of our repose. Ah, Quinctus! that I never looked back until I came upon the very brink of the whirlpool! that, drawing all my glory from my lungs, I find all my peace in

exhaustion! Our Atticus never did thus; and he therefore may live to do what you propose for me, not indeed too late in the day, but with broken rest, and with zeal (I must acknowledge it) abated. Your remark on biography is just; yet how far below the truth is even the best representation of those whose minds the gods have illuminated! How much greater would the greatest man appear, if any one about him could perceive those innumerable filaments of thought which break as they arise from the brain, and the slenderest of which is worth all the wisdom of many at whose discretion lies the felicity of nations! This in itself is impossible; but there are fewer who mark what appears on a sudden and disappears again (such is the conversation of the wise), than there are who calculate those stars that are now coming forth above us: scarcely one in several millions can apportion, to what is exalted in mind, its magnitude, place, and distance. We must be contented to be judged by that which people can discern and handle: that which they can have among them, most at leisure, is most likely to be well examined and duly estimated. Whence I am led to believe that my writings, and those principally which instruct men in their rights and duties, will obtain me a solider and more extensive reputation than I could have acquired in public life, by busier, harder, and more anxious labors. Public men appear to me to live in that delusion which Socrates, in the "Phædo," would persuade us is common to all our species. "We live in holes," says he, "and fancy that we are living in the highest parts of the earth." What he says physically I would say morally. Judge whether my observation is not at least as reasonable as his hypothesis; and indeed, to speak ingenuously, whether I have not converted what is physically false and absurd into what is morally true and important.

*Quinctus.* True, beyond a question, and important as those whom it concerns will let it be. They who stand in high stations wish for higher; but they who have occupied the highest of all often think with regret of some one pleasanter they left below. The most wonderful thing in human nature is the variance of knowledge and will, where no passion is the stimulant; whence that system of life is

often chosen and persevered in, which a man is well convinced is neither the best for him nor the easiest. Few can see clearly where their happiness lies; and, in those who see it, you will scarcely find one who has the courage to pursue it. Every action must have its motive; but weak motives are sufficient for weak minds; and whenever we see one, which we believed to be a stronger, moved habitually by what appears inadequate, we may be certain that there is (to bring a metaphor from the forest) more top than root. Servius Tullius, a prudent man, dedicated to Fortune what we call the narrow temple, with a statue in proportion, expressing his idea that Fortune in the condition of mediocrity is more reasonably than in any other the object of our vows. He could have given her as magnificent a name, and as magnificent a residence, as any she possesses; and you know she has many of both; but he wished perhaps to try whether for once she would be as favorable to wisdom as to enterprise.*

*Marcus.* If life allows us time for the experiment, let us also try it.†

Sleep, which the Epicureans and others have represented as the image of death, is, we know, the repairer of activity and strength. If they spoke reasonably and consistently, they might argue from their own principles, or at least take the illustration from their own fancy, that death like sleep may also restore our powers, and in proportion to its

* Plutarch, in his "Problems," offers several reasons, each different from this.

† That Cicero began to think a private life preferable to a public, and that his philosophical no less than his political opinions were unstable, is shown nowhere so evidently as in the eighth book of his "Epistles." "*Nam omnem nostram de republicâ curam, cogitationem, de dicendâ in senatu sententiâ*, etc., *abjecimus, et in Epicuri nos, adversarii nostri, castra conjccimus.*" Several years before the date of this, he writes to Atticus, "*Malo in illâ tuâ sediculâ quam habes sub imagine Aristotelis sedere, quam in istorum sellâ curuli, tecumque apud te ambulari quam cum eo quocum video esse ambulandum: sed de ista ambulatione sors viderit, aut siquis est qui curet deus.*" L. iv. E. ix.

Demosthenes, in his later days, entertained the opinion that if there were two roads, the one leading to government, the other to death, a prudent man would choose the latter.

universality and absoluteness. Pursuers as they are of pleasure, their unsettled and restless imagination loves rather to brood over an abyss, than to expatiate on places of amenity and composure. Just as sleep is the renovator of corporeal vigor, so, with their permission, I would believe death to be of the mind's; that the body, to which it is attached rather from habitude than from reason is little else than a disease to our immortal spirit; and that, like the remora, of which mariners tell marvels, it counteracts, as it were, both oar and sail, in the most strenuous advances we can make toward felicity. Shall we lament to feel this reptile drop off? Or shall we not, on the contrary, leap with alacity on shore, and offer up in gratitude to the gods whatever is left about us uncorroded and unshattered? A broken and abject mind is the thing least worthy of their acceptance.

*Quinctus.* Brother, you talk as if there were a plurality of gods.

*Marcus.* I know not and care not how many there may be of them. Philosophy points to unity; but while we are here, we speak as those do who are around us, and employ in these matters the language of our country. Italy is not so fertile in hemlock as Greece; yet a wise man will dissemble half his wisdom on such a topic; and I, as you remember, adopting the means of dialogue, have often delivered my opinions in the voice of others, and speak now as custom not as reason leads me.

*Quinctus.* Marcus, I still observe in you somewhat of aversion to Epicurus, a few of whose least important positions you have controverted in your dialogues; and I wish that, even there, you had been less irrisory, less of a pleader; that you had been, in dispassionate urbanity, his follower. Such was also the opinion of two men the most opposite in other things, Brutus and Cæsar. Religions may fight in the street, or over the grave: Philosophy never should. We ought to forego the manners of the Forum in our disquisitions, which, if they continue to be agitated as they have been, will be designated at last not only by foul epithets drawn from that unsober tub, but, as violence is apt to increase in fury until it falls from

exhaustion, by those derived from war and bloodshed. I should not be surprised, if they who write and reason on our calm domestic duties, on our best and highest interests, should hereafter be designated by some such terms as POLEMICAL and SARCASTIC. As horses start aside from objects they see imperfectly, so do men. Enmities are excited by an indistinct view; they would be allayed by conference. Look at any long avenue of trees, by which the traveler on our principal highways is protected from the sun. Those at the beginning are wide apart; but those at the end almost meet. Thus happens it frequently in opinions. Men, who were far asunder, come nearer and nearer in the course of life, if they have strength enough to quell, or good sense enough to temper and assuage, their earlier animosities. Were it possible for you to have spent an hour with Epicurus, you would have been delighted with him; for his nature was like the better part of yours. Zeno set out from an opposite direction, yet they meet at last and shake hands. He who shows us how Fear may be reasoned with and pacified, how Death may be disarmed of terrors, how Pleasure may be united with Innocence and with Constancy; he who persuades us that Vice is painful and vindictive, and that Ambition, deemed the most manly of our desires, is the most childish and illusory,— deserves our gratitude. Children would fall asleep before they had trifled so long as grave men do. If you must quarrel with Epicurus on the principal good, take my idea. The happy man is he who distinguishes the boundary between desire and delight, and stands firmly on the higher ground; he who knows that pleasure not only is not possession, but is often to be lost and always to be endangered by it. In life, as in those prospects which if the sun were above the horizon we should see from hence, the objects covered with the softest light, and offering the most beautiful forms in the distance, are wearisome to attain and barren.

In one of your last letters, you told me that you had come over into the camp of your old adversary.

*Marcus.* I could not rest with him. As we pardon those reluctantly who destroy our family tombs, is it likely

or reasonable that he should be forgiven who levels to the ground the fabric to which they lead, and to which they are only a rude and temporary vestibule?

*Quinctus.* Socrates was heard with more attention, Pythagoras had more authority in his lifetime; but no philosopher hath excited so much enthusiasm in those who never frequented, never heard nor saw him; and yet his doctrines are not such in themselves as would excite it. How then can it be, otherwise than partly from the innocence of his life, and partly from the relief his followers experienced in abstraction from unquiet and insatiable desires? Many, it is true, have spoken of him with hatred; but among his haters are none who knew him: which is remarkable, singular, wonderful; for hatred seems as natural to men as hunger is, and excited like hunger by the presence of its food; and the more exquisite the food, the more excitable is the hunger.

*Marcus.* I do not remember to have met anywhere before with the thought you have just expressed. Certain it is, however, that men in general have a propensity to hatred, profitless as it is and painful. We say proverbially, after Ennius or some other old poet, the descent to Avernus is easy: not less easily are we carried down to the more pestiferous pool whereinto we would drag our superiors and submerge them. It is the destiny of the obscure to be despised; it is the privilege of the illustrious to be hated. Whoever hates me proves and feels himself to be less than I am. If in argument we can make a man angry with us, we have drawn him from his vantage ground and overcome him. For he, who in order to attack a little man (and every one calls his adversary so) ceases to defend the truth, shows that truth is less his object than the little man. I profess the tenets of the New Academy, because it teaches us modesty in the midst of wisdom, and leads through doubt to inquiry. Hence it appears to me that it must render us quieter and more studious, without doing what Epicurus would do; that is, without singing us to sleep in groves and meadows, while our country is calling on us loudly to defend her. Nevertheless, I have lived in the most familiar way with Epicureans, as you

know, and have loved them affectionately. There is no more certain sign of a narrow mind, of stupidity, and of arrogance, than to stand aloof from those who think differently from ourselves. If they have weighed the matter in dispute as carefully, it is equitable to suppose that they have the same chance as we have of being in the right; if they have not, we may as reasonably be out of humor with our footman or chairman: he is more ignorant and more careless of it still.

I have seen reason to change the greater part of my opinions. Let me confess to you, Quinctus, we oftener say things because we can say them well, than because they are sound and reasonable. One would imagine that every man in society knows the nature of friendship. Similarity in the disposition, identity in the objects liked and disliked, have been stated (and stated by myself) as the essence of it; nothing is untruer. Titus Pomponius and I are different in our sentiments, our manners, our habits of life, our ideas of men and things, our topics of study, our sects of philosophy; added to which our country and companions have these many years been wide apart: yet we are friends, and always were, and, if man can promise anything beyond the morrow, always shall be.

*Quinctus.* Your "*idem velle atque idem nolle*," of which you now perceive the futility, has never been suspected; not even by those who have seen Marius and Sylla, Cæsar and Pompeius, at variance and at war, for no other reason than because they sought and shunned the same thing,—shunning privacy and seeking supremacy. Young men quote the sentence daily; those very young men perhaps who court the same mistress, and whose friendship not only has not been corroborated, but has been shattered and torn up by it. Few authors have examined any one thing well, scarcely one many things. Your "Dialogues" are wiser, I think, than those of the Greeks; certainly more animated and more diversified; but I doubt whether you have bestowed so much time and labor on any question of general interest to mankind, as on pursuing a thief like Verres, or scourging a drunkard like Piso, or drawing the nets of Vulcan over the couch of Clodius. For which reason I should not wonder

if your "Orations" were valued by posterity more highly than your "Dialogues"; although the best oration can only show the clever man, while Philosophy shows the great one.

*Marcus.* I approve of the "Dialogue" for the reason you have given me just now; the fewness of settled truths, and the facility of turning the cycle of our thoughts to what aspect we wish, as geometers and astronomers the globe. A book was lately on the point of publication, I hear, to demonstrate the childishness of the "Dialogue"; and the man upon the bench a little way below the Middle Janus, who had already paid the writer thirty denars for it, gave it back to him on reading the word CHILDISH. For Menander or Sophocles or Euripides had caught his eye, all of whom, he heard, wrote in dialogue, as did Homer in the better parts of his two poems; and he doubted whether a young man ignorant of these authors could ever have known that the same method had been employed by Plato on all occasions, and by Xenophon in much of his "Recollections," and that the conversations of Socrates would have lost their form and force, delivered in any other manner. He might perhaps have set up himself against the others; but his modesty would not let him stand before the world opposed to Socrates under the Shield of Apollo. Morus, the man below the Middle Janus,* is very liberal, and left him in possession of the thirty denars, on condition that he should write as acrimoniously against as eloquent and judicious an author, whenever called upon.

*Quinctus.* Speaking of Plato in the earlier series of your philosophical disquisitions, you more highly praised his language than you appear to have done lately.

*Marcus.* There is indeed much to admire in it; but even his language has fewer charms for me now than it had in youth. Plato will always be an object of admiration and reverence to men who would rather see vast images of uncertain objects reflected from illuminated clouds, than representations of things in their just proportions, measurable, tangible, and convertible to household use. Therefore,

* The MIDDLE JANUS is mentioned by Horace. It has usually been considered as a temple, and the remains of it are pointed out as such; but in fact it was only the CENTRAL ARCH of a market place.

in speaking on the levity of the Greeks, I turned my eyes toward him; that none, whatever commendations I bestowed upon his diction, might mistake me in describing the qualities of his mind. Politics will gain nothing of the practical from him, Philosophy nothing of what is applicable to morals, to science, to the arts, or the conduct of life. Unswathe his Egyptian mummy; and from the folds of fine linen, bestrewn and impregnated with aromatics, you disclose the grave features and gracile bones of a goodly and venerable cat. Little then can you wonder if I have taken him as one of small authority, when I composed my works on "Government," on the "Social Duties," or on the "Nature of the Gods."

*Quinctus.* You have forborne to imitate his style, although you cite the words of a Greek enthusiast, who says that if Jupiter had spoken in Greek he would have spoken in the language of Plato.

*Marcus.* Jupiter had no occasion for Philosophy; we have.

*Quinctus.* I prefer your method of conducting the "Dialogue," although I wish you had given us a greater variety both of topics and of characters.

*Marcus.* If time and health are granted me, perhaps I may do somewhat more than I or others have accomplished in this department.

*Quinctus.* Why do you smile? — at your confidence of succeeding?

*Marcus.* No, indeed; but because all strong and generous wine must deposit its crust before it gratifies the palate; and are not all such writings in the same predicament?

*Quinctus.* Various pieces of such criticism have been brought to me. One writer says of you, "He would pretend to an equality in style and wisdom with Theophrastus." Another, "We remember his late invectives, which he had the assurance to call Philippics, fancying himself another Demosthenes!" A third, "He knows so little of the (Dialogue,) that many of his speakers talk for a quarter of an hour uninterruptedly; in fact, until they can talk no longer, and have nothing more to say upon the subject."

*Marcus.* Rare objection! As if the dialogue of statesmen and philosophers, which appertains by its nature to dissertation, should resemble the dialogue of comedians, and Lælius and Scævola be turned into Davus and Syrus! Although I have derived my ideas of excellence from Greece, out of which there is nothing elegant, nothing chaste and temperate, nothing not barbarous, nevertheless I have a mind of my own, equal in capacity and in order to any there, indebted as I acknowledge it to be to Grecian exercises and Grecian institutions. Neither my time of life nor my rank in it, nor indeed my temper and disposition, would allow me to twitch the sleeves of sophists, and to banter them on the idleness of their disputations with trivial and tiny and petulant interrogatories. I introduce grave men, and they talk gravely; important subjects, and I treat them worthily. Lighter, if my spirits had the elasticity to give them play, I should touch more delicately and finely, letting them fly off in more fantastic forms and more vapory particles. But who indeed can hope to excel in two manners so widely different? Who hath ever done it, Greek or Roman? If wiser men than those who appear at present to have spoken against my dialogues should undertake the same business, I would inform them that the most severe way of judging these works, with any plea or appearance of fairness, is to select the best passages from the best writers I may have introduced, and to place my pages in opposition to theirs in equal quantities. Suppose me introducing Solon or Phocion, Æschines or Demosthenes; that is, whatever is most wise, whatever is most eloquent; should it appear that I have equalled them where so little space is allowed me, I have done greatly more than has ever been done hitherto. Style I consider as nothing, if what it covers be unsound: wisdom in union with harmony is oracular. On this idea, the wiser of ancient days venerated in the same person the deity of oracles and of music: and it must have been the most malicious and the most ingenious of satirists, who transferred the gift of eloquence to the god of thieves.

*Quinctus.* I am not certain that you have claimed for yourself the fair trial you would have demanded for a

client. One of the interlocutors may sustain a small portion of a thesis.

*Marcus.* In that case, take the whole Conversation; examine the quality, the quantity, the variety, the intensity, of mental power exerted. I myself would arm my adversaries, and teach them how to fight me; and I promise you, the first blow I receive from one of them I will cheer him heartily: it will augur well for our country. At present I can do nothing more liberal than in sending thirty other denars to the mortified bondman of Morus.

I have performed one action; I have composed some few things, which posterity, I would fain believe, will not suffer to be quite forgotten. Fame, they tell you, is air; but without air there is no life for any: without fame there is none for the best. And yet, who knows whether all our labors and vigils may not at last be involved in oblivion? What treasures of learning must have perished, which existed long before the time of Homer! For it is utterly out of the nature of things, that the first attempt in any art or science should be the most perfect. Such is the "Iliad": I look upon it as the sole fragment of a lost world. Grieved indeed I should be to think, as you have heard me say before, that an enemy may possess our city five thousand years hence: yet when I consider that soldiers of all nations are in the armies of the triumvirate, and that all are more zealous for her ruin than our citizens are for her defense, this event is not unlikely the very next. The worst of barbarism is that which emanates, not from the absence of laws, but from their corruption. So long as virtue stands merely on the same level with vice, nothing is desperate, nothing is irreparable; few governments in their easy decrepitude care for more. But when rectitude is dangerous and depravity secure, then eloquence and courage, the natural pride and safeguard of states, become the strongest and most active instruments in their overthrow.

*Quinctus.* I see the servants have lighted the lamps in the house earlier than usual, hoping, I suppose, we shall retire to rest in good time, that to-morrow they may prepare the festivities for your birthday.

*Marcus.* They are bringing out of the dining room, I apprehend, the busts our Atticus lately sent me. Let us hasten to prevent it, or they may place Homer and Solon with the others, instead of inserting them in the niches opposite my bed, where I wish to contemplate them by the first light of morning, the first objects opening on my eyes. For, without the one, not only poetry but eloquence too, and every high species of literary composition, might have remained until this day, in all quarters of the globe, incondite and indigested ; and without the other even Athens herself might have explored her way in darkness, and never have exhibited to us Romans the prototype of those laws on which our glory hath arisen, and the loss of which we are destined to lament as our last and greatest.

*Quinctus.* Within how few minutes has the night closed in upon us ! Nothing is left discernible of the promontories, or the long irregular breakers under them. We have before us only a faint glimmering from the shells in our path, and from the blossoms of the arbutus.

*Marcus.* The little solitary Circean hill, and even the nearer, loftier, and whiter rocks of Anxur, are become indistinguishable. We leave our Cato and our Lucullus ; we leave Cornelia and her children, the scenes of friendship and the recollections of greatness, for Lepidus and Octavius and Antonius : and who knows whether this birthday, between which and us so few days intervene, may not be, as it certainly will be the least pleasurable, the last !

*Quinctus.* Do not despond, my brother !

*Marcus.* I am as far from despondency and dejection as from joy and cheerfulness. Death has two aspects : dreary and sorrowful to those of prosperous, mild and almost genial to those of adverse, fortune. Her countenance is old to the young, and youthful to the aged : to the former her voice is importunate, her gait terrific ; the latter she approaches like a bedside friend, and calls in a whisper that invites to rest. To us, my Quinctus, advanced as we are on our way, weary from its perplexities and dizzy from its precipices, she gives a calm welcome : let her receive a cordial one.

If life is a present which any one foreknowing its contents would have willingly declined, does it not follow that

any one would as willingly give it up, having well tried what they are? I speak of the reasonable, the firm, the virtuous; not of those who, like bad governors, are afraid of laying down the powers and privileges they have been proved unworthy of holding. Were it certain that the longer we live the wiser we become and the happier, then indeed a long life would be desirable; but since on the contrary our mental strength decays, and our enjoyments of every kind not only sink and cease, but diseases and sorrows come in place of them, if any wish is rational, it is surely the wish that we should go away unshaken by years, undepressed by griefs, and undespoiled of our better faculties. Life and death appear more certainly ours than whatsoever else: and yet hardly can that be called ours, which comes without our knowledge, and goes without it; or that which we cannot put aside if we would, and indeed can anticipate but little. There are few who can regulate life to any extent; none who can order the things it shall receive or exclude. What value then should be placed upon it by the prudent man, when duty or necessity calls him away? Or what reluctance should he feel on passing into a state where at least he must be conscious of fewer checks and inabilities? Such, my brother, as the brave commander, when from the secret and dark passages of some fortress wherein implacable enemies besieged him, having performed all his duties and exhausted all his munition, he issues at a distance into open day.

Everything has its use: life to teach us the contempt of death, and death the contempt of life. Glory, which among all things between stands eminently the principal, although it has been considered by some philosophers as mere vanity and deception, moves those great intellects which nothing else could have stirred, and places them where they can best and most advantageously serve the Commonwealth. Glory can be safely despised by those only who have fairly won it: a low, ignorant, or vicious man should dispute on other topics. The philosopher who contemns it has every rogue in his sect, and may reckon that it will outlive all others. Occasion may have been wanting to some; I grant it. They may have remained

their whole lifetime like dials in the shade, always fit for use and always useless; but this must occur either in monarchal governments, or where persons occupy the first station who ought hardly to have been admitted to the secondary, and whom jealousy has guided more frequently than justice.

It is true there is much inequality, much inconsiderateness, in the distribution of fame; and the principles according to which honor ought to be conferred are not only violated, but often inverted. Whoever wishes to be thought great among men must do them some great mischief; and the longer he continues in doing things of this sort, the more he will be admired. The features of Fortune are so like those of Genius as to be mistaken by almost all the world. We whose names and works are honorable to our country, and destined to survive her, are less esteemed than those who have accelerated her decay; yet even here the sense of injury rises from and is accompanied by a sense of merit, the tone of which is deeper and predominant.

When we have spoken of life, death, and glory, we have spoken of all important things, except friendship; for eloquence and philosophy, and other inferior attainments, are either means conducible to life and glory, or antidotes against the bitterness of death. We cannot conquer fate and necessity, yet we can yield to them in such a manner as to be greater than if we could. I have observed your impatience: you were about to appeal in behalf of virtue. But virtue is presupposed in friendship, as I have mentioned in my "Lælius"; nor have I ever separated it from philosophy or from glory. I discussed the subject most at large and most methodically in my treatise on our "Duties," and I find no reason to alter my definition or deductions. On friendship, in the present condition of our affairs, I would say but little. Could I begin my existence again, and, what is equally impossible, could I see before me all I have seen, I would choose few acquaintances, fewer friendships, no familiarities. This rubbish, for such it generally is, collecting at the base of an elevated mind, lessens its height and impairs its character. What requires to be

sustained, if it is greater, falls; if it is smaller, is lost to view by the intervention of its supporters.*

In literature, great men suffer more from their little friends than from their potent enemies. It is not by our adversaries that our early shoots of glory are nipped and broken off, or our later pestilentially blighted; it is by those who lie at our feet, and look up to us with a solicitous and fixed regard until our shadow grows thicker and makes them colder. Then they begin to praise us as worthy men indeed, and good citizens, but rather vain, and what (to speak the truth) in others they should call presumptuous. They entertain no doubt of our merit in literature; yet justice forces them to declare that several have risen up lately who promise to surpass us. Should it be asked of them who these are, they look modest, and tell you softly

*These are the ideas of a man deceived and betrayed by almost every one he trusted. But if Cicero had considered that there never was an elevated soul or warm heart which has not been ungenerously and unjustly dealt with, and that ingratitude has usually been in proportion to desert, his vanity if not his philosophy would have buoyed up and supported him. He himself is redundant in such instances. To set Pompeius aside, as a man ungrateful to all, he had spared Julius Cæsar in his consulate when he was implicated in the conspiracy of Cataline. Clodius, Lepidus, and Antonius had been admitted to his friendship and confidence; Octavius owed to him his popularity and estimation; Philologus,† whom he had fed and instructed, pointed out to his pursuers the secret path he had taken to avoid them; and Popilius, their leader, had by his eloquence been saved from the punishment of one parricide that he might commit another.

It were well if Cicero had been so sincere in his friendship as perhaps he thought he was. The worst action of his life may be narrated in his own words: "*Qualis futura sit Cæsaris Vituperatio contra Laudationem meam perspexi ex eo libro quem Hirtius ad me misit, in quo colligit vitia Catonis, sed cum maximis laudibus meis: itaque misi librum ad Muscam, ut tuis librariis daret, volo enim eum divulgari.*" Ad Attic. xii. 40. An honest man would be little gratified by the divulgation of his praises accompanied by calumnies on his friend, or even by the exposure of his faults and weaknesses.

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† So his name is written by Plutarch, who calls him ἀπελεύθερος Κοίντου. We may doubt whether it should not be Philogonus, for a freed man of Quinctus with that name is mentioned in the "Epistles" (ad Q. F. i. 3).

and submissively it would ill become them to repeat the eulogies of their acquaintance, and that no man pronounces his own name so distinctly as another's. I had something of oratory once about me, and was borne on high by the spirit of the better Greeks. Thus they thought of me; and they thought of me, Quinctus, no more than thus. They had reached the straits, and saw before them the boundary, the impassable Atlantic, of the intellectual world. But now I am a bad citizen and a worse writer: I want the exercise and effusion of my own breath to warm me; I must be chafed by an adversary; I must be supported by a crowd; I require the Forum, the Rostra, the Senate: in my individuality I am nothing.

*Quinctus.* I remember the time when, instead of smiling, you would have been offended and angry at such levity and impudence.

*Marcus.* The misfortunes of our country cover ours, and I am imperceptible to myself in the dark gulf that is absorbing her. Should I be angry? Anger, always irrational, is most so here. These men see those above them as they see the stars: one is almost as large as another, almost as bright; small distance between them. They cannot quite touch us with the forefinger; but they can almost. And what matters it? They can utter as many things against us, and as fiercely, as Polyphemus did against the heavens. Since my "Dialogues" are certainly the last things I shall compose, and since we, my brother, shall perhaps, for the little time that is remaining of our lives, be soon divided, we may talk about these matters as among the wisest and most interesting: and the rather, if there is anything in them displaying the character of our country and the phasis of our times.

Aquilius Cimber, who lives somewhere under the Alps, was patronized by Caius Cæsar for his assiduities, and by Antonius for his admirable talent in telling a story and sitting up late. He bears on his shoulders the whole tablet of his nation, reconciling its incongruities. Apparently very frank, but intrinsically very insincere; a warm friend while drinking; cold, vapid, limber, on the morrow, as the festal coronet he had worn the night before.

*Quinctus.* Such a person, I can well suppose, may nevertheless have acquired the friendship of Antonius.

*Marcus.* His popularity in those parts rendered him also an object of attention to Octavius, who told me he was prodigiously charmed with his stories of departed spirits, which Aquilius firmly believes are not altogether departed from his country. He hath several old books relating to the history, true and fabulous, of the earlier Cimbri. Such is the impression they made upon him in his youth, he soon composed others on the same model, and better (I have heard) than the originals. His opinion is now much regarded in his province on matters of literature in general; although you would as soon think of sending for a smith to select an ostrich feather at the milliner's. He neglects no means of money-getting, and has entered into an association for this purpose with the booksellers of the principal Transpadane cities. On the first appearance of my "Dialogues," he, not having read them, nor having heard of their tendency, praised them; moderately indeed and reservedly; but finding the people in power ready to persecute and oppress me, he sent his excuse to Antonius, that he was drunk when he did it; and to Octavius, that the fiercest of the Lemures held him by the throat until he had written what his heart revolted at. And he ordered his friends and relatives to excuse him by one or other of these apologies, according to the temper and credulity of the person they addressed.

*Quinctus.* I never heard the story of Aquilius, no less amusing than the well-known one of him, that he went several miles out of his road to visit the tomb of the Scipios, only to lift up his tunic against it in contempt. He boasted of the feat and of the motive.

*Marcus.* Until the worthies of our times shone forth, he venerated no Roman since the exiled kings, in which his favorite is the son of the last; and there are certain men in high authority who assure him they know how to appreciate and compensate so heroic and sublime an affection. The Catos and Brutuses are wretches with him, and particularly since Cato pardoned him for having hired a fellow (as was proved) to turn some swine into his turnip field

at Tusculum. Looking at him or hearing of him, unless from those who know his real character, you would imagine him generous, self-dependent, self-devoted; but this upright and staunch thistle bears a yielding and palpable down for adulation.

*Quinctus.* Better THAT than malice. Whatever he may think or say of you, I hope he never speaks maliciously of those whose livelihood, like his own, depends upon their writings,—the studious, the enthusiastic, the unhardened in politics, the uncrossed in literature.

*Marcus.* I wish I could confirm or encourage you in your hopes; report, as it reaches me, by no means favors them.

*Quinctus.* This hurts me; for Aquilius, although the Graces in none of their attributions are benignant to him, is a man of industry and genius.

*Marcus.* Alas, Quinctus! to pass Aquilius by, as not concerned in the reflection, the noblest elevations of the human mind have in appurtenance their sands and swamps: hardness at top, putridity at bottom. Friends themselves — and not only the little ones you have spoken of, not only the thoughtless and injudicious, but graver and more constant — will occasionally gratify a superficial feeling, which soon grows deeper, by irritating an orator or writer. You remember the apologue of Critobulus?

*Quinctus.* No, I do not.

*Marcus.* It was sent to me by Pomponius Atticus soon after my marriage: I must surely have shown it to you.

*Quinctus.* Not you, indeed; and I should wonder that so valuable a present, so rare an accession to Rome as a new Greek volume, could have come into your hands and not out of them into mine, if you had not mentioned that it was about the time of your nuptials. Let me hear the story.

*Marcus.* "I was wandering," says Critobulus, "in the midst of a forest, and came suddenly to a small round fountain or pool, with several white flowers (I remember) and broad leaves in the centre of it, but clear of them at the sides, and of a water the most pellucid. Suddenly a

very beautiful figure came from behind me, and stood between me and the fountain. I was amazed. I could not distinguish the sex, the form being youthful and the face toward the water, on which it was gazing and bending over its reflection, like another Hylas or Narcissus. It then stooped and adorned itself with a few of the simplest flowers, and seemed the fonder and tenderer of those which had borne the impression of its graceful feet; and, having done so, it turned round and looked upon me with an air of indifference and unconcern. The longer I fixed my eyes on her — for I now discovered it was a female — the more ardent I became and the more embarrassed. She perceived it, and smiled. Her eyes were large and serene; not very thoughtful as if perplexed, not very playful as if easily to be won; and her countenance was tinged with so delightful a color, that it appeared an effluence from an irradiated cloud passing over it in the heavens. She gave me the idea, from her graceful attitude, that, although adapted to the perfection of activity, she felt rather an inclination for repose. I would have taken her hand: 'You shall presently,' said she; and never fell on mortal a diviner glance than on me. I told her so. She replied, 'You speak well.' I then fancied she was simple and weak, and fond of flattery, and began to flatter her. She turned her face away from me, and answered nothing. I declared my excessive love: she went some paces off. I swore it was impossible for one who had ever seen her to live without her: she went several paces farther. 'By the immortal gods!' I cried, 'you shall not leave me!' She turned round and looked benignly; but shook her head. 'You are another's then! Say it! say it! utter the word once from your lips — and let me die!' She smiled more melancholy than before, and replied, 'O Critobulus! I am indeed another's: I am a god's.' The air of the interior heavens seemed to pierce me as she spoke; and I trembled as impassioned men may tremble once. After a pause, 'I might have thought it!' cried I: 'why then come before me and torment me?' She began to play and trifle with me, as became her age (I fancied) rather than her engagement, and she placed my hand upon the flowers in her lap without a blush. The

whole fountain would not at that moment have assuaged my thirst. The sound of the breezes and of the birds around us, even the sound of her own voice, were all confounded in my ear, as colors are in the fullness and intensity of light. She said many pleasing things to me, to the earlier and greater part of which I was insensible; but in the midst of those which I could hear and was listening to attentively, she began to pluck out the gray hairs from my head, and to tell me that the others too were of a hue not very agreeable. My heart sank within me. Presently there was hardly a limb or feature without its imperfection. 'Oh!' cried I in despair, 'you have been used to the gods; you must think so: but among men I do not believe I am considered as ill-made or unseemly.' She paid little attention to my words or my vexation; and when she had gone on with my defects for some time longer, in the same calm tone and with the same sweet countenance, she began to declare that she had much affection for me, and was desirous of inspiring it in return. I was about to answer her with rapture, when on a sudden, in her girlish humor, she stuck a thorn, wherewith she had been playing, into that part of the body which supports us when we sit. I know not whether it went deeper than she intended, but catching at it, I leaped up in shame and anger, and at the same moment felt something upon my shoulder. It was an armlet inscribed with letters of bossy adamant, 'Jove to his daughter Truth.'

"She stood again before me at a distance, and said gracefully, 'Critobulus! I am too young and simple for you; but you will love me still, and not be made unhappy by it in the end. Farewell.'"

*Quinctus.* Why did you not insert this allegory in some part of your works, as you have often many pages from the Greek?

*Marcus.* I might have done it, but I know not whether the state of our literature is any longer fit for its reception.

*Quinctus.* Confess, if it is not, that the fault is in some sort yours, who might have directed the higher minds, and have carried the lower with them.

*Marcus.* I regard with satisfaction the efforts I have made to serve my country; but the same eloquence, the

merit of which not even the most barbarous of my adversaries can detract from me, would have enabled me to elucidate large fields of philosophy, hitherto untrodden by our countrymen, and in which the Greeks have wandered widely or worked unprofitably.

*Quinctus.* Excuse my interruption. I heard a few days ago a pleasant thing reported of Asinius Pollio: he said, at supper, your language is that of an Allobrox.

*Marcus.* After supper, I should rather think, and with Antonius. Asinius, urged by the strength of instinct, picks from amid the freshest herbage the dead dry stalk, and dozes and dreams about it where he cannot find it. Acquired, it is true, I have a certain portion of my knowledge, and consequently of my language, from the Allobroges: I cannot well point out the place,—the walls of Romulus, the habitations of Janus and of Saturn, and the temple of Capitoline Jove, which the confessions I extorted from their ambassadors gave me in my consulate the means of saving, stand at too great a distance from this terrace.

*Quinctus.* Certainly you have much to look back upon, of what is most proper and efficacious to console you. Consciousness of desert protects the mind against obloquy, exalts it above calamity, and scatters into utter invisibility the shadowy fears of death. Nevertheless, O Marcus! to leave behind us our children, if indeed it will be permitted them to stay behind, is painful.

*Marcus.* Among the contingencies of life, it is that for which we ought to be best prepared, as the most regular and ordinary in the course of Nature. In dying, and leaving our friends, and saying, "I shall see you no more," which is thought by the generous man the painfullest thing in the change he undergoes, we speak as if we shall continue to feel the same desire and want of seeing them,—an inconsistency so common as never to have been noticed: and my remark, which you would think too trivial, startles by its novelty before it conciliates by its truth. We bequeath to our children a field illuminated by our glory and enriched by our example: a noble patrimony, and beyond the jurisdiction of prætor or proscriber. Nor indeed is our fall itself without its fruit to them: for violence is the

cause why that is often called a calamity which is not, and repairs in some measure its injuries by exciting to commiseration and tenderness. The pleasure a man receives from his children resembles that which, with more propriety than any other, we may attribute to the Divinity: for to suppose that his chief satisfaction and delight should arise from the contemplation of what he has done or can do, is to place him on a level with a runner or a wrestler. The formation of a world, or of a thousand worlds, is as easy to him as the formation of an atom. Virtue and intellect are equally his production; yet he subjects them in no slight degree to our volition. His benevolence is gratified at seeing us conquer our wills and rise superior to our infirmities, and at tracing day after day a nearer resemblance in our moral features to his. We can derive no pleasure but from exertion; he can derive none from it: since exertion, as we understand the word, is incompatible with omnipotence.

*Quinctus.* Proceed, my brother! for in every depression of mind, in every excitement of feeling, my spirits are equalized by your discourse; and that which you said with too much brevity of our children soothes me greatly.

*Marcus.* I am persuaded of the truth in what I have spoken; and yet — ah, Quinctus! there is a tear that Philosophy cannot dry, and a pang that will rise as we approach the gods.

Two things tend beyond all others, after philosophy, to inhibit and check our ruder passions as they grow and swell in us, and to keep our gentler in their proper play: and these two things are seasonable sorrow and inoffensive pleasure, each moderately indulged. Nay, there is also a pleasure — humble, it is true, but graceful and insinuating — which follows close upon our very sorrows, reconciles us to them gradually, and sometimes renders us at last undesirous altogether of abandoning them. If ever you have remembered the anniversary of some day whereon a dear friend was lost to you, tell me whether that anniversary was not purer and even calmer than the day before. The sorrow, if there should by any left, is soon absorbed, and full satisfaction takes place of it, while you perform a pious

office to Friendship, required and appointed by the ordinances of Nature. When my Tulliola was torn away from me, a thousand plans were in readiness for immortalizing her memory, and raising a monument up to the magnitude of my grief. The grief itself has done it: the tears I then shed over her assuaged it in me, and did everything that could be done for her, or hoped, or wished. I called upon Tulliola: Rome and the whole world heard me; her glory was a part of mine, and mine of hers; and when Eternity had received her at my hands, I wept no longer. The tenderness wherewith I mentioned and now mention her, though it suspends my voice, brings what consoles and comforts me: it is the milk and honey left at the sepulchre, and equally sweet (I hope) to the departed.

The gods who have given us our affections permit us surely the uses and the signs of them. Immoderate grief, like everything else immoderate, is useless and pernicious; but if we did not tolerate and endure it, if we did not prepare for it, meet it, commune with it, if we did not even cherish it in its season,—much of what is best in our faculties, much of our tenderness, much of our generosity, much of our patriotism, much also of our genius, would be stifled and extinguished.

When I hear anyone call upon another to be manly and to restrain his tears, if they flow from the social and kind affections, I doubt the humanity and distrust the wisdom of the counsellor. Were he humane, he would be more inclined to pity and to sympathize than to lecture and reprove; and were he wise, he would consider that tears are given us by Nature as a remedy to affliction, although, like other remedies, they should come to our relief in private. Philosophy, we may be told, would prevent the tears by turning away the sources of them, and by raising up a rampart against pain and sorrow. I am of opinion that philosophy, quite pure and totally abstracted from our appetites and passions, instead of serving us the better, would do us little or no good at all. We may receive so much light as not to see, and so much philosophy as to be worse than foolish. I have never had leisure to write all I could have written on the subjects I began to meditate and

discuss too late. And where, O Quinctus! where are those men gone, whose approbation would have stimulated and cheered me in the course of them? Little is entirely my own in the "Tusculan Disputation"; for I went rather in search of what is useful than of what is specious, and sat down oftener to consult the wise than to argue with the ingenious. In order to determine what is fairly due to me, you will see, which you may easily, how large is the proportion of the impracticable, the visionary, the baseless, in the philosophers who have gone before me; and how much of application and judgment, to say nothing of temper and patience, was requisite in making the selection. Aristoteles is the only one of the philosophers I am intimate with (except you extort from me to concede you Epicurus) who never is a dreamer or a trifler, and almost the only one whose language, varying with its theme, is yet always grave and concise, authoritative and stately, neither running into wild dithyrambics, nor stagnating in vapid luxuriance. I have not hesitated, on many occasions, to borrow largely from one who, in so many provinces, hath so much to lend. The whole of what I collected, and the whole of what I laid out from my own, is applicable to the purposes of our political, civil, and domestic state. And my eloquence, whatever (with Pollio's leave) it may be, would at least have sufficed me to elucidate and explore those ulterior tracts, which the Greeks have coasted negligently and left unsettled. Although I think I have done somewhat more than they, I am often dissatisfied with the scantiness of my store and the limit of my excursion. Every question has given me the subject of a new one, which has always been better treated than the preceding; and, like Archimedes, whose tomb appears now before me as when I first discovered it at Syracuse, I could almost ask of my enemy time to solve my problem.

Quinctus! Quinctus! let us exult with joy: there is no enemy to be appeased or avoided. We are moving forward and without exertion, thither where we shall know all we wish to know; and how greatly more than, whether in Tusculum or in Formiæ, in Rome or in Athens, we could ever hope to learn!

## TIBERIUS AND VIPSANIA*

*TIBERIUS.* Vipsania, my Vipsania, whither art thou walking?

*Vipsania.* Whom do I see? — my Tiberius?

*Tiberius.* Ah! no, no, no! but thou seest the father of thy little Drusus. Press him to thy heart the more closely for this meeting, and give him —

*Vipsania.* Tiberius! the altars, the gods, the destinies, are between us, — I will take it from this hand; thus, thus shall he receive it.

*Tiberius.* Raise up thy face, my beloved! I must not shed tears. Augustus! Livia! ye shall not extort them from me. Vipsania! I may kiss thy head — for I have saved it. Thou sayest nothing. I have wronged thee; ay?

*Vipsania.* Ambition does not see the earth she treads on; the rock and the herbage are of one substance to her. Let me excuse you to my heart, O Tiberius. It has many wants; this is the first and greatest.

*Tiberius.* My ambition, I swear by the immortal gods, placed not the bar of severance between us. A stronger hand, the hand that composes Rome and sways the world —

* Vipsania, the daughter of Agrippa, was divorced from Tiberius by Augustus and Livia, in order that he might marry Julia, and hold the empire by inheritance. He retained such an affection for her, and showed it so intensely when he once met her afterward, that every precaution was taken lest they should meet again.

There can be no doubt that the Claudii were deranged in intellect. Those of them who succeeded to the empire were by nature no worse than several of their race in the times of the republic. Appius Claudius, Appius Cœcus, Publius, Appia, and after these the enemy of Cicero, exhibited as ungovernable a temper as the imperial ones; some breaking forth into tyranny and lust, others into contempt of, and imprecations against, their country. Tiberius was meditative, morose, suspicious. In the pupil of Seneca were dispositions the opposite to these, with many talents, and some good qualities. They could not disappear on a sudden, without one of those shocks under which had been engulfed almost every member of the family.

*Vipsania.* — Overawed Tiberius. I know it; Augustus willed and commanded it.

*Tiberius.* And overawed Tiberius! Power bent, Death terrified, a Nero! What is our race, that any should look down on us and spurn us? Augustus, my benefactor, I have wronged thee! Livia, my mother, this one cruel deed was thine! To reign, forsooth, is a lovely thing. O womanly appetite! Who would have been before me, though the palace of Cæsar cracked and split with emperors, while I, sitting in idleness on a cliff of Rhodes, eyed the sun as he swung his golden censer athwart the heavens, or his image as it overstrode the sea?* I have it before me; and, though it seems falling on me, I can smile at it,— just as I did from my little favorite skiff, painted round with the marriage of Thetis, when the sailors drew their long shaggy hair across their eyes, many a stadium away from it, to mitigate its effulgence.

These too were happy days: days of happiness like these I could recall and look back upon with unaching brow.

O land of Greece! Tiberius blesses thee, bidding thee rejoice and flourish.

Why cannot one hour, Vipsania, beauteous and light as we have led, return?

*Vipsania.* Tiberius! is it to me that you were speaking? I would not interrupt you; but I thought I heard my name as you walked away and looked up toward the East. So silent!

*Tiberius.* Who dared to call thee? Thou wert mine before the gods — do they deny it? Was it my fault —

*Vipsania.* Since we are separated, and forever, O Tiberius, let us think no more on the cause of it. Let neither of us believe that the other was to blame: so shall separation be less painful.

*The Colossus was thrown down by an earthquake during the war between Antiochus and Ptolemy, who sent the Rhodians three thousand talents for the restoration of it. Again in the time of Vespasian, *Coæ Veneris, item Colossi refectorem congiario magnâque mercede donavit.* Suetonius in Vesp. The first residence of Tiberius in Rhodes was when he returned from his Armenian expedition; the last was after his divorce from Vipsania and his marriage with Julia.

*Tiberius.* O mother! and did I not tell thee what she was? — patient in injury, proud in innocence, serene in grief!

*Vipsania.* Did you say that too? But I think it was so: I had felt little. One vast wave has washed away the impression of smaller from my memory. Could Livia, could your mother, could she who was so kind to me —

*Tiberius.* The wife of Cæsar did it. But hear me now; hear me: be calm as I am. No weaknesses are such as those of a mother who loves her only son immoderately; and none are so easily worked upon from without. Who knows what impulses she received? She is very, very kind; but she regards me only, and that which at her bidding is to encompass and adorn me. All the weak look after Power, protectress of weakness. Thou art a woman, O Vipsania! is there nothing in thee to excuse my mother? So good she ever was to me! so loving.

*Vipsania.* I quite forgive her: be tranquil, O Tiberius!

*Tiberius.* Never can I know peace — never can I pardon — any one. Threaten me with thy exile, thy separation, thy seclusion! Remind me that another climate might endanger thy health! — There death met me and turned me round. Threaten me to take our son from us, — our one boy, our helpless little one, — him whom we made cry because we kissed him both together! Rememberest thou? Or dost thou not hear? turning thus away from me!

*Vipsania.* I hear; I hear! Oh cease, my sweet Tiberius! Stamp not upon that stone: my heart lies under it.

*Tiberius.* Ay, there again death, and more than death, stood before me. Oh she maddened me, my mother did, she maddened me — she threw me to where I am at one breath. The gods cannot replace me where I was, nor atone to me, nor console me, nor restore my senses. To whom can I fly; to whom can I open my heart; to whom speak plainly?* There was upon the earth a man I could converse with, and fear nothing; there was a woman too I

* The regret of Tiberius at the death of Agrippa may be imagined to arise from a cause of which at this moment he was unconscious. If Agrippa had lived, Julia, who was his wife, could not have been Tiberius's, nor would he and Vipsania have been separated.

could love, and fear nothing. What a soldier, what a Roman, was thy father, O my young bride! How could those who never saw him have discoursed so rightly upon virtue!

*Vipsania.* These words cool my breast like pressing his urn against it. He was brave: shall Tiberius want courage?

*Tiberius.* My enemies scorn me. I am a garland dropped from a triumphal car, and taken up and looked on for the place I occupied; and tossed away and laughed at. Senators! laugh, laugh! Your merits may be yet rewarded — be of good cheer! Counsel me, in your wisdom, what services I can render you, conscript fathers!

*Vipsania.* This seems mockery: Tiberius did not smile so, once.

*Tiberius.* They had not then congratulated me.

*Vipsania.* On what?

*Tiberius.* And it was not because she was beautiful, as they thought her, and virtuous, as I know she is; but because the flowers on the altar were to be tied together by my heart-string. On this they congratulated me. Their day will come. Their sons and daughters are what I would wish them to be: worthy to succeed them.

*Vipsania.* Where is that quietude, that resignation, that sanctity, that heart of true tenderness?

*Tiberius.* Where is my love?— my love?

*Vipsania.* Cry not thus aloud, Tiberius! there is an echo in the place. Soldiers and slaves may burst in upon us.

*Tiberius.* And see my tears? There is no echo, Vipsania; why alarm and shake me so? We are too high here for the echoes: the city is below us. Methinks it trembles and totters: would it did! from the marble quays of the Tiber to this rock. There is a strange buzz and murmur in my brain; but I should listen so intensely, I should hear the rattle of its roofs, and shout with joy.

*Vipsania.* Calm, O my life! calm this horrible transport.

*Tiberius.* Spake I so loud? Did I indeed then send my voice after a lost sound, to bring it back; and thou fanciedest it an echo? Wilt not thou laugh with me, as thou wert wont to do, at such an error? What was I saying to thee,

my tender love, when I commanded — I know not whom — to stand back, on pain of death? Why starest thou on me in such agony? Have I hurt thy fingers, child? I loose them; now let me look! Thou turnest thine eyes away from me. Oh! oh! I hear my crime! Immortal gods! I cursed them audibly, and before the sun, my mother!

## EPICTETUS AND SENECA

*SENECA.* Epictetus, I desired your master, Epaphroditus, to send you hither, having been much pleased with his report of your conduct, and much surprised at the ingenuity of your writings.

*Epictetus.* Then I am afraid, my friend —

*Seneca.* MY FRIEND! are these the expressions — Well, let it pass. Philosophers must bear bravely. The people expect it.

*Epictetus.* Are philosophers, then, only philosophers for the people; and, instead of instructing them, must they play tricks before them? Give me rather the gravity of dancing dogs. Their motions are for the rabble; their reverential eyes and pendent paws are under the pressure of awe at a master; but they are dogs, and not below their destinies.

*Seneca.* Epictetus! I will give you three talents to let me take that sentiment for my own.

*Epictetus.* I would give thee twenty, if I had them, to make it thine.

*Seneca.* You mean, by lending to it the graces of my language?

*Epictetus.* I mean, by lending it to thy conduct. And now let me console and comfort thee, under the calamity I brought on thee by calling thee MY FRIEND. If thou art not my friend, why send for me? Enemy I can have none: being a slave, Fortune has now done with me.

*Seneca.* Continue, then, your former observations. What were you saying?

*Epictetus.* That which thou interruptedst.

*Seneca.* What was it?

*Epictetus.* I should have remarked that, if thou foundest ingenuity in my writings, thou must have discovered in them some deviation from the plain, homely truths of Zeno and Cleanthes.

*Seneca.* We all swerve a little from them.

*Epictetus.* In practice too?

*Seneca.* Yes, even in practice, I am afraid.

*Epictetus.* Often?

*Seneca.* Too often.

*Epictetus.* Strange! I have been attentive, and yet have remarked but one difference among you great personages at Rome.

*Seneca.* What difference fell under your observation?

*Epictetus.* Crates and Zeno and Cleanthes taught us, that our desires were to be subdued by philosophy alone. In this city, their acute and inventive scholars take us aside, and show us that there is not only one way, but two.

*Seneca.* Two ways?

*Epictetus.* They whisper in our ear, "These two ways are philosophy and enjoyment: the wiser man will take the readier, or, not finding it, the alternative." Thou reddenest.

*Seneca.* Monstrous degeneracy.

*Epictetus.* What magnificent rings! I did not notice them until thou liftedst up thy hands to heaven, in detestation of such effeminacy and impudence.

*Seneca.* The rings are not amiss; my rank rivets them upon my fingers: I am forced to wear them. Our emperor gave me one, Epaphroditus another, Tigellinus the third. I cannot lay them aside a single day, for fear of offending the gods, and those whom they love the most worthily.

*Epictetus.* Although they make thee stretch out thy fingers, like the arms and legs of one of us slaves upon a cross.

*Seneca.* Oh horrible! Find some other resemblance.

*Epictetus.* The extremities of a fig leaf.

*Seneca.* Ignoble!

*Epictetus.* The claws of a toad, trodden on or stoned.

*Seneca.* You have great need, Epictetus, of an instructor in eloquence and rhetoric: you want topics and tropes and figures.

*Epictetus.* I have no room for them. They make such a buzz in the house, a man's own wife cannot understand what he says to her.

*Seneca.* Let us reason a little upon style. I would set you right, and remove from before you the prejudices of a somewhat rustic education. We may adorn the simplicity of the wisest.

*Epictetus.* Thou canst not adorn simplicity. What is naked or defective is susceptible of decoration: what is decorated is simplicity no longer. Thou mayest give another thing in exchange for it; but if thou wert master of it, thou wouldst preserve it inviolate. It is no wonder that we mortals, little able as we are to see truth, should be less able to express it.

*Seneca.* You have formed at present no idea of style.

*Epictetus.* I never think about it. First, I consider whether what I am about to say is true; then whether I can say it with brevity, in such a manner as that others shall see it as clearly as I do in the light of truth; for, if they survey it as an ingenuity, my desire is ungratified, my duty unfulfilled. I go not with those who dance round the image of Truth, less out of honor to her than to display their agility and address.

*Seneca.* We must attract the attention of readers by novelty and force and grandeur of expression.

*Epictetus.* We must. Nothing is so grand as truth, nothing so forcible, nothing so novel.

*Seneca.* Sonorous sentences are wanted to awaken the lethargy of indolence.

*Epictetus.* Awaken it to what? Here lies the question; and a weighty one it is. If thou awakenest men where they can see nothing and do no work, it is better to let them rest: but will not they, thinkest thou, look up at a rainbow, unless they are called to it by a clap of thunder?

*Seneca.* Your early youth, Epictetus, has been, I will not say neglected, but cultivated with rude instruments and unskillful hands.

*Epictetus.* I thank God for it. Those rude instruments have left the turf lying yet toward the sun; and those unskillful hands have plucked out the docks.

*Seneca.* We hope and believe that we have attained a vein of eloquence, brighter and more varied than has been hitherto laid open to the world.

*Epictetus.* Than any in the Greek?

*Seneca.* We trust so.

*Epictetus.* Than your Cicero's?

*Seneca.* If the declaration may be made without an offense to modesty. Surely, you cannot estimate or value the eloquence of that noble pleader?

*Epictetus.* Imperfectly, not being born in Italy; and the noble pleader is a much less man with me than the noble philosopher. I regret that, having farms and villas, he would not keep his distance from the pumping up of foul words against thieves, cutthroats, and other rogues; and that he lied, sweated, and thumped his head and thighs, in behalf of those who were no better.

*Seneca.* Senators must have clients, and must protect them.

*Epictetus.* Innocent or guilty?

*Seneca.* Doubtless.

*Epictetus.* If it becomes a philosopher to regret at all, and if I regret what is and might not be, I may regret more what both is and must be. However, it is an amiable thing, and no small merit in the wealthy, even to trifle and play at their leisure hours with philosophy. It cannot be expected that such a personage should espouse her, or should recommend her as an inseparable mate to his heir.

*Seneca.* I would.

*Epictetus.* Yes, Seneca, but thou hast no son to make the match for; and thy recommendation, I suspect, would be given him before he could consummate the marriage. Every man wishes his sons to be philosophers while they are young; but takes especial care, as they grow older, to teach them its insufficiency and unfitness for their intercourse with mankind. The paternal voice says, "You must not be particular; you are about to have a profession to live by: follow those who have thriven the best in it."

*VIRGIL AND HORACE*

*Photogravure after the painting by C. Jalabert.*

Now among these, whatever be the profession, canst thou point out to me one single philosopher?

*Seneca.* Not just now. Nor, upon reflection, do I think it feasible.

*Epictetus.* Thou indeed mayest live much to thy ease and satisfaction with philosophy, having (they say) two thousand talents.

*Seneca.* And a trifle to spare — pressed upon me by that godlike youth, my pupil Nero.

*Epictetus.* Seneca! where God hath placed a mine, he hath placed the materials of an earthquake.

*Seneca.* A true philosopher is beyond the reach of Fortune.

*Epictetus.* The false one thinks himself so. Fortune cares little about philosophers; but she remembers where she hath set a rich man, and she laughs to see the Destinies at his door.

## VIRGILIUS AND HORATIUS

### On the Road to Brundusium, with Augustus and Mecænas

*Virgilius.* Horatius! raise yourself up from the litter and look before you. From this last spur of the Apennines, I discover the Adriatic beyond Brundusium.

*Horatius.* Let me wipe my eyes first, for the keen air of the mountain and the eastern breeze have made them water, and they are not so clear-sighted at the best as yours are. I would fain have turned myself round a few hours later. I am no Persian; seldom do I salute the sun, and never at his ascension. There is, methinks, blue in the distance, whether sea or cloud. Heartily glad shall I be when we reach Brundusium. The ribs of you lean cattle bear a journey best. We liquefy like the waxwork of a witch.

*Virgilius.* Yonder we shall have leisure to reflect on the cities, municipalities, and scenery left behind us, and

to meditate on what has occurred within our own memory at the seaport to which we are going, and on the fate of those commanders who sailed thence with their armies and adherents.

*Horatius.* Miserable fate indeed for most of them: but, without that miserable fate of theirs, you would never have recovered your little field of buttercups on the marsh of Mantua, nor on me would have been bestowed the snug white cottage overlooking the crags of Tusculum.

*Virgilius.* Have you never sighed about your paternal heritage, Venusian or Appulian? I think you have expressed a doubt by which of these names you ought to call it.

*Horatius.* By Bacchus! a sigh would have blown away all that property. My sighs I reserve for my poetry, as most poets do. I lived in the town; and a dirty town it is. My shoe never shall stick in its mud again. The best of fathers sent me early in life to Athens. There I was wild for freedom, as the most generous and intelligent boys are apt to be; for neither generosity nor intelligence are necessarily prudent, though intelligence may look grave and appear so. Marcus Brutus was my hero. I followed him to battle. Having money in my pouch, I was made a captain. You know the sequence. Looking at me now, you might hardly think I could run away: but remember, Apollo has wings to his shoulders, and Mercury to his feet. Each of them lent me aid.

*Virgilius.* You do not appear to be so tired by our journey as I am.

*Horatius.* Yet I have more weight to carry. However, let me confess to you that I shall be rejoiced at reaching the city. There, when we have rested, we may talk about the vicissitudes of the world, of cities devastated and reduced to mounds of earth, of Thebes and Mycenæ, of Sybaris and Croton, of nations once opulent, now the haunt of boars and wolves.

*Virgilius.* Rome itself, for many centuries, lay in the same condition. The Etrurians abandoned it from the increasing insalubrity of the air. A band of robbers took possession of the hills and dilapidated walls and roofless

houses. They made incursions on the Latins and Sabines, and seized their cattle and their wives. About a hundred freebooters were strong enough to resist a thousand or more of husbandmen unaccustomed to war. Presently they were joined by lawless men from all quarters, to whom they alone could give laws.

*Horatius.* If the Senate were now in full feather and with claws unclipped, it would peck out your eyes for thus tracing its origin. History has in vain attempted to cover and conceal it. Cato has traced the Etrurians far beyond it; but he shut his eyes on the origin of Rome. He was too patriotic to speak fairly. He was a strict observer of religion, as were his progenitors. They made use of all the gods they found in the cities they had taken. Many yokes of oxen were insufficient to transport them into Rome from Veii. You want only Ceres and Pales to overlook your husbandry, with Jupiter to assist them occasionally with a shower.

*Virgilius.* We two may indulge in pleasantry, but be careful to abstain from touching the popular belief in any deity. If those among them who are beneficent become discarded, the people may return to Saturn, to whom no altar is now dedicated, and to Diana, such as she was supplicated at Aulis on the sacrifice of Iphigenia. Let them be contented with the gods who are pacified with a few bunches of flowers and a few plates of fruit, with a slice of bread to make it wholesome.

*Horatius.* My mouth begins to water at the thought of them. I hope breakfast will be ready soon. The country hereabout is fertile in fruit trees. Blessings on Lucullus! the wisest and most provident of conquerors. He brought from Armenia the apricot and cherry, and the peach from the confines of Persia.

*Virgilius.* Some of these we shall probably find on the table in another hour.

*Horatius.* Or I shall raise an outcry. In your "Georgics" you discourse largely on the better sorts of apples and pears, which indeed are more excellent in Italy than elsewhere, but not a word about those richer fruits, worthy to crown the table of Xerxes and Darius. In regard to them,

the Greeks were barbarians. When I see them before me, I do not repeat:

«*Persicos odi, puer, apparatus.*»

*Virgilius.* That is a sweet little ode of yours. Valerius Catullus was the first who introduced among us the Sapphic metre, and he uses it only twice or thrice, copying her best. You excel her infinitely, both in the variety and in the quality of yours. But, my dear Horatius, what induced you to be for once ungracious, and to throw a pebble at your neighbor of Verona?

*Horatius.* Where have I done it?

*Virgilius.* Remember your verse: —

«*Nil præter Calvum et doctus cantare Catullum.*»

*Horatius.* It is unpleasant to be shoved away when we are walking up toward others who are before us.

*Virgilius.* Acknowledge that we may sing an old song without reproach or reproof. No poet, Roman or Greek, is nearly so graceful as these two. The scazons of Catullus are perfect. Some prefer his phaleucics; I do not, beautiful as they are. You have composed more grandly. Be contented with having written better odes than rattled by the chariot wheels of Pindar, and do not fear that you are —

«*vitreo daturus nomina ponto.*»

*Horatius.* I found in the metre of Alcæus enormous difficulties to overcome, and in these I exerted all my strength. The dithyrambic is unsuitable to the genius of our poetry. It admits and requires compound words, over which Ennius alone had the mastery. You have taken from him, in the few pages of that grand poem which you permitted me to read, *omnipotens* and *armipotens*.

*Virgilius.* We must be parsimonious of wealth long hoarded, and open the treasury but seldom, nor for other than solemn occasions. There are too young poets who abstain from it, although one of them is somewhat rash here and there.

*Horatius.* Who are they?

*Virgilius.* Ovidius Naso and Albius Tibullus.

*Horatius.* I know Albius a little, shy as he is of company. He was the companion and friend of Messala during the late wars in Gaul; but his placid temper leads him to the retirement of a country life and the enjoyment of his Delia. He excels both Catullus and Ovid in the elegiac. His preference of the spondee as one foot in the first hemistich of the pentameter is judicious. Ovidius is too frequently dactylic in it. Solon and Tyrtæus have left us the earliest specimens. The polysyllabic close renders the verse more animated. In Ovidius it gambols; in Tibullus it murmurs like the ringdove.

*Virgilius.* Ovidius, a short time ago, recited to me several passages of a poem on the transformation of men and women into flowers and other things. I was surprised at his ingenuity and facility of versification; and greatly more at a contest of Ulysses and Ajax for the armor of Achilles, quite Homeric.

*Horatius.* When you have completed your grand epic, now so successfully begun, we shall see Homer's rival. Your commencement of the "Æneid" is equal to his of the "Iliad"; which, indeed, is the continuation of another song, and probably of another singer, but Homer's composition. Who was the goddess he invoked? All the goddesses might contend for it, as three did not long before in the same region. In the first sentence, he says that the bodies of the Greeks were left a prey to dogs and ALL birds. Now there are many birds which would have kept aloof, having no taste for flesh, and a salutary fear of dogs and vultures. Some other word than πασι would have been more appropriate; perhaps it was a verb. The dogs themselves, I suspect, would rather have tucked up their legs under their bodies at home than have crossed the Grecian camp.

*Virgilius.* Here I accede to your proposition; but I differ widely from you when you say, *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.* Attentive as I have always been to him, I have never caught him asleep, or other than wide awake. You may discover a dozen or twenty epithets which the verse rather than the sense required, some of them inappropriate.

*Horatius.* You have done wonders with a language so inflexible as ours, in which almost every heroic verse is either a dissyllable or trisyllable.

*Virgilius.* The rich may indulge in superfluities. The Ionian muse is somewhat too fond of playing voluntaries.

*Horatius.* Your first and second books are prodigies of genius. Continue, and you will have recorded the most memorable events of the most memorable nations, and have turned the eyes of future ages back toward them. Apollo and Neptune by their united power raised the walls of Troy; Virgilius, single-handed, will have raised an imperishable Rome.

# CLASSICAL CONVERSATIONS

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## MODERN

*ADDISON.* Dick! I am come to remonstrate with you on those unlucky habits which have been so detrimental to your health and fortune.

*Steele.* Many thanks, Mr. Addison: but really my fortune is not much improved by your arresting me for the hundred pounds; nor is my health, if spirits are an indication of it, on seeing my furniture sold by auction to raise the money.

*Addison.* Pooh, pooh, Dick! what furniture had you about the house?

*Steele.* At least I had the armchair, of which you never before had dispossessed me longer than the evening; and happy should I have been to enjoy your company in it again and again, if you had left it me.

*Addison.* We will contrive to hire another. I do assure you, my dear Dick, I have really felt for you.

*Steele.* I only wish, my kind friend, you had not put out your feelers quite so far, nor exactly in this direction; and that my poor wife had received an hour's notice: she might have carried a few trinkets to some neighbor. She wanted her salts; and the bailiff thanked her for the bottle that contained them, telling her the gold head of it was worth pretty nearly half-a-guinea.

*Addison.* Lady Steele then wanted her smelling-bottle? Dear me! the weather, I apprehend, is about to change. Have you any symptoms of your old gout?

*Steele.* My health has been long on the decline, you know.

*Addison.* Too well I know it, my dear friend, and I hinted it as delicately as I could. Nothing on earth beside this consideration should have induced me to pursue a measure in appearance so unfriendly. You must grow more temperate,—you really must.

*Steele.* Mr. Addison, you did not speak so gravely and so firmly when we used to meet at Will's. You always drank as much as I did, and often invited and pressed me to continue, when I was weary, sleepy, and sick.

*Addison.* You thought so, because you were drunk. Indeed, at my own house I have sometimes asked you to take another glass, in compliance with the rules of society and hospitality.

*Steele.* Once, it is true, you did it at your house,—the only time I ever had an invitation to dine in it. The countess was never fond of the wit that smells of wine: her husband could once endure it.

*Addison.* We could talk more freely, you know, at the tavern. There we have dined together some hundred times.

*Steele.* Most days, for many years.

*Addison.* Ah, Dick! since we first met there, several of our friends are gone off the stage.

*Steele.* And some are still acting.

*Addison.* Forbear, my dear friend, to joke and smile at infirmities or vices. Many have departed from us in consequence, I apprehend, of indulging in the bottle. When passions are excited, when reason is disturbed, when reputation is sullied, when fortune is squandered, and when health is lost by it, a retreat is sounded in vain. Some cannot hear it; others will not profit by it.

*Steele.* I must do you the justice to declare, that I never saw any other effect of hard drinking upon you than to make you more circumspect and silent.

*Addison.* If ever I urged you, in the warmth of my heart, to transgress the bounds of sobriety, I entreat you, as a Christian, to forgive me.

*Steele.* Most willingly, most cordially.

*Addison.* I feel confident that you will think of me, speak of me, and write of me, as you have ever done, without a diminution of esteem. We are feeble creatures: we want one another's aid and assistance,—a want ordained by Providence to show us at once our insufficiency and our strength. We must not abandon our friends from slight motives, nor let our passions be our interpreters in their

own cause. Consistency is not more requisite to the sound Christian than to the accomplished politician.

*Steele.* I am inconsistent in my resolutions of improvement,—no man ever was more so; but my attachments have a nerve in them neither to be deadened by ill-treatment nor loosened by indulgence. A man grievously wounded knows by the acuteness of the pain that a spirit of vitality is yet in him: I know that I retain my friendship for you by what you have made me suffer.

*Addison.* Entirely for your own good, I do protest, if you could see it.

*Steele.* Alas! all our sufferings are so; the only mischief is, that we have no organs for perceiving it.

*Addison.* You reason well, my worthy sir; and, relying on your kindness in my favor (for every man has enemies, and those mostly who serve their friends best),—I say, Dick, on these considerations, since you never broke your word with me, and since I am certain you would be sorry it were known that only fourscore pounds' worth could be found in the house, I renounce for the present the twenty yet wanting. Do not beat about for an answer; say not one word; farewell!

*Steele.* Ah! could not that cold heart, often and long as I reposed on it, bring me to my senses? I have indeed been drunken; but it is hard to awaken in such heaviness as this of mine is. I shared his poverty with him: I never aimed to share his prosperity. Well, well; I cannot break old habits: I love my glass; I love Addison. Each will partake in killing me. Why cannot I see him again in the armchair, his right hand upon his heart under the fawn-colored waistcoat, his brow erect and clear as his conscience; his wig even and composed as his temper, with measurely curls and antithetical topknots, like his style; the calmest poet, the most quiet patriot: dear Addison! drunk, deliberate, moral, sentimental, foaming over with truth and virtue, with tenderness and friendship, and only the worse in one ruffle for the wine.

## LA FONTAINE AND DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT

*LA FONTAINE.* I am truly sensible of the honor I receive, M. de la Rochefoucault, in a visit from a personage so distinguished by his birth and by his genius. Pardon my ambition, if I confess to you that I have long and ardently wished for the good fortune, which I never could promise myself, of knowing you personally.

*Rochefoucault.* My dear M. de la Fontaine!

*La Fontaine.* Not "*de* la," not "*de* la." I am *La* Fontaine purely and simply.

*Rochefoucault.* The whole; not derivative. You appear, in the midst of your purity, to have been educated at court, in the lap of the ladies. What was the last day (pardon!) I had the misfortune to miss you there?

*La Fontaine.* I never go to court. They say one cannot go without silk stockings; and I have only thread,—plenty of them indeed, thank God! Yet (would you believe it?) Nanon, in putting a *solette* to the bottom of one, last week, sewed it so carelessly she made a kind of cord across; and I verily believe it will lame me for life, for I walked the whole morning upon it.

*Rochefoucault.* She ought to be whipped.

*La Fontaine.* I thought so too, and grew the warmer at being unable to find a wisp of osier or a roll of packthread in the house. Barely had I begun with my garter, when in came the Bishop of Grasse, my old friend Godeau, and another lord, whose name he mentioned; and they both interceded for her so long and so touchingly, that at last I was fain to let her rise up and go. I never saw men look down on the erring and afflicted more compassionately. The bishop was quite concerned for me also. But the other, although he professed to feel even more, and said that it must surely be the pain of purgatory to me, took a pinch of snuff, opened his waistcoat, drew down his ruffles, and seemed rather more indifferent.

*Rochefoucault.* Providentially, in such moving scenes, the worst is soon over. But Godeau's friend was not too sensitive.

*La Fontaine.* Sensitive! no more than if he had been educated at the butcher's or the Sorbonne.

*Rochefoucault.* I am afraid there are as many hard hearts under satin waistcoats, as there are ugly visages under the same material in miniature cases.

*La Fontaine.* My lord, I could show you a miniature-case which contains your humble servant, in which the painter has done what no tailor in his senses would do: he has given me credit for a coat of violet silk, with silver frogs as large as tortoises. But I am loth to get up for it while the generous heart of this dog (if I mentioned his name, he would jump up) places such confidence on my knee.

*Rochefoucault.* Pray do not move on any account; above all, lest you should disturb that amiable gray cat, fast asleep in his innocence on your shoulder.

*La Fontaine.* Ah, rogue! art thou there? Why, thou hast not licked my face this half-hour!

*Rochefoucault.* And more too, I should imagine. I do not judge from his somnolency, which if he were president of the Parliament could not be graver, but from his natural sagacity. Cats weigh practicabilities. What sort of tongue has he?

*La Fontaine.* He has the roughest tongue and the tenderest heart of any cat in Paris. If you observe the color of his coat, it is rather blue than gray,—a certain indication of goodness in these contemplative creatures.

*Rochefoucault.* We were talking of his tongue alone; by which cats, like men, are flatterers.

*La Fontaine.* Ah! you gentlemen of the court are much mistaken in thinking that vices have so extensive a range. There are some of our vices, like some of our diseases, from which the quadrupeds are exempt; and those, both diseases and vices, are the most discreditable.

*Rochefoucault.* I do not bear patiently any evil spoken of the court; for it must be acknowledged, by the most malicious that the court is the purifier of the whole nation.

*La Fontaine.* I know little of the court, and less of the whole nation; but how can this be?

*Rochefoucault.* It collects all ramblers and gamblers; all the market-men and market-women who deal in articles which God has thrown into their baskets, without any trouble on their part; all the seducers, and all who wish to be seduced; all the duelists who erase their crimes with their swords, and sweat out their cowardice with daily practice; all the nobles whose patents of nobility lie in gold snuff-boxes, or have worn Mechlin ruffles, or are deposited within the archives of knee-deep waistcoats; all stock-jobbers and church-jobbers, the black-legged and the red-legged game, the flower of the *justaucorps*, the *robe*, and the *soutane*. If these were spread over the surface of France, instead of close compressure in the court or cabinet, they would corrupt the whole country in two years. As matters now stand, it will require a quarter of a century to effect it.

*La Fontaine.* Am I not right, then, in preferring my beasts to yours? But if yours were loose, mine (as you prove to me) would be the last to suffer by it, poor dear creatures! Speaking of cats, I would have avoided all personality that might be offensive to them: I would not exactly have said in so many words, that, by their tongues, they are flatterers, like men. Language may take a turn advantageously in favor of our friends. True, we resemble all animals in something. I am quite ashamed and mortified that your lordship, or anybody, should have had the start of me in this reflection. When a cat flatters with his tongue, he is not insincere: you may safely take it for a real kindness. He is loyal, M. de la Rochefoucault! my word for him, he is loyal. Observe, too, if you please, no cat ever licks you when he wants anything from you; so that there is nothing of baseness in such an act of adulation, if we must call it so. For my part, I am slow to designate by so foul a name that (be it what it may) which is subsequent to a kindness. Cats ask plainly for what they want.

*Rochefoucault.* And, if they cannot get it by protocols, they get it by invasion and assault.

*La Fontaine.* No! no! usually they go elsewhere, and fondle those from whom they obtain it. In this I see no resemblance to invaders and conquerors. I draw no parallels: I would excite no heart-burnings between us and them. Let all have their due.

I do not like to lift this creature off, for it would waken him, else I could find out, by some subsequent action, the reason why he has not been on the alert to lick my cheek for so long a time.

*Rochefoucault.* Cats are wary and provident. He would not enter into any contests with you, however friendly. He only licks your face, I presume, while your beard is but a match for his tongue.

*La Fontaine.* Ha! you remind me. Indeed, I did begin to think my beard was rather of the roughest; for yesterday Madame de Rambouillet sent me a plate of strawberries, the first of the season, and raised (would you believe it?) under glass. One of these strawberries was dropping from my lips, and I attempted to stop it. When I thought it had fallen to the ground, "Look for it, Nanon; pick it up and eat it," said I.

"Master!" cried the wench, "your beard has skewered and spitted it."—"Honest girl," I answered, "come cull it from the bed of its adoption."

I had resolved to shave myself this morning; but our wisest and best resolutions too often come to nothing, poor mortals!

*Rochefoucault.* We often do very well everything but the only thing we hope to do best of all; and our projects often drop from us by their weight. A little while ago, your friend Molière exhibited a remarkable proof of it.

*La Fontaine.* Ah, poor Molière! the best man in the world; but flighty, negligent, thoughtless. He throws himself into other men, and does not remember where. The sight of an eagle, M. de la Rochefoucault, but the memory of a fly!

*Rochefoucault.* I will give you an example; but perhaps it is already known to you.

*La Fontaine.* Likely enough. We have each so many friends, neither of us can trip but the other is invited to

the laugh. Well, I am sure he has no malice, and I hope I have none; but who can see his own faults?

*Rochefoucault.* He had brought out a new edition of his "Comedies."

*La Fontaine.* There will be fifty; there will be a hundred: nothing in our language, or in any, is so delightful, so graceful,—I will add, so clear at once and so profound.

*Rochefoucault.* You are among the few who, seeing well his other qualities, see that Molière is also profound. In order to present the new edition to the Dauphin, he had put on a sky-blue velvet coat, powdered with *fleur-de-lis*. He laid the volume on his library table; and, resolving that none of the courtiers should have an opportunity of ridiculing him for anything like absence of mind, he returned to his bedroom, which, as may often be the case in the economy of poets, is also his dressing room. Here he surveyed himself in his mirror, as well as the creeks and lagoons in it would permit.

*La Fontaine.* I do assure you, from my own observation, M. de la Rochefoucault, that his mirror is a splendid one. I should take it to be nearly three feet high, reckoning the frame with the Cupid above and the elephant under. I suspected it was the present of some great lady; and, indeed, I have since heard as much.

*Rochefoucault.* Perhaps, then, the whole story may be quite as fabulous as the part of it which I have been relating.

*La Fontaine.* In that case, I may be able to set you right again.

*Rochefoucault.* He found his peruke a model of perfection: tight, yet easy; not an inch more on one side than on the other. The black patch on the forehead—

*La Fontaine.* Black patch, too! I would have given a fifteen-sous piece to have caught him with that black patch.

*Rochefoucault.* He found it lovely, marvelous, irresistible. Those on each cheek—

*La Fontaine.* Do you tell me he had one on each cheek?

*Rochefoucault.* Symmetrically. The cravat was of its proper descent, and with its appropriate charge of the best

Strasburg snuff upon it. The waistcoat, for a moment, puzzled and perplexed him. He was not quite sure whether the right number of buttons were in their holes; nor how many above nor how many below it was the fashion of the week to leave without occupation. Such a piece of ignorance is enough to disgrace any courtier on earth. He was in the act of striking his forehead with desperation; but he thought of the patch, fell on his knees, and thanked Heaven for the intervention.

*La Fontaine.* Just like him! just like him! good soul!

*Rochefoucault.* The breeches — ah! those require attention: all proper; everything in its place, — magnificent! The stockings rolled up, neither too loosely nor too negligently, — a picture! The buckles in the shoes — all but one — soon set to rights, — well thought of! And now the sword, — ah, that cursed sword! it will bring at least one man to the ground if it has its own way much longer. — Up with it! up with it higher! — ALLONS! we are out of danger.

*La Fontaine.* Delightful! I have him before my eyes. What simplicity! ay, what simplicity!

*Rochefoucault.* Now for hat. Feather in? Five at least. Bravo!

He took up hat and plumage, extended his arm to the full length, raised it a foot above his head, lowered it thereon, opened his fingers, and let them fall again at his side.

*La Fontaine.* Something of the comedian in that; ay, M. de la Rochefoucault? But, on the stage or off, all is natural in Molière.

*Rochefoucault.* Away he went. He reached the palace, stood before the Dauphin. — Oh, consternation! Oh, despair! "*Morbleu! bête que je suis,*" exclaimed the hapless man, "*le livre, où donc est-il?*" You are forcibly struck, I perceive, by this adventure of your friend.

*La Fontaine.* Strange coincidence! quite unaccountable! There are agents at work in our dreams, M. de la Rochefoucault, which we shall never see out of them, on this side the grave. [*To himself.*] Sky-blue? No. — *Fleurs-de-lis?* Bah! bah! — Patches? I never wore one in my life.

*Rochefoucault.* It well becomes your character for generosity, M. la Fontaine, to look grave and ponder and ejacu-

late on a friend's untoward accident, instead of laughing, as those who little know you might expect. I beg your pardon for relating the occurrence.

*La Fontaine.* Right or wrong, I cannot help laughing any longer. Comical, by my faith! above the tip-top of comedy. Excuse my flashes and dashes and rushes of merriment. Incontrollable! incontrollable! Indeed the laughter is immoderate. And you all the while are sitting as grave as a judge; I mean a criminal one, who has nothing to do but to keep up his popularity by sending his rogues to the gallows. The civil, indeed, have much weighty matter on their minds: they must displease one party; and sometimes a doubt arises whether the fairer hand or the fuller shall turn the balance.

*Rochefoucault.* I congratulate you on the return of your gravity and composure.

*La Fontaine.* Seriously now: all my lifetime I have been the plaything of dreams. Sometimes they have taken such possession of me, that nobody could persuade me afterward they were other than real events. Some are very oppressive, very painful, M. de la Rochefoucault! I have never been able, altogether, to disembarrass my head of the most wonderful vision that ever took possession of any man's. There are some truly important differences; but in many respects this laughable adventure of my innocent, honest friend, Molière, seemed to have befallen myself. I can only account for it by having heard the tale when I was half-asleep.

*Rochefoucault.* Nothing more probable.

*La Fontaine.* You have absolutely relieved me from an incubus.

*Rochefoucault.* I do not yet see how.

*La Fontaine.* No longer ago than when you entered this chamber, I would have sworn that I myself had gone to the Louvre, that I myself had been commanded to attend the Dauphin, that I myself had come into his presence,* had fallen on my knee, and cried, "*Peste! où est donc le livre!*" Ah, M. de la Rochefoucault! permit me to embrace you: this is really to find a friend at court.

* This happened.

*Rochefoucault.* My visit is even more auspicious than I could have ventured to expect: it was chiefly for the purpose of asking your permission to make another at my return to Paris. I am forced to go into the country on some family affairs; but, hearing that you have spoken favorably of my "Maxims," I presume to express my satisfaction and delight at your good opinion.

*La Fontaine.* Pray, M. de la Rochefoucault, do me the favor to continue here a few minutes: I would gladly reason with you on some of your doctrines.

*Rochefoucault.* For the pleasure of hearing your sentiments on the topics I have treated, I will, although it is late, steal a few minutes from the court, of which I must take my leave on parting for the province.

*La Fontaine.* Are you quite certain that all your "Maxims" are true, or, what is of greater consequence, that they are all original? I have lately read a treatise written by an Englishman, M. Hobbes; so loyal a man that, while others tell you kings are appointed by God, he tells you God is appointed by kings.

*Rochefoucault.* Ah! such are precisely the men we want. If he establishes this verity, the rest will follow.

*La Fontaine.* He does not seem to care so much about the rest. In his treatise I find the ground-plan of your chief positions.

*Rochefoucault.* I have indeed looked over his publication; and we agree on the natural depravity of man.

*La Fontaine.* Reconsider your expression. It appears to me that what is natural is not depraved,—that depravity is deflection from nature. Let it pass: I cannot, however, concede to you that the generality of men are naturally bad. Badness is accidental, like disease. We find more tempers good than bad, where proper care is taken in proper time.

*Rochefoucault.* Care is not nature.

*La Fontaine.* Nature is soon inoperative without it; so soon, indeed, as to allow no opportunity for experiment or hypothesis. Life itself requires care, and more continually than tempers and morals do. The strongest body ceases to be a body in a few days without a supply of food. When

we speak of men as being naturally bad or good, we mean susceptible and retentive and communicative of them. In this case (and there can be no other true or ostensible one), I believe that the more are good; and nearly in the same proportion as there are animals and plants produced healthy and vigorous than wayward and weakly. Strange is the opinion of M. Hobbes, that, when God hath poured so abundantly his benefits on other creatures, the only one capable of great good should be uniformly disposed to greater evil.

*Rochefoucault.* Yet Holy Writ, to which Hobbes would reluctantly appeal, countenances the supposition.

*La Fontaine.* The Jews, above all nations, were morose and splenetic. Nothing is holy to me that lessens in my view the beneficence of my Creator. If you could show him ungentle and unkind in a single instance, you would render myriads of men so throughout the whole course of their lives, and those too among the most religious. The less that people talk about God, the better. He has left us a design to fill up. He has placed the canvas, the colors, and the pencils within reach; his directing hand is over ours incessantly; it is our business to follow it, and neither to turn round and argue with our master, nor to kiss and fondle him. We must mind our lesson, and not neglect our time: for the room is closed early, and the lights are suspended in another, where no one works. If every man would do all the good he might within an hour's walk from his house, he would live the happier and the longer; for nothing is so conducive to longevity as the union of activity and content. But, like children, we deviate from the road, however well we know it, and run into mire and puddles in despite of frown and ferule.

*Rochefoucault.* Go on, M. la Fontaine! pray go on. We are walking in the same labyrinth, always within call, always within sight of each other. We set out at its two extremities, and shall meet at last.

*La Fontaine.* I doubt it. From deficiency of care proceed many vices, both in men and children, and more still from care taken improperly. M. Hobbes attributes not only the order and peace of society, but equity and moder-

ation and every other virtue, to the coercion and restriction of the laws. The laws, as now constituted, do a great deal of good; they also do a great deal of mischief. They transfer more property from the right owner in six months than all the thieves of the kingdom do in twelve. What the thieves take, they soon disseminate abroad again; what the laws take, they hoard. The thief takes a part of your property; he who prosecutes the thief for you takes another part; he who condemns the thief goes to the tax-gatherer and takes the third. Power has been hitherto occupied in no employment but in keeping down wisdom. Perhaps the time may come when wisdom shall exert her energy in repressing the sallies of power.

*Rochefoucault.* I think it more probable that they will agree; that they will call together their servants of all liveries, to collect what they can lay their hands upon; and that meanwhile they will sit together like good housewives, making nets from our purses to cover the coop for us. If you would be plump and in feather, pick up your millet and be quiet in your darkness. Speculate on nothing here below, and I promise you a nosegay in Paradise.

*La Fontaine.* Believe me, I shall be most happy to receive it there at your hands, my lord duke.

The greater number of men, I am inclined to think, with all the defects of education, all the frauds committed on their credulity, all the advantages taken of their ignorance and supineness, are disposed, on most occasions, rather to virtue than to vice, rather to the kindly affections than the unkindly, rather to the social than the selfish.

*Rochefoucault.* Here we differ; and, were my opinion the same as yours, my book would be little read and less commended.

*La Fontaine.* Why think so?

*Rochefoucault.* For this reason. Every man likes to hear evil of all men; every man is delighted to take the air of the common, though not a soul will consent to stand within his own allotment. No inclosure-act! no finger-posts! You may call every creature under heaven fool and rogue, and your auditor will join with you heartily: hint to him the slightest of his own defects or foibles, and he draws

the rapier. You and he are the judges of the world, but not its denizens.

*La Fontaine.* M. Hobbes has taken advantage of these weaknesses. In his dissertation, he betrays the timidity and malice of his character. It must be granted he reasons well, according to the view he has taken of things; but he has given no proof whatever that his view is a correct one. I will believe that it is, when I am persuaded that sickness is the natural state of the body, and health the unnatural. If you call him a sound philosopher, you may call a mummy a sound man. Its darkness, its hardness, its forced uprightness, and the place in which you find it, may commend it to you; give me rather some weakness and peccability, with vital warmth and human sympathies. A shrewd reasoner is one thing; a sound philosopher is another. I admire your power and precision. Monks will admonish us how little the author of the "Maxims" knows of the world; and heads of colleges will cry out, "A libel on human nature!" but when they hear your titles, and, above all, your credit at court, they will cast back cowl and peruke, and lick your boots. You start with great advantages. Throwing off from a dukedom, you are sure of enjoying, if not the tongue of these puzzlers, the full cry of the more animating, and will certainly be as long-lived as the imperfection of our language will allow. I consider your "Maxims" as a broken ridge of hills, on the shady side of which you are fondest of taking your exercise; but the same ridge hath also a sunny one. You attribute (let me say it again) all actions to self-interest. Now a sentiment of interest must be preceded by calculation, long or brief, right or erroneous. Tell me, then, in what region lies the origin of that pleasure which a family in the country feels on the arrival of an unexpected friend. I say a family in the country; because the sweetest souls, like the sweetest flowers, soon canker in cities, and no purity is rarer there than the purity of delight: if I may judge from the few examples I have been in a position to see, no earthly one can be greater. There are pleasures which lie near the surface, and which are blocked up by artificial ones, or are diverted by some mechanical scheme,

or are confined by some stiff evergreen vista of low advantage. But these pleasures do occasionally burst forth in all their brightness; and, if ever you shall by chance find one of them, you will sit by it, I hope, complacently and cheerfully, and turn toward it the kindliest aspect of your meditations.

*Rochefoucault.* Many, indeed most people, will differ from me. Nothing is quite the same to the intellect of any two men, much less of all. When one says to another, "I am entirely of your opinion," he uses in general an easy and indifferent phrase, believing in its accuracy without examination, without thought. The nearest resemblance in opinions, if we could trace every line of it, would be found greatly more divergent than the nearest in the human form or countenance, and in the same proportion as the varieties of mental qualities are more numerous and fine than of the bodily. Hence, I do not expect nor wish that my opinions should in all cases be similar to those of others; but in many I shall be gratified if, by just degrees and after a long survey, those of others approximate to mine. Nor does this my sentiment spring from a love of power, as in many good men quite unconsciously, when they would make proselytes,— since I shall see few and converse with fewer of them, and profit in no way by their adherence and favor,— but it springs from a natural and a cultivated love of all truths whatever, and from a certainty that these delivered by me are conducive to the happiness and dignity of man. You shake your head.

*La Fontaine.* Make it out.

*Rochefoucault.* I have pointed out to him at what passes he hath deviated from his true interest, and where he hath mistaken selfishness for generosity, coldness for judgment, contraction of heart for policy, rank for merit, pomp for dignity,— of all mistakes, the commonest and the greatest. I am accused of paradox and distortion. On paradox I shall only say that every new moral truth has been called so. Inexperienced and negligent observers see no difference in the operations of raveling and unraveling: they never come close enough; they despise plain work.

*La Fontaine.* The more we simplify things, the better we descry their substances and qualities. A good writer will not coil them up and press them into the narrowest possible space, nor macerate them into such particles that nothing shall be remaining of their natural contexture. You are accused of this too, by such as have forgotten your title page, and who look for treatises where maxims only have been promised. Some of them, perhaps, are spinning out sermons and dissertations from the poorest paragraph in the volume.

*Rochefoucault.* Let them copy and write as they please; against or for, modestly or impudently. I have hitherto had no assailant who is not of too slender a make to be detained an hour in the stocks he has unwarily put his foot into. If you hear of any, do not tell of them. On the subjects of my remarks, had others thought as I do, my labor would have been spared me. I am ready to point out the road where I know it to whosoever wants it; but I walk side by side with few or none.

*La Fontaine.* We usually like those roads which show us the fronts of our friends' houses and the pleasure grounds about them, and the smooth garden walks, and the trim espaliers, and look at them with more satisfaction than at the docks and nettles that are thrown in heaps behind. The "Offices" of Cicero are imperfect; yet who would not rather guide his children by them than by the line and compass of harder-handed guides; such as Hobbes, for instance?

*Rochefoucault.* Imperfect as some gentlemen in hoods may call the "Offices," no founder of a philosophical or of a religious sect has been able to add to them anything important.

*La Fontaine.* Pity, that Cicero carried with him no better authorities than reason and humanity! He neither could work miracles, nor damn you for disbelieving them. Had he lived fourscore years later, who knows but he might have been another Simon Peter, and have talked Hebrew as fluently as Latin, all at once! Who knows but we might have heard of his patrimony! Who knows but our venerable popes might have claimed dominion from him, as descendant from the kings of Rome!

*Rochefoucault.* The hint, some centuries ago, would have made your fortune, and that saintly cat there would have kittened in a mitre.

*La Fontaine.* Alas! the hint could have done nothing: Cicero could not have lived later.

*Rochefoucault.* I warrant him. Nothing is easier to correct than chronology. There is not a lady in Paris, nor a jockey in Normandy, that is not eligible to a professor's chair in it. I have seen a man's ancestor, whom nobody ever saw before, spring back over twenty generations. Our Vatican Jupiters have as little respect for old Chronos as the Cretan had: they mutilate him when and where they think necessary, limp as he may by the operation.

*La Fontaine.* When I think, as you make me do, how ambitious men are, even those whose teeth are too loose (one would fancy) for a bite at so hard an apple as the devil of ambition offers them, I am inclined to believe that we are actuated not so much by selfishness as you represent it, but under another form,— the love of power. Not to speak of territorial dominion or political office, and such other things as we usually class under its appurtenances, do we not desire an exclusive control over what is beautiful and lovely,— the possession of pleasant fields, of well-situated houses, of cabinets, of images, of pictures, and, indeed, of many things pleasant to see but useless to possess; even of rocks, of streams, and of fountains? These things, you will tell me, have their utility. True, but not to the wisher; nor does the idea of it enter his mind. Do not we wish that the object of our love should be devoted to us only; and that our children should love us better than their brothers and sisters, or even than the mother who bore them? Love would be arrayed in the purple robe of sovereignty, mildly as he may resolve to exercise his power.

*Rochefoucault.* Many things which appear to be incontrovertible are such for their age only, and must yield to others which, in their age, are equally so. There are only a few points that are always above the waves. Plain truths, like plain dishes, are commended by everybody,

and everybody leaves them whole. If it were not even more impertinent and presumptuous to praise a great writer in his presence than to censure him in his absence, I would venture to say that your prose, from the few specimens you have given of it, is equal to your verse. Yet, even were I the possessor of such a style as yours, I would never employ it to support my "Maxims." You would think a writer very impudent and self-sufficient who should quote his own works: to defend them is doing more. We are the worst auxiliaries in the world to the opinions we have brought into the field. Our business is to measure the ground, and to calculate the forces; then let them try their strength. If the weak assails me, he thinks me weak; if the strong, he thinks me strong. He is more likely to compute ill his own vigor than mine. At all events, I love inquiry, even when I myself sit down. And I am not offended in my walks if my visitor asks me whither does that alley lead? It proves that he is ready to go on with me; that he sees some space before him; and that he believes there may be something worth looking after.

*La Fontaine.* You have been standing a long time my lord duke: I must entreat you to be seated.

*Rochefoucault.* Excuse me, my dear M. la Fontaine; I would much rather stand.

*La Fontaine.* Mercy on us! have you been upon your legs ever since you rose to leave me?

*Rochefoucault.* A change of position is agreeable: a friend always permits it.

*La Fontaine.* Sad doings! sad oversight! The other two chairs were sent yesterday evening to be scoured and mended. But that dog is the best tempered dog, an angel of a dog, I do assure you: he would have gone down in a moment, at a word. I am quite ashamed of myself for such inattention. With your sentiments of friendship for me, why could you not have taken the liberty to shove him gently off, rather than give me this uneasiness?

*Rochefoucault.* My true and kind friend! we authors are too sedentary; we are heartily glad of standing to con-

verse whenever we can do it without any restraint on our acquaintance.

*La Fontaine.* I must reprove that animal when he uncurls his body. He seems to be dreaming of Paradise and Houris. Ay, twitch thy ear, my child! I wish at my heart there were as troublesome a fly about the other: God forgive me! The rogue covers all my clean linen! — shirt and cravat! What cares he!

*Rochefoucault.* Dogs are not very modest.

*La Fontaine.* Never say that, M. de la Rochefoucault! The most modest people upon earth! Look at a dog's eyes; and he half closes them, or gently turns them away, with a motion of the lips, which he licks languidly, and of the tail, which he stirs tremulously, begging your forbearance. I am neither blind nor indifferent to the defects of these good and generous creatures. They are subject to many such as men are subject to: among the rest, they disturb the neighborhood in the discussion of their private causes; they quarrel and fight on small motives, such as a little bad food, or a little vainglory, or the sex. But it must be something present or near that excites them; and they calculate not the extent of evil they may do or suffer.

*Rochefoucault.* Certainly not: how should dogs calculate?

*La Fontaine.* I know nothing of the process. I am unable to inform you how they leap over hedges and brooks, with exertion just sufficient, and no more. In regard to honor and a sense of dignity, let me tell you, a dog accepts the subsidies of his friends, but never claims them. A dog would not take the field to obtain power for a son, but would leave the son to obtain it by his own activity and prowess. He conducts his visitor or inmate out a-hunting, and makes a present of the game to him as freely as an emperor to an elector. Fond as he is of slumber,— which is indeed one of the pleasantest and best things in the universe, particularly after dinner,— he shakes it off as willingly as he would a gadfly, in order to defend his master from theft or violence. Let the robber or assailant speak as courteously as he may, he waives your diplomatical terms, gives his reasons in plain language, and makes

war. I could say many other things to his advantage ; but I never was malicious, and would rather let both parties plead for themselves : give me the dog, however.

*Rochefoucault.* Faith ! I will give you both, and never boast of my largess in so doing.

*La Fontaine.* I trust I have removed from you the suspicion of selfishness in my client, and I feel it quite as easy to make a properer disposal of another ill attribute,— namely, cruelty,— which we vainly try to shuffle off our own shoulders upon others, by employing the offensive and most unjust term "brutality." But to convince you of my impartiality, now I have defended the dog from the first obloquy, I will defend the man from the last, hoping to make you think better of each. What you attribute to cruelty, both while we are children and afterward, may be assigned for the greater part to curiosity. Cruelty tends to the extinction of life, the dissolution of matter, the imprisonment and sepulture of truth ; and if it were our ruling and chief propensity, the human race would have been extinguished in a few centuries after its appearance. Curiosity, in its primary sense, implies care and consideration.

*Rochefoucault.* Words often deflect from their primary sense. We find the most curious men the most idle and silly, the least observant and conservative.

*La Fontaine.* So we think, because we see every hour the idle curious, and not the strenuously ; we see only the persons of the one set, and only the works of the other.

More is heard of cruelty than of curiosity, because, while curiosity is silent both in itself and about its object, cruelty on most occasions is like the wind,— boisterous in itself, and exciting a murmur and bustle in all the things it moves among. Added to which, many of the higher topics, whereto our curiosity would turn, are intercepted from it by the policy of our guides and rulers ; while the principal ones on which cruelty is most active and pointed to by the sceptre and the truncheon, and wealth and dignity are the rewards of their attainment. What perversion ! He who brings a bullock into a city for its sustenance is called a butcher, and nobody has the civility to take off the hat to him, although knowing him so perfectly as I know Mat-

thieu le Mince, who served me with those fine kidneys you must have remarked in passing through the kitchen: on the contrary, he who reduces the same city to famine is styled M. le General, or M. le Marechal; and gentlemen like you, unprejudiced (as one would think) and upright, make room for him in the antechamber.

*Rochefoucault.* He obeys orders, without the degrading influeuce of any passion.

*La Fontaine.* Then he commits a baseness the more, a cruelty the greater. He goes off at another man's setting, as ingloriously as a rat trap: he produces the worst effects of fury, and feels none,—a Cain unirritated by a brother's incense.

*Rochefoucault.* I would hide from you this little rapier, which, like the barber's pole, I have often thought too obtrusive in the streets.

*La Fontaine.* Never shall I think my countrymen half civilized, while on the dress of a courtier is hung the instrument of a cutthroat. How deplorably feeble must be that honor which requires defending at every hour of the day!

*Rochefoucault.* Ingenious as you are, M. la Fontaine, I do not believe that, on this subject, you could add anything to what you have spoken already; but, really, I do think one of the most instructive things in the world would be a dissertation on dress by you.

*La Fontaine.* Nothing can be devised more commodious than the dress in fashion. Perukes have fallen among us by the peculiar dispensation of Providence. As in all the regions of the globe the indigenous have given way to stronger creatures, so have they (partly at least) on the human head. At present the wren and the squirrel are dominant there. Whenever I have a mind for a filbert, I have only to shake my foretop. Improvement does not end in that quarter. I might forget to take my pinch of snuff when it would do me good, unless I saw a store of it on another's cravat. Furthermore, the slit in the coat behind tells in a moment what it was made for,—a thing of which, in regard to ourselves, the best preachers have to remind us all our lives. Then the central part of our habiliment has either its loop-hole or its portcullis in the

opposite direction, still more demonstrative. All these are for very mundane purposes; but religion and humanity have whispered some later utilities. We pray the more commodiously, and of course the more frequently, for rolling up a royal ell of stocking round about our knees; and our high-heeled shoes must surely have been worn by some angel, to save those insects which the flat footed would have crushed to death.

*Rochefoucault.* Ah! the good dog has awakened: he saw me and my rapier, and ran away. Of what breed is he? for I know nothing of dogs.

*La Fontaine.* And write so well!

*Rochefoucault.* Is he a truffler?

*La Fontaine.* No, not he; but quite as innocent.

*Rochefoucault.* Something of the shepherd-dog, I suspect?

*La Fontaine.* Nor that neither; although he fain would make you believe it. Indeed, he is very like one: pointed nose, pointed ears, apparently stiff, but readily yielding; long hair, particularly about the neck; noble tail over his back, three curls deep, exceedingly pleasant to stroke down again; straw color all above, white all below. He might take it ill if you looked for it; but so it is, upon my word. An ermeline might envy it.

*Rochefoucault.* What are his pursuits?

*La Fontaine.* As to pursuit and occupation he is good for nothing. In fact, I like those dogs best — and those men too.

*Rochefoucault.* Send Nanon, then, for a pair of silk stockings, and mount my carriage with me; it stops at the Louvre.

## ARCHDEACON HARE AND WALTER LANDOR

*ARCHDEACON HARE.* In some of your later writings, I perceive, you have not strictly followed the line you formerly laid down for spelling.

*Walter Landor.* I found it inexpedient; since, whatever the pains I took, there was, in every sheet almost, some

deviation on the side of the compositor. Inconsistency was forced on me against all my struggles and reclamations. At last, nothing is left for me but to enter my protest, and to take the smooth path instead of the broken-up highway.

*Archdeacon Hare.* It is chiefly in the preterites and participles that I have followed you perseveringly. We are rich in having two for many of our verbs, and unwise in corrupting the spelling, and thereby rendering the pronunciation difficult. We pronounce "astonisht"; we write "astonished" or "astonish'd,"— an unnecessary harshness. Never was spoken droppED or lopPED or hopPED or propPED, but dropt, etc.; yet, with the choice before us, we invariably take the wrong. I do not resign a right to "astonishED" or "diminishED." They may, with many like them, be useful in poetry; and several such terminations add dignity and solemnity to what we read in our church,— the sanctuary at once of our faith and of our language.

*Walter Landor.* In more essential things than preterites and participles, I ought rather to have been your follower than you mine. No language is purer or clearer than yours. Vigorous streams from the mountain do not mingle at once with the turbid lake, but retain their force and their color in the midst of it. We are sapped by an influx of putridity.

*Archdeacon Hare.* Come, come; again to our spelling-book.

*Walter Landor.* Well then, we differ on the spelling of HONOUR, FAVOUR, etc. You would retain the U: I would eject it, for the sake of consistency. We have dropped it in AUTHOR, EMPEROR, AMBASSADOR. Here again, for consistency and compliancy, I write "embassador"; because I write, as all do, "embassy." I write theatER, sepulchER, metER, in their English form rather than the French. The best authors have done it. All write "hexametER" and "pentametER."

*Archdeacon Hare.* It is well to simplify and systematize wherever we can do it conveniently.

*Walter Landor.* And without violence to VESTED RIGHTS; which words have here some meaning. Why "Amend," if "Emendation"? Why not "pontIF," if "caitIF"?

*Archdeacon Hare.* Why, then, should grandEUR be left in solitary state? The Englishman less easily protrudes his nether jaw than the Frenchman, as "grandEur" seems to require. Grandour (or grandOR, if you will have it so) sounds better.

*Walter Landor.* I WILL have it so; and so will you and others at last.

*Archdeacon Hare.* Meanwhile, let us untie this last knot of Norman bondage on the common law of language in our land.

*Walter Landor.* Set about it: no authority is higher than yours. I will run by the side of you, or be your herald, or (what better becomes me) your pursuivant.

There is an affectation of scholarship in compilers of spelling-books, and in the authors they follow for examples, when they bring forward PHENOMENA and the like. They might as well bring forward MYSTERIA. We have no right to tear Greek and Latin declensions out of their grammars: we need no VORTICES when we have VORTEXES before us; and while we have MEMORANDUMS, FACTOTUMS, ULTIMATUMS, let our shepherd-dogs bring back to us by the ear such as have wandered from the flock.

*Archdeacon Hare.* We have "stimulANT"; why "stimulUS"? why "stimuli"? Why "recipE"? why "receIPT"?—we might as reasonably write "deceIPT" and "conceIPT." I believe we are the only people who keep the DRAMATIS PERSONÆ on the stage, or announce their going off by "EXEUNT": "EXIT" for DEPARTURE is endurable, and kept in countenance by TRANSIT. Let us deprecate the danger of hearing of a friend's OBIT, which seems imminent: a "POST-OBIT" is bad enough. An ITEM I would confine to the ledger. I have no mind for ANIMUS.

*Walter Landor.* Beside these, there are two expressions either of which is quite enough to bring down curses and mortality on the poet. "STAND CONFEST" (even if not written "confESS'D") is one; "UNBIDDEN TEARS," the other. I can imagine no such nonsense as UNBIDDEN TEARS. Why do we not write the verb CONTROL with an E at the end, and the substantive with U, as SOUL? We might as reasonably write WHOL for WHOLE. Very unreasonably do we

write WHOLLY with a double L; WHOLY and SOLY might follow the type of HOLY. We see printed BEFAL with one L, but never FAL; and yet in the monosyllable we should not be doubtful of the accentuation. It is but of late that we controL, recaL, appaL: we do not yet roL. Will any one tell me who put such a lazy beast to our MUNITION-train, and spelled on the front of the carriage AMmunition? We write ENTER and INTER equally with a single final R: surely the latter wants another.

*Archdeacon Hare.* What is quite as censurable, while we reject the good of our own countrymen, we adopt the bad of the foreigner. We are much in the habit of using the word FLIBUSTIER. Surely, we might let the French take and torture our FREEBOOTER. In our fondness for making verbs out of substantives, we even go to the excess of FLIBUSTERING. And now from coarse vulgarity let us turn our eyes toward inconsiderate refinement. When I was a boy, every girl among the poets was a NYMPH, whether in country or town. Johnson countenanced them, and, arm-in-arm with Pope, followed them even into Jerusalem: "Ye nymphs of Solyma," etc.

*Walter Landor.* Pity they ever found their way back!

*Archdeacon Hare.* Few even now object to MUSE and BARD.

*Walter Landor.* Nor would I, in their proper places: the muse in Greece and Italy; the bard, on our side of the Alps, up almost as far as Scandinavia, quite as far as the Cimbrian Chersonese. But the bard looks better at nine or ten centuries off than among gentlemen in roquelaures or paletots. Johnson, a great reprehender, might fairly and justly have reprehended him in the streets of London, whatever were his own excesses among the "nymphs of Solyma." In the midst of his gravity, he was not quite impartial, and, extraordinary as were his intellectual powers, he knew about as much of poetry as of geography. In one of his letters he talks of Guadaloupe as being in another hemisphere. Speaking of that island, his very words are these: "Whether you return hither, or stay in another hemisphere." At the commencement of his Satire on the "Vanity of Human Wishes" (a noble specimen of declamation), he places China nearer to us than Peru.

*Archdeacon Hare.* The negligences of Johnson may easily be forgiven, in consideration of the many benefits he has conferred on literature. A small poet, no great critic, he was a strenuous and lofty moralist. Your pursuers are of another breed, another race. They soon tire themselves, hang out their tongues, and drop along the road. Time is not at all misapplied by you in the analysis and valuation of Southey's and Wordsworth's poetry, which never has been done scrupulously and correctly. But surely gravel may be carted and shot down on the highway without the measure of a Winchester bushel. Consider if what you have taken in hand is worthy of your workmanship.

*Walter Landor.* The most beautiful tapestry is worked on extremely coarse canvas. Open a volume of "Bayle's Biographical Dictionary," and how many just and memorable observations will you find on people of no "note or likelihood!"

*Archdeacon Hare.* Unhappily for us, we are insensible of the corruptions that creep yearly into our language. At Cambridge or Oxford (I am ignorant which of them claims the glory of the invention), some undergraduate was so facetious as to say, "Well, while you are DISCUSSING the question, I will DISCUSS my wine." The gracefulness of this witticism was so captivating that it took possession not only of both universities, but seized also on "men about town." Even the ladies, the vestals who preserve the purity of language caught up the expression from those who were libertines in it.

*Walter Landor.* Chesterfield and Horace Walpole, who are among the most refined of our senators, have at present no more authority in language than in dress. By what we see, we might imagine that the one article is to be cast aside after as short a wear as the other. It occurs to me at this moment, that, when we have assumed the habiliments of the vulgar, we are in danger of contracting their coarseness of language and demeanor.

*Archdeacon Hare.* Certainly the Romans were *togati* in their tongue as well as in their wardrobe. Purity and gravity of style were left uncontaminated and unshaken by the breath of Tiberius and his successor. The Antonines

spoke better Latin than the Triumvir Antonius; and Marcus Aurelius, although on some occasions he preferred the Greek, was studious to maintain his own idiom strong and healthy. When the tongue is paralyzed, the limbs soon follow. No nation hath long survived the decrepitude of its language.

There is perpetually an accession of slang to our vernacular, which is usually biennial or triennial.

*Walter Landor.* I have been either a fortunate or a prudent man to have escaped for so many years together to be "pitched into" among "GIANT trees," "MONSTER meetings," "GLORIOUS fruit," "SPLENDID cigars, dogs, horses, and BRICKS," "PALMY days," "RICH oddities"; to owe nobody a farthing for any other fashionable habits of rude device and *demi-saison* texture; and, above all, to have never come in at the "ELEVENTH HOUR," which has been sounding all day long the whole year. They do me a little injustice who say that such a good fortune is attributable to my residence in Italy. The fact is, I am too cautious and too aged to catch disorders, and I walk fearlessly through these epidemics.

*Archdeacon Hare.* Simply to OPEN is insufficient: we "open UP" and "open OUT." A gentleman INDUES a coat; it will be difficult to EXUE if he tries: he must lie down and sleep in it.

"FOOLERY" was thought of old sufficiently expressive: nothing short of TOMfoolery will do now. To REPUDIATE was formerly to put away what disgraced us; it now signifies (in America at least) to reject the claims of justice and honor. We hear people RE-READ, and see them RE-WRITE; and are invited to a SPREAD, where we formerly went to a dinner or collation. We cut down BARRACKS to a single BARRACK; but we leave the "stocks" in good repair. We are among AMBITIONS and among PEOPLES until Sternhold and Hopkins called us into a quieter place, and we hear once again —

"All people that on earth do dwell."

Shall we never have done with "RULE AND EXCEPTION," "EVER AND ANON," "MANY A TIME AND OFT"?

*Walter Landor.* It is to be regretted that Horne Tooke and Bishop Lowth were placed so far apart, by many impediments and obstructions, that they never could unite in order to preserve the finials and pinnacles of our venerable fabric, to stop the innovations and to diminish the anomalies of our language. Southey, although in his youth during their time, might have assisted them; for early in life he had studied as sedulously the best of our old authors as they had, and his judgment was as mature at twenty-five as theirs at fifty. He agreed with me that MIND, FIND, KIND, BLIND, BEHIND, should have a final E, in order to signify the sound; and that the verb WIND should likewise, for the same reason. I brought Fairfax's "Tasso" with me, and showed him that Fairfax had done it, and had spelled many other words better than our contemporaries, or even than the most part of his own.

*Archdeacon Hare.* There are two expressions of frequent occurrence, equally wrong,— "incorrect ORTHOGRAPHY" and "vernacular IDIOM." Distempers in language, as in body, which rise from the crowded lane, creep up sometimes to where the mansions are higher and better ventilated. I think you once remarked to me that you would just as properly write pillANger for pillager, as messENger for messager. The more excusable vulgar add to these dainties their SAUSENGER. Have you found anything more to notice where you have inserted those slips of paper in your Fairfax?

*Walter Landor.* Much; to run over all would be tedious. He writes with perfect propriety DISMAID, APPLIE, CHEFE, HART, WISHT, HUSHT, SPRED. Southey was entirely of my opinion that, if LEAD in the present is LED in the preterite, READ should be RED. There is no danger of mistaking the adjective for the verb by it. He ridiculed the spelling of Byron,— REDDE; which is quite as ridiculous as the conceit of that antiquarian society which calls itself the "Roxburghe Club"; E was never added to BURGH.

Howell, a very careful writer, an excellent authority, writes FORREN, FREND, MAHOMETISM, TOUNG, EXTEMPORAL, SHIPWRACK, COLE, ONELY, SUTABLE, PLAID, ASKT, BEGGER,

APPARANCE, BREST, YEER, LANCH, PEECE, TRESURE, SCEPTER, INCERTAIN, KINDE, PERLE.

Drayton and Daniel may be associated with Howell. Drayton in his prose wrote RED; and there is no purer or more considerate author. He writes also ransackT, distinguishT, dispersT, worshipT, admonishT, taxT, deckT, wrackT, profesT, extolD, purchasT. He writes FAINED, TUCH, YEERS, ONELY, DORE.

Sir Thomas More writes LERNED, CLERENESS, PRESTE (priest), SHOLDE, WOLDE, LEVE, YERE, HARTE, MYNDE, HERE (hear), HERER (hearer), APPERE, SPEKER, SEKE, GREVOUS, FYNDE, DOUTE, WHEROF, SEME, DEDE, NEDE, TETHE (teeth), PRECHER, PEPLE, SENE (seen), ERES (ears), TOKE, THERFOR, METE (meat), FREND, THERIN, FERE (fear), a WEVER, REDE (read). A host of these words only show that the best authors avoided the double vowel.

Chaucer, in consecutive verses, writes WERE (wear) and BERE (bear) and HEVEN and FOULE.

> "Upon her thombe or in her purse to bere."
> "There is no foule that flieth under heven."

Camden writes FORRAINE and ILAND.

It was late before EA was employed in place of the simple vowel E. Chaucer writes "ENY PECOCK." SHAL and WIL, so written by him, are more proper than SHALL and WILL by avoiding the form of substantives. Caxton writes, as many of his time, WERK, not "work." Tyndal, long after, writes DOO for DO. Spenser writes DORE instead of DOOR. Sackville writes PEARST. Dryden is less accurate than Cowley and Waller and Sprat. Speaking of Cowley, he says, "He never could FORGIVE a conceit," meaning FOREGO. In our own age, many (Burke among the rest) say, "By THIS means." It would be affectation to say, "By this MEAN," in the singular; but the proper expression is, "By these means."

*Archdeacon Hare.* In regard to terminations, it is difficult to account for the letter E when we say "by and byE." There is none in accounting for it in "Good-BYE," which is the most comprehensive of all contractions: it is "Good be with ye!" or "God be with ye!" which in effect is

the same. Formerly YE was more universal than YOU. Ignorant critics reprehend it wrongly in such a position as, "I would not hurt YE." But it is equally good English as, "YE would not hurt me." No word is more thoroughly vernacular, from of old to this present day, among the people throughout the land. We should keep our homely, well-seasoned words, and never use the grave for light purposes.

Among the many we misapply is the word DESTINY. We hear of a man controlling the destiny of another. Nothing on earth can control the DESTINED, whether the term be applied strictly or laxly. ELEMENT is another, meaning only a CONSTITUENT. Graver still is INCARNATION. We hear about the MISSION of fellows whose highest could be only to put a letter into the post office.

We usually set ' before NEATH, improperly: the better spelling is NETHE, whence NETHER. We also prefix the same ' to FORE. We say (at least those who swear do), "'FORE God"; never "BEfore God." CAUSE in like manner is a word of itself, no less than "BEcause." But this form is properer for poetry.

Chaucer writes PEPLE, as we pronounce it.

Skelton writes SAULT and MAULT, also in accordance with the pronunciation; and there is exactly the same reason for it as in FAULT. It would not be going far out of our way to bring them back again, and then cry HAULT, which we do only with the pen in hand.

We are in the habitude of writing onwards, backwards, towards, afterwards; he more gracefully drops the final S. We write stripT, whipT; yet hesitate at tripT and worshipT. We possess in many cases two for one of the preterites; and, to show our impartiality and fairness, we pronounce the one and write the other. We write SAID and LAID, but never STAID or PLAID. We write official; why not influencial, circumstancial, differencial? We write ENTRANCE the substantive like ENTRANCE the verb. Shakespeare wisely wrote,—

"That sounds the fatal entErance of Duncan," etc.

WondErous is a finer word than WONDROUS.

It is not every good scholar, or every fair poet, who possesses the copiousness and exhibits the discrimination of Shakespeare. Even when we take the hand he offers us, we are accused of innovating.

*Walter Landor.* So far from innovating, the words I propose are brought to their former and legitimate station. You have sanctioned the greater part, and have thought the remainder worth your notice. Every intelligent and unprejudiced man will agree with you. I prefer high authorities to lower, analogy to fashion, a RESTORATION to a USURPATION. Innovators, and worse than innovators, were those Reformers called who disturbed the market-place of manorial theology, and went back to religion where she stood alone in her original purity. We English were the last people to adopt the reformed style in the calendar, and we seem determined to be likewise the last in that of language. We are ordered to please the public; we are forbidden to instruct it. Not only publishers and booksellers are against us, but authors too; and even some of them who are not regularly in the service of those masters. The outcry is, "WE have not ventured to alter what we find in use, and why should HE?"

*Archdeacon Hare.* If the most learned and intelligent, in that age which has been thought by many the most glorious in our literature, were desirous that the language should be settled and fixed, how much more desirable is it that its accretion of corruptions should be now removed! It may be difficult; and still more difficult to restore the authority of the ancient dynasty.

*Walter Landor.* We never have attempted it. But there are certain of their laws and usages which we would not willingly call obsolete. Often in the morning I have looked among your books for them, and I deposit in your hands the first fruits of my research. It is only for such purposes that I sit hours together in a library. Either in the sunshine or under the shade of trees, I must think, meditate, and compose.

*Archdeacon Hare.* Thoughts may be born in a room above-stairs or below; but they are stronger and healthier for early exercise in the open air. It is not only the con-

spirator to whom is appropriate the "*modo citus modo tardus incessus*": it is equally his who follows fancy, and his also who searches after truth.

*Walter Landor.* The treasures of your library have sometimes tempted me away from your pictures; and I have ceased for a moment to regret that by Selections and Compendiums we had lost a large portion of the most noble works, when I find so accurate a selection, so weighty a compendium, carried about with him who is now walking at my side.

*Archdeacon Hare.* I would have strangled such a compliment ere it had attained its full growth: however, now it is not only full-grown but over-grown, let me offer you in return, not a compliment, but a congratulation, on your courage in using the plural "compendiums" where another would have pronounced "compendia."

*Walter Landor.* Would that other, whoever he may be, had said MUSEA? All I require of people is consistency, and rather in the right than in the wrong. When we have admitted a Greek or Latin or French word, we ought to allow it the right of citizenship, and induce it to comply and harmonize with the rest of the vocular community. "Pindarique" went away with Cowley, and died in the same ditch with him; but "oblique" is inflexible, and stands its ground. He would do well who should shove it away, or push it into the ranks of the new militia. "Antique" is the worst portion of Gray's heritage. His former friend, Horace Walpole, had many ANTIQUES and other trifles at Strawberry-hill; but none so worthless as this. In honest truth, we neither have, nor had then, a better and purer writer than he, although he lived in the time of the purest and best,—Goldsmith, Sterne, Fielding, and Inchbald. He gave up his fashionable French for a richer benefice. He would not use "ROUGE," but "RED"; very different from the ladies and gentlemen of the present day, who bring in ENTREMETS and LARDÈS, casting now and then upon the lukewarm hearth a log of Latin, and, in the sleeping room they have prepared for us, spread out as counterpane a remnant of Etruscan, from under a courier's saddle-bag.

Chaucer, who had resided long in France, and much among courtiers, made English his style. Have you patience to read a list of the words he spelled better than we do; and not he only, but his remote successors?

*Archdeacon Hare.* I have patience, and more than patience, to read or hear or see whatever is better than ourselves. Such investigations have always interested me, you know of old.

*Walter Landor.* Rare quality! I scarcely know where to find another who possesses it, or whose anger would not obtain the mastery over his conscience at the imputation.

Let your eyes run down this catalogue. Here are SWETE and SWOTE, FINDE, THER, WEL, HERKEN, HERK, GILT (guilt), SHAL, DON (done), WERKS (works), WEPING, CLENE, DEFAULTE, THEROF, SPEKING, ERTHE, BERETH (beareth), SEATE, METE (meat), SHULD (should), HEVY, HEVN, GREVOUS, GRETE, HETE, YERE, FODE (food); we still say FODDER, not fooder; ETE (eat), LEDE, THROT, WEL, DREDE, SHAL, GESS (guess), FUL, WHERAS, TRESPAS, BETWENE, REPE, SLEPE, SHETE, FREND, DEDLY, DELITES, TERES, HERING, CLERENESS, JUGE, PLESE, SPEKE, WOLD (would), DED, TRED, BEREVE, THRED, PEPLE, DORE, DREME, DEME, RESON, INDEDE, MEKE, FEBLE, WEDE, NEDE, FELE, CESE, PECE, RESONABLE, TITEL, REFREIN, PREESTE.

*Archdeacon Hare.* In adding the vowel, he makes it available for verse. COVETISE, how much better than COVETIOUSNESS? Among the words which might be brought back again to adorn our poetical diction is BEFORNE (before). Here is DISTEMPERAMENT (for inclemency of season); FORLET (forgive), another good word; so is WANHOPE (despair). Has no poet the courage to step forth and to rescue these maidens of speech, unprotected beneath the very castle walls of Chaucer?

*Walter Landor.* If they are resolved to stitch up his rich old tapestry with muslin, they would better let it stay where it is.

*Archdeacon Hare.* Several more words are remaining in which a single vowel is employed where we reduplicate. SHERES, APPERE, SPECHE, WELE, BERETH, RESON, MENING,

PLEASANCE, STELE, COLES, MEKENESS, REVE (bereave), RORE, TONG, CORAGEOUS, FORBERE, KEPE, OTHE (oath), CESE, SHEPE, DREME WERSE, (worse), REKEN (reckon). Certainly this old spelling is more proper than its substitute. To reken is to LOOK OVER an account before casting it up. Here are GREVANCE, LERNE, BETE, SEKE, SPEKE, FREZE (freeze), CHESE, CLENSE, TRETISE, MEKE. Here I find AXE (ask), which is now a vulgarism, though we use TAX for TASK. With great propriety he writes PERSEVER; we, with great impropriety, PERSEVERE. He uses the word SPICED for OVERNICE, which in common use is GINGERLY. I think you would not be a stickler for the best of these, whichever it may be.

*Walter Landor.* No, indeed; but there are in Chaucer, as there are in other of our old yet somewhat later writers, things which with regret I see cast aside for worse. I wish every editor of an author, whether in poetry or prose, would at least add a glossary of his words as he spelled and wrote them, without which attention the history of a language must be incomplete. Heine in his "Virgil," Wakefield in his "Lucretius," have preserved the text itself as entire as possible. Greek words do not appear in their spelling to have been subject to the same vicissitudes as Latin.

I have not been engaged in composing a grammar or vocabulary, nor is a conversation a treatise; so with your usual kindness you will receive a confused collection of words, bearing my mark on them and worthy of yours. They are somewhat like an Italian pastry, of heads and necks and feet and gizzards off a variety of birds of all sorts and sizes. If my simile is undignified, let me go back into the Sistine Chapel, where Michel Angelo displays the same thing more gravely and grandly in his "Last Judgment."

*Archdeacon Hare.* Do not dissemble your admiration of this illustrious man, nor turn into ridicule what you reverence. Among the hardy and false things caught from mouth to mouth is the apothegm, that "there is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous." There was indeed but a step from Bonaparte's.

*Walter Landor.* I perceive you accept the saying as his. It was uttered long before his birth, and so far back as

the age of Louis the Fourteenth. Another is attributed to him, which was spoken by Barrère in the Convention. He there called the English "cette nation *boutiquière*."

*Archdeacon Hare.* Well, now empty out your sack of words, and never mind which comes first.

*Walter Landor.* Probably there are several of them which we have noticed before. Here are a few things which I have marked with my pencil from time to time; others are obliterated, others lost.

There is a very good reason why RAVEL and TRAVEL should be spelled with a single L: pronunciation requires it. Equally does pronunciation require a double L in BEFELL, EXPELL, COMPELL, REBELL.

We often find KNEELED instead of KNELT; yet I do not remember FEELED for FELT. Shaftesbury, and the best writers of his age and later, wrote COU'D, SHOU'D, WOU'D: we do not, although in speaking we never insert the L. Hurd writes, "UNDER the CIRCUMSTANCES." Circumstances are ABOUT us, not ABOVE us.

"Master of the situation" is the only expression we have borrowed lately of the Spanish, and it is not worth having.

I have observed RENT as preterite of REND,—improper; as MENT would be of MEND.

"ALL too well," etc.,—the word ALL used needlessly. "ALL the greater," etc. These expressions are among the many which have latterly been swept out of the servants' hall, who often say (no doubt), "I am all the better for my dinner."

DARESAY is now written as one word.

EGOTIST should be EGOIST; to DOZE should not be written DOSE, as it often is.

I once was present when a scholar used the words VEXED QUESTION; he was not laughed at, although he was thought a pedant for it. Many would willingly be thought pedants who never can be; but they can more cheaply be thought affected, as they would be if they assumed this Latinism. In our English sense, many a question vexes: none is vexed. The sea is VEXATUM when it is tossed hither and thither, to and fro; but a question, however unsettled, has never been so called in good English.

"SOUGHT his bedchamber"; improper, because he knew where it was. To SEEK is to go after what may or may not be found. FIRSTLY is not English. To GATHER a rose is improper. To gather TWO roses would be proper. Better to CULL, which may be said of choosing one out of several; CULL is from the Italian *cogliere*, originally in Latin *colligare*. But to us, in our vernacular, the root is invisible: not so to GATHER, of which we are reminded by TOGETHER.

There is a bull of the largest Irish breed in nearly the most beautiful of Wordsworth's poems:—

> "I lived upon what casual bounty yields,
> Now coldly given, NOW UTTERLY REFUSED."

The Irish need not cry out for their potatoes, if they can live upon what they cannot get.

> "The child is father of the man,"

says Wordsworth, well and truly. The verse animadverted on must have been written before the boy had begotten his parent.

What can be sillier than those verses of his which many have quoted with unsuspicious admiration?—

> "A maid whom there was none to praise,
> And very few to love."

He might have written more properly, if the rhyme and metre had allowed it,—

> A maid whom there were none to love,
> And very few to praise.

For surely the few who loved her would praise her. Here he makes love subordinate to praise: there were some who loved her, none (even of these) who praised her. Readers of poetry hear the bells, and seldom mind what they are ringing for. Where there is laxity there is inexactness.

Frequently there are solid knolls in the midst of Wordsworth's morass; but never did I expect to find so much animation, such vigor, such succinctness, as in the paragraph beginning with —

"All degrees and shapes of spurious form,"

and ending with —

"Left to herself, unheard of and unknown."

Here, indeed, the wagoner's frock drops off, and shows to our surprise the imperial purple underneath it. Here is the brevity and boldness of Cowper; here is heart and soul; here is the εἰκὼν βαθεῖλχη of poetry.

I believe there are few, if any, who enjoy more heartily than I do the best poetry of my contemporaries, or who have commended them both in private and in public with less parsimony and reserve. Several of them, as you know, are personally my friends, although we seldom meet. Perhaps in some I may desiderate the pure ideal of what is simply great. If we must not always look up at Theseus and the Amazons, we may however catch more frequent glimpses of the Graces, with their zones on, and their zones only. Amplification and diffuseness are the principal faults of those who are now standing the most prominent. Dilution does not always make a thing the clearer: it may even cause turbidity.

*Archdeacon Hare.* Stiffness is as bad as laxness. Pindar and Horace, Milton and Shakespeare, never caught the cramp in their mountain streams: their movements are as easy as they are vigorous.

*Walter Landor.* The strongest are the least subject to stiffness. Diffuseness is often the weakness of vanity. The vain poet is of opinion that nothing of his can be too much: he sends to you basketful after basketful of juiceless fruit, covered with scentless flowers.

*Archdeacon Hare.* Many an unlucky one is like the big and bouncing foot ball, which is blown up in its cover by unseemly puffing, and serves only for the game of the day. I am half-inclined to take you to task, my dear friend, feeling confident and certain that I should do it without offense.

*Walter Landor.* Without offense, but not without instruction. Here I am ready at the desk, with both hands down.

*Archdeacon Hare.* To be serious. Are you quite satisfied that you never have sought a pleasure in detecting and exposing the faults of authors, even good ones?

*Walter Landor.* I have here and there sought that pleasure, and found it. To discover a truth, and to separate it from a falsehood, is surely an occupation worthy of the best intellect, and not at all unworthy of the best heart. Consider how few of our countrymen have done it, or attempted it, on works of criticism: how few of them have analyzed and compared. Without these two processes, there can be no sound judgment on any production of genius. We are accustomed to see the beadle limp up into the judge's chair, to hear him begin with mock gravity, and to find him soon dropping it for his natural banter. He condemns with the black cap on; but we discover through its many holes and dissutures the uncombed wig. Southey is the first and almost the only one of our critics who moves between his intellect and his conscience, close to each.

*Archdeacon Hare.* How much better would it be if our reviewers and magazine men would analyze, in this manner, to the extent of their abilities, and would weigh evidence before they pass sentence. But they appear to think that, unless they hazard much, they can win little; while in fact they hazard and lose a great deal more than there is any possibility of their recovering. One rash decision ruins the judge's credit, which twenty correcter never can restore. Animosity, or perhaps something more ignoble, usually stimulates rampant inferiority against high desert.

I have never found you disconcerted by any injustice toward yourself,—not even by the assailants of this our Reformation.

*Walter Landor.* If we know a minor, whose guardians and trustees have been robbing him of his patrimony, or misapplying it, or wearing out the land by bad tillage, would we not attempt to recover for him whatever we could; and especially if we were intimate with the family, if we had enjoyed the shade of its venerable woods, the refreshing breezes from its winding streams, and had in our early days taken our walks among them for study, and in our

still earlier gone into the depths of its forests for our recreation?

*Archdeacon Hare.* Next in criminality to him who violates the laws of his country, is he who violates the language. In this he is a true patriot, and somewhat beside,—

"*Qui consulta patrum qui leges juraque servat.*"

Byron is among the defaulters. On Napoleon he says, "Like HE of Babylon." "The ANNAL of Gibbon." "I have EAT," etc. There is a passage in Tacitus on a vain poet, Luterius, remarkably applicable to our lately fashionable one; "*Studia illa, ut plena vecordiæ, ita inania et fluxa sunt: nec quidquam grave ac serium ex eo metuas qui, suorum ipse flagitiorum proditor, non virorum animis sed muliercularum adrepit.*"

*Walter Landor.* It suits him perfectly. I would, however, pardon him some false grammar and some false sentiment, for his vigorous application of the scourge to the two monsters of dissimilar configuration who degraded and disgraced, at the same period, the two most illustrious nations in the world. The Ode against Napoleon is full of animation: against the other there is less of it; for animation is incompatible with nausea. Byron had good action; but he tired by fretting, and tossing his head, and rearing.

*Archdeacon Hare.* Let reflections for a moment give way to recollections. In the morning we were interrupted in some observations on the aspirate.

*Walter Landor.* Either I said, or was about to say, that the aspirate, wherever it is written, should be pronounced. If we say "A house," why not say "A hour"; if "A horse," why not "A honor"? Nobody says "AN heavy load," "AN heavenly joy," "AN holy man," "AN hermit," "AN high place," "AN huge monster," "AN holly-bough," "AN happy day." Let the minority yield here to the majority. Our capriciousness in admitting or rejecting the service of the aspirate was contracted from the French. The Italians, not wanting it, sent it off, and called it back merely for a mark discriminatory; for instance in the verb HO, HAI, HA.

*Archdeacon Hare.* You have been accused of PHONETIC spelling.

*Walter Landor.* Inconsiderately, and with even less foundation than falsehood has usually under it. Nothing seems to me more grossly absurd, or more injurious to an ancient family,—the stem of our words and thoughts. Such a scheme, about fourscore years ago, was propounded by Elphinstone; it has lately been reproduced, only to wither and die down again.

*Archdeacon Hare.* I always knew, and from yourself, that you are a "good hater" of innovation, and that your efforts were made strenuously on the opposite side, attempting to recover in our blurred palimpsests what was written there of old. We have dropped a great deal of what is good, as you just now have shown; and we have taken into our employment servants without a character, or with a worthless one. We adorn our new curtains with faded fringe, and embellish stout buckskin with point lace.

*Walter Landor.* After this conversation, if it ever should reach the public ear, I may be taken up for a brawl in the street,—more serious than an attack on the new grammar school.

*Archdeacon Hare.* What can you mean? Taken up? For a brawl?

*Walter Landor.* Little are you aware that I have lately been accused of a graver offense, and one committed in the dark.

*Archdeacon Hare.* And in the dark you leave me. Pray explain.

*Walter Landor.* I am indicted for perpetrating an EPIC.

*Archdeacon Hare.* Indeed! I am glad to hear the announcement. And when does the cause come into court? And who is the accuser? And what are his grounds?

*Walter Landor.* Longer ago by some years than half a century, I wrote "Gebir." The cause and circumstances I have detailed elsewhere.

*Archdeacon Hare.* Is this the epic?

*Walter Landor.* It appears so.

*Archdeacon Hare.* Already you look triumphant from that ancient car.

*Walter Landor.* No, truly: I am too idle for a triumph; and the enemy's forces were so small that none could legitimately be decreed.

> "*Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor*
> *Qui face barbaricos calamoque sequare colonos.*"
>
> "Surely shall some one come, alert and kind,
> With torch and quill to guide the blundering hind."

*Archdeacon Hare.* Clowns and boys and other idlers, if they see a head above a garden wall, are apt to throw a pebble at it; which mischief they abstain from doing when the head is on their level and near.

*Walter Landor.* Nobody reads this poem, I am told; and nothing more likely.

*Archdeacon Hare.* Be that as it may, the most disappointed of its readers would be the reader who expected to find an epic in it. To the EPIC not only its certain spirit, but its certain form, is requisite; and not only in the main body, but likewise in the minute articulations. I do not call EPIC that which is in lyric metre, nor indeed in any species of rhyme. The cap and bells should never surmount the helmet and breastplate: Ariosto and Tasso are lyrical romancers. Your poem, which Southey tells us he took for a model, is in blank verse.

*Walter Landor.* Southey, whom I never had known or corresponded with, hailed it loudly in the "Critical Review," on its first appearance. He recommended it to Charles Wynne; Charles Wynne, to the Hebers; they, to your uncle Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph's. Southey's splendid criticism, whatever may be the defects and deficiencies of the poem, must have attracted at the time some other readers; yet I believe (though I never heard or inquired) that they were not numerous. Frere, Canning, and Bobus Smith were among them. Enough for me.

Within these few months, a wholesale dealer in the brittle crockery of market criticism has picked up some shards of it, and stuck them in his shelves. Among them is my "Sea-Shell," which Wordsworth clapped into his pouch. There it became incrusted with a compost of mucus and

shingle; there it lost its "pearly hue within," and its memory of where it had abided.

*Archdeacon Hare.* But Wordsworth had the industry and skill to turn every thing to some account.

*Walter Landor.* Perfectly true. And he is indebted to me for more than the value of twenty "Shells": he is indebted to me for praise, if not more profuse, yet surely more discriminating, than of those critics who were collected at wakes and hired by party. Such hospital nurses kill some children by starving, and others by pampering with unwholesome food.

*Archdeacon Hare.* I have often heard you express your admiration of Wordsworth; and I never heard you complain, or notice, that he owed any thing to you.

*Walter Landor.* Truly he owes me little. My "Shell" may be among the prettiest on his mantelpiece; but a trifle it is at best. I often wish, in his longest poem, he had obtained an inclosure-act, and subdivided it. What a number of delightful idyls it would have afforded! It is a pity that a vapor of metaphysics should overhang and chill any portion of so beautiful a plain; of which, however, the turf would be finer and the glebe solider for a moderate expenditure in draining and top-dressing.

*Archdeacon Hare.* Your predilections led you to rank Southey higher.

*Walter Landor.* Wordsworth has not written three poems so excellent as "Thalaba," "The Curse of Kehama," and "Roderic"; nor, indeed, any poem exhibiting so great a variety of powers. Southey had abundance of wit and humor, of which Wordsworth, like greater men,—such, for instance, as Goethe and Milton,—was destitute. The present age will easily pardon me for placing here the German and the Englishman together: the future, I sadly fear, would, without some apology, be inexorable. If Wordsworth wants the diversity and invention of Southey, no less than the humor, he wants also the same geniality belonging in the same degree to Cowper, with terseness and succinctness.

*Archdeacon Hare.* You have often extolled, and in the presence of many, the beauty of his rural scenes and the truth of his rural characters.

*Walter Landor.* And never will I forego an opportunity. In the delineation of such scenes and characters, far, infinitely far, beneath him are Virgil and Theocritus. Yet surely it is an act of grievous cruelty, however unintentional, in those who thrust him into the same rank and file with Milton. He wants muscle, breadth of shoulder, and height.

*Archdeacon Hare.* Sometimes he may be prosaic.

*Walter Landor.* He slithers on the soft mud, and cannot stop himself until he comes down. In his poetry there is as much of prose as there is of poetry in the prose of Milton. But prose on certain occasions can bear a great deal of poetry: on the other hand, poetry sinks and swoons under a moderate weight of prose; and neither fan nor burned feather can bring her to herself again.

It is becoming and decorous that due honors be paid to Wordsworth; undue have injured him. Discriminating praise, mingled with calm censure, is more beneficial than lavish praise without it. Respect him; reverence him; abstain from worshiping him. Remember, no ashes are lighter than those of incense, and few things burn out sooner.

*Archdeacon Hare.* It appears that you yourself, of late, have not suffered materially by the wafting of the thurible.

*Walter Landor.* Faith! I had quite forgotten what we were speaking about last.

It was about myself, I suspect, and the worthy at Edinburgh who REVIEWS me. According to him, it appears that only two had read "Gebir,"—namely, Southey and Mr. De Quincey. I have mentioned a few others. I might have added Coleridge, to whom Southey lent it, and who praised it even more enthusiastically, until he once found Southey reciting a part of it in company; after which, I am told, he never mentioned it, or slightly. In the year of its publication, Carey, translator of Dante, had praised it. His opinion of it I keep to myself, as one among the few which I value. This was long before Mr. De Quincey knew Southey. It is marvelous that a man of so retentive a memory as Southey should have forgotten a thing to which he himself

had given its importance: it is less so that Mr. De Quincey imagined it, under the influence of that narcotic the effects of which he so ingenuously and so well described, before he exhibited this illustration.

He had another IMAGINARY CONVERSATION with Southey, in which they agree that "Gebir" very much resembled the "Argonautica" of Valerius Flaccus. Hearing of this, about a twelvemonth ago, I attempted to read that poem; but was unsuccessful. Long before, and when my will was stronger, I foundered in the midst of Statius. Happily, in my school-days I had mastered Lucan and Juvenal.

*Archdeacon Hare.* They are grandly declamatory; but declamation overlays and strangles poetry, and disfigures even satire.

*Walter Landor.* Reserving the two mentioned, and Martial, I doubt whether the most speculative magazine man would hazard five pounds for the same quantity of ENGLISH poetry (rightly called LETTER-PRESS) as all the other post-Ovidian poets have left behind. After the banishment of Ovid, hardly a breath of pure poetry breathed over the *Campagna di Roma.* Declamation was spouted in flood-gate verse: Juvenal and Lucan are high in that school, in which, at the close of the poetical day, was heard the street cow-horn of Statius.

*Archdeacon Hare.* Even for the company of such as these, I think I would have left the Reeker in *Auld Reekie.* Flies are only the more troublesome and importunate for being driven off, and they will keep up with your horse, however hard you ride, without any speed or potency of their own.

*Walter Landor.* True; but people who sell unsound wares, and use false scales and measures, ought to be pointed out and put down, although we ourselves may be rich enough to lose an ounce or two by their filching.

*Archdeacon Hare.* No one ever falls among a crowd of literary men without repenting of it sooner or later. You may encounter a single hound outside the kennel; but there is danger if you enter in among them, even with a kind intention and a bland countenance.

*Walter Landor.* It must be a dog in the distemper that raises up his spine at me. I have spoken favorably of many an author; undeservedly, of none: therefore both at home and abroad I have received honorary visits from my countrymen and from foreigners.

*Archdeacon Hare.* Possibly there may be some of them incontinent of the acrimonious humor pricking them in the paroxysm of wit. I know not whether there be any indication of it in the soil under your shovel. Grains of wit, however, may sometimes be found in petulance, as grains of gold in quartz; but petulance is not wit, nor quartz gold.

Are you aware how much thought you have here been throwing away?

*Walter Landor.* My dear friend! thought is never thrown away: wherever it falls, or runs, or rests, it fertilizes. I speak not of that thought which has evil in it, or which tends to evil, but of that which is the exercise of intellect on the elevated and healthy training-ground of truth. We descend, and, as we descend, we may strike off the head of a thistle, or blow away the wandering seed of a dandelion which comes against the face; but, in a moment, forgetting them totally, we carry home with us freshness and strength.

*Archdeacon Hare.* I have never known you, at any former time, take much trouble about your literary concerns.

*Walter Landor.* Never have I descended to repel an attack, and never will; but I must defend the understanding and consistency of a wiser and better man in Southey. Never have I feared that a little and loose petard would burst or unhinge the gates of my fortress, or that a light culverin at a vast distance below would dismantle or reach the battlements.

*Archdeacon Hare.* It is dangerous to break into a park where the paling is high; for it may be difficult to find the way out again, or to escape the penalty of transgression. You never before spoke a syllable about your "Shell."

*Walter Landor.* The swallow builds her nest under a Doric architrave, but does not build it of the same materials.

*Archdeacon Hare.* It is amusing to observe the off-hand facility and intrepid assurance with which small writers attack the greater, as small birds do, pursuing them the more vociferously the higher the flight. Milton stooped and struck down two or three of these obstreperous chatterers, of which the feathers he scattered are all that remains; and these are curiosities.

It is moroseness to scowl at the levity of impudence; it is affability, not without wisdom, to be amused by it. Graver men, critics of note, have seen very indistinctly where the sun has been too bright for them. Gifford, the translator of Juvenal, who was often so grave that ordinary people took him for judicious, thought wit the better part of Shakespeare, and in which alone he was superior to his contemporaries. Another finds him sadly deficient in his female characters. Johnson's ear was insensible to Milton's diapason; and in his "Life" of Somerville he says,—

"If blank verse be not tumid and gorgeous, it is crippled prose."

*Walter Landor.* Johnson had somewhat of the medlar in his nature; one side hard and austere, the other side unsound. We call him AFFECTED for his turgidity: this was not affected; it was the most natural part of him. He hated both affectation and tameness.

*Archdeacon Hare.* Two things intolerable, whether in prose or poetry. Wordsworth is guiltless at least of affectation.

*Walter Landor.* True; but he often is as tame as an abbess's cat, which in kittenhood has undergone the same operation as the Holy Father's choristers.

*Archdeacon Hare.* Sometimes, indeed, he might be more succinct. A belt is good for the breath, and without it we fail in the long run. And yet a man will always be more looked at whose dress flutters in the air than he whose dress sits tight upon him; but he will soon be left on the roadside. Wherever there is a word beyond what is requisite to express the meaning, that word must be peculiarly beautiful in itself or strikingly harmonious; either of which qualities may be of some service in fixing the attention and enforcing the sentiment. But the proper word in the

proper place seldom leaves anything to be desiderated on the score of harmony. The beauty of health and strength is more attractive and impressive than any beauty conferred by ornament. I know the delight you feel, not only in Milton's immortal verse, but (although less) in Wordsworth's.

*Walter Landor.* A Mozart to a Handel! But who is not charmed by the melody of Mozart? Critics have their favorites; and, like the same rank of people at elections, they chair one candidate and pelt another.

*Archdeacon Hare.* A smaller object may be so placed before a greater as to intercept the view of it in its just proportions. This is the favorite manœuvre in the Review-field. Fierce malignity is growing out of date. Nothing but fairness is spoken of; regret at the exposure of faults, real or imaginary, has taken the place of derision, sarcasm, and arrogant condemnation. Nothing was wanting to Byron's consistency when he had expressed his contempt of Shakespeare.

*Walter Landor.* Giffords, who sniffed at the unsavory skirts of Juvenal, and took delight in paddling among the bubbles of azote, no longer ply the trade of critics to the same advantage. Generosity, in truth or semblance, is expected and required. Chattertons may die in poverty and despair; but Keatses are exposed no longer to a lingering death under that poison which paralyzes the heart,—contempt.

*Archdeacon Hare.* In youth the appetite for fame is strongest. It is cruel and inhuman to withhold the sustenance which is necessary to the growth, if not the existence, of genius,—sympathy, encouragement, commendation. Praise is not fame; but the praise of the intelligent is its precursor. VATICIDE is no crime in the statute-book: but a crime, and a heavy crime, it is; and the rescue of a poet from a murderous enemy, although there is no oaken crown decreed for it, is among the higher virtues.

*Walter Landor.* Many will pass by; many will take the other side; many will cherish the less deserving: but some one, considerate and compassionate, will raise up the neglected; and, where a strong hand does it, several less

strong will presently be ready to help. Alas! not always. There is nothing in the ruins of Rome which throws so chilling a shadow over the heart as the monument of Keats.

Our field of poetry at the present time is both wider and better cultivated than it has ever been. But if the tyrant of old who walked into the growing corn, to inculcate a lesson of ORDER by striking off the heads of the higher poppies, were to enter ours, he would lay aside his stick, so nearly on a level is the crop. Every year there is more good poetry written now, in this our country, than was written between the "*Metamorphoses*" and the "*Divina Commedia.*" We walk no longer in the cast-off clothes of the ancients, often ill sewn at first, and now ill fitting. We have pulpier flesh, stouter limbs; we take longer walks, explore wider fields, and surmount more craggy and more lofty eminences. From these let us take a leisurely look at Fancy and Imagination. Your friend Wordsworth was induced to divide his minor poems under the separate heads of these two, probably at the suggestion of Coleridge, who persuaded him, as he himself told me, to adopt the name of "Lyrical Ballads." He was sorry, he said, that he took the advice. And well he might be; for LYRE and BALLAD belong not to the same age or the same people. It would have puzzled Coleridge to have drawn a straight boundary line between the domains of Fancy and those of Imagination, on a careful survey of these pieces; or, perhaps, to have given a satisfactory definition of their qualities.

*Archdeacon Hare.* Do you believe you yourself can?

*Walter Landor.* I doubt it. The face is not the same, but the resemblance is sisterly; and, even by the oldest friends and intimates of the family, one is often taken for the other, so nearly are they alike. Fancy is Imagination in her youth and adolescence. Fancy is always excursive; Imagination, not seldom, is sedate. It is the business of Imagination, in her maturity, to create and animate such beings as are worthy of her plastic hand; certainly not by invisible wires to put marionettes in motion, nor to pin butterflies on blotting paper. Vigorous thought, elevated

sentiment, just expression, development of character, power to bring man out from the secret haunts of his soul, and place him in strong outline against the sky, belong to Imagination. Fancy is thought to dwell among the Fairies and their congeners; and they frequently lead the weak and ductile poet far astray. He is fond of playing at LITTLE-GO among them; and, when he grows bolder, he acts among the Witches and other such creatures; but his hankering after the Fairies still continues. Their tiny rings, in which the intelligent see only the growth of funguses, are no arena for action and passion. It was not in these circles that Homer and Æschylus and Dante strove.

*Archdeacon Hare.* But Shakespeare sometimes entered them, who, with infinitely greater power, molded his composite and consistent man, breathing into him an immortality never to be forfeited.

*Walter Landor.* Shakespeare's full strength and activity were exerted on Macbeth and Othello: he trifled with Ariel and Titania; he played with Caliban; but no other would have thought of playing with him, any more than of playing with Cerberus. Shakespeare and Milton and Chaucer have more imagination than any of those to whom the quality is peculiarly attributed. It is not inconsistent with vigor and gravity. There may be a large and effuse light without —

"The motes that people the sunbeams."

Imagination follows the steps of Homer throughout the Troad, from the ships on the strand to Priam and Helen on the city wall. Imagination played with the baby Astyanax at the departure of Hector from Andromache; and was present at the noblest scene of the "Iliad," where, to repeat a verse of Cowper's on Achilles, more beautiful than Homer's own,—

"His hand he placed
On the old man's hand, AND PUSHED IT GENTLY AWAY."

No less potently does Imagination urge Æschylus on, from the range of beacons to the bath of Agamemnon; nor expand less potently the vulture's wing over the lacerated bosom on the rocks of Caucasus. With the

earliest flowers of the freshly created earth, Imagination strewed the nuptial couch of Eve. Not Ariel, nor Caliban, nor Witches who ruled the elements, but Eve and Satan and Prometheus, are the most wondrous and the most glorious of her works. Imagination takes the weaker hand of Virgil out of Dante's who grasps it, and guides the Florentine exile through the triple world.

*Archdeacon Hare.* Whatever be your enthusiasm for the great old masters, you must often feel, if less of so strong an impulse, yet a cordial self-congratulation in having bestowed so many eulogies on poetical contemporaries, and on others whose genius is apart from poetry.

*Walter Landor.* Indeed I do. Every meed of Justice is delivered out of her own full scale. The poets, and others who may rank with them,— indeed, all the great men,— have borne toward me somewhat more than civility. The few rudenesses I have ever heard of are from such as neither I nor you ever meet in society, and such as warm their fingers and stomachs round less ornamental hearths.

When they to whom we have been unknown, or indifferent, begin to speak a little well of us, we are sure to find some honest old friend ready to trim the balance. I have had occasion to smile at this.

*Archdeacon Hare.* We sometimes stumble upon sly invidiousness and smoldering malignity, quite unexpectedly, and in places which we should have believed, were above the influence of such malaria. When Prosperity pays to Wisdom her visit in state, would we not, rather than halloo the yard-dog against her, clear the way for her, and adorn the door with garlands? How fond are people in general of clinging to a greating man's foibles! — they can climb no higher. It is not the solid, it is the carious, that grubs feed upon.

*Walter Landor.* The practice of barring out the master is still continued in the world's great schoolroom. Our sturdy boys do not fear a flogging : they fear only a book or a lecture.

*Archdeacon Hare.* Authors are like cattle going to a fair : those of the same field can never move on without butting one another.

*Walter Landor.* It has been my fortune and felicity, from my earliest days to have avoided all competitions. My tutor at Oxford could never persuade me to write a piece of Latin poetry for the prize, earnest as he was that his pupil should be a winner at the forthcoming ENCŒNIA. Poetry was always my amusement; prose, my study and business. I have published five volumes of "Imaginary Conversations": cut the worst of them through the middle, and there will remain in this decimal fraction quite enough to satisfy my appetite for fame. I shall dine late; but the dining-room will be well lighted, the guests few and select.

In this age of discovery it may haply be discovered who first among our Cisalpine nations led Greek to converse like Greek, Roman like Roman, in poetry or prose. Gentlemen of fashion have patronized them occasionally,—have taken them under the arm, have recommended their own tailor, their own perfumer, and have lighted a cigar for them from their own at the door of the TRAVELER'S or ATHENÆUM: there they parted.

*Archdeacon Hare.* Before we go into the house again, let me revert to what you seem to have forgotten,—the hasty and inaccurate remarks on "Gebir."

*Walter Landor.* It is hardly worth our while. Evidently they were written by a very young person, who, with a little encouragement, and induced to place his confidence in somewhat safer investment than himself, may presently do better things.

*Archdeacon Hare.* Southey too, I remember, calls the poem in some parts obscure.

*Walter Landor.* It must be, if Southey found it so. I never thought of asking him where lies the obscurity; I would have attempted to correct whatever he disapproved.

*Archdeacon Hare.* He himself, the clearest of writers, professes that he imitated your versification; and the style of his "Colloquies" is in some degree modified by yours.

*Walter Landor.* Little cause had he for preferring any other to his own.

Perhaps the *indictum ore alio* is my obscurity. Goethe is acknowledged by his highest admirers to be obscure in

several places; which he thinks a poet may and should be occasionally. I differ from him, and would avoid it everywhere: he could see in the dark. This great poet carries it with him so far as into EPIGRAM. I now regret that I profited so little by the calm acuteness of Southey. In what poet of the last nineteen centuries, who has written so much, is there less intermixture of prose, or less contamination of conceit? In what critic, who has criticised so many, less of severity or assumption?

I would never fly for shelter under the strongest wing; but you know that commentators, age after age, have found obscurities in Pindar, in Dante, and in Shakespeare.

*Archdeacon Hare.* And it is not in every place the effect of time. You have been accused, I hear, either by this writer or some such another, of TURGIDITY.

*Walter Landor.* Certainly by this: do not imagine there is anywhere such another.

*Archdeacon Hare.* Without a compliment, no poet of ours is less turgid. Guests may dispense with pottage and puff-paste, with radishes and water cresses, with salad and cream cheese, who "*implentur veteris bacchi pinguisque ferinæ.*"

*Walter Landor.* Encouraged by your commendation, let me read to you (for I think I placed it this evening in my pocket) what was transcribed for me as a curiosity out of the same "Article." Yes; here it is:—

"His great defect is a certain crudeness of the judgment, implied in the selection of the subject-matter, and a further want of skill and perspicuity in the treatment. Except in a few passages, it has none of those peculiar graces of style and sentiment which render the writings of our more prominent modern authors so generally delightful."

*Archdeacon Hare.* Opinion on most matters, but chiefly on literary, and, all above, on poetical, seems to me like an empty eggshell in a duck pond, turned on its stagnant water by the slightest breath of air; at one moment the cracked side nearer to sight, at another the sounder, but the emptiness at all times visible.

Is your detractor a brother poet?

*Walter Landor.* An incipient one he may be. Poets in that stage of existence, subject to sad maladies, kick hard

for life, and scratch the nurse's face. Like some trees,— fir trees, for instance,— they must attain a certain height and girth before they are serviceable or sightly.

*Archdeacon Hare.* The weakest wines fall soonest into the acetous fermentation : the more generous retain their sweetness with their strength. Somewhat of this diversity is observable in smaller wits and greater, more especially in the warm climate where poetry is the cultivation.

*Walter Landor.* The ancients often hung their trophies on obtruncated and rotten trees : we may do the like at present, leaving our enemies for sepulture.

*Archdeacon Hare.* Envy of pre-eminence is universal and everlasting. Little men, whenever they find an opportunity, follow the steps of greater in this dark declivity. The apple of discord was full grown soon after the creation. It fell between the two first brothers in the garden of Eden ; it fell between two later on the plain of Thebes. Narrow was the interval, when again it gleamed portentously on the short grass of Ida. It rolled into the palace of Pella, dividing Philip and "Philip's godlike son" ; it followed that insatiable youth to the extremities of his conquests, and even to his sepulchre ; then it broke the invincible phalanx, and scattered the captains wide apart. It lay in the gates of Carthage, so that they could not close against the enemy ; it lay between the generous and agnate families of Scipio and Gracchus. Marius and Sulla, Julius and Pompeius, Octavius and Antonius, were not the last who experienced its fatal malignity. King imprisoned king ; emperor stabbed emperor ; pope poisoned pope, contending for God's vicegerency. The roll-call of their names, with a cross against each, is rotting in the lumber room of history. Do not wonder, then, if one of the rabble runs after you from the hustings, and, committing no worse mischief, snatches at the colors in your hatband.

*Walter Landor.* Others have snatched more. My quarry lies upon a high common a good way from the public road, and everybody takes out of it what he pleases "with privy paw, and nothing said" beyond, "A CURSE ON THE OLD FELLOW ! HOW HARD HIS GRANITE IS ! ONE CAN NEVER MAKE IT FIT." This is all I get of quitrent or acknowledg-

ment. I know of a poacher who noosed a rabbit on my warren, and I am told he made such a fricassee of it that there was no taste of rabbit or sauce. I never had him taken up: he is at large, dressed in new clothes, and worth money.

*Archdeacon Hare.* Your manors are extensive, comprehending—

> "*Prata, arva, ingentes sylvas, saltusque paludesque*
> *Usque ad oceanum.*"

*Walter Landor.* I never drive the poor away, if they come after dry sticks only; but they must not with impunity lop or burn my plantations.

*Archdeacon Hare.* I regret that your correspondent was sickened or tired of transcribing.

*Walter Landor.* Here is another slip from the same crab tree. It is objected that most of my poems are occasional.

*Archdeacon Hare.* In number they may be; but in quantity of material I doubt whether they constitute a seventh. We will look presently, and we shall find perhaps that the gentleman is unlucky at his game of hazard.

*Walter Landor.* Certainly his play is not deep. We who are sober dare not sit down at a table where a character may be lost at a cast: they alone are so courageous who have nothing to be seized on.

*Archdeacon Hare.* The gentleman sweeps the cloth with little caution and less calculation. Of your poems, the smaller alone are occasional: now not only are the smaller, but the best, of Catullus and Horace, and all of Pindar. Were not the speeches of Lysias, Æschines, Demosthenes, occasional? Draw nearer home: what but occasional were the "Letters of Junius"? *Materiem superabat opus.*

*Walter Landor.* True. The ministers and their king are now mold and worms: they were little better when above ground; but the bag wig and point lace of "Junius" are suspended aloft upon a golden peg, for curiosity and admiration.

*Archdeacon Hare.* Regarding the occasional in poetry, is there less merit in taking and treating what is before us,

than in seeking and wandering through an open field as we would for mushrooms?

*Walter Landor.* I stand out a rude rock in the middle of a river, with no exotic or parasitical plant on it, and few others. Eddies and dimples and froth and bubbles pass rapidly by, without shaking me. Here, indeed, is little room for picnic and polka.

*Archdeacon Hare.* Praise and censure are received by you with nearly the same indifference.

*Walter Landor.* Not yours. Praise on poetry, said to be the most exhilarating of all, affects my brain but little. Certainly, I never attempted to snatch "the peculiar graces so generally delightful." My rusticity has at least thus much of modesty in it.

*Archdeacon Hare.*

> "The richest flowers have not most honey-cells.
> You seldom find the bee about the rose,
> Oftener the beetle eating into it.
> The violet less attracts the noisy hum
> Than the minute and poisonous bloom of box.
> Poets know this; Nature's invited guests
> Draw near and note it down and ponder it;
> The idler sees it, sees unheedingly,
> Unheedingly the rifler of the hive."

Is your critic wiser, more experienced, and of a more poetical mind than Southey? *Utri horum creditis, Quirites?*

Vanity and presumption are not always the worst parts of the man they take possession of, although they are usually the most prominent. Malignity sticks as closely to him, and keeps more cautiously out of sight. Sorry I have often been to see a fellow-Christian — one of much intellect and much worth, one charitable to the poor, one attendant on the sick, one compassionate with the sufferer, one who never is excited to anger but by another's wrongs — enjoying a secret pleasure in saying unpleasant things at no call of duty; inflicting wounds which may be long before they heal; and not only to those who are unfriendly or unknown, but likewise to the nearest and the friendliest. Meanwhile those who perhaps are less observant of our ritual

not only abstain from so sinful an indulgence, but appear to be guided in their demeanor by the less imperative and less authorative dictate of philosophy. I need not exhort or advise you, who have always done it, to disregard the insignificant and obscure, so distant from you, so incapable of approaching you. Only look before you at this instant; and receive a lesson from Nature, who is able and ready at all times to teach us, and to teach men wiser than we are. Unwholesome exhalations creep over the low marshes of Pevensey; but they ascend not to Beachy Head nor to Hurstmonceaux.

## DANTE AND BEATRICE

*DANTE.* When you saw me profoundly pierced with love, and reddening and trembling, did it become you, did it become you, you whom I have always called THE MOST GENTLE BICE, to join in the heartless laughter of those girls around you? Answer me. Reply unhesitatingly. Requires it so long a space for dissimulation and duplicity? Pardon! pardon! pardon! My senses have left me: my heart being gone, they follow.

*Beatrice.* Childish man! pursuing the impossible.

*Dante.* And was it this you laughed at? We cannot touch the hem of God's garment; yet we fall at his feet, and weep.

*Beatrice.* But weep not, gentle Dante! fall not before the weakest of his creatures, willing to comfort, unable to relieve, you. Consider a little. Is laughter at all times the signal or the precursor of derision? I smiled, let me avow it, from the pride I felt in your preference of me; and, if I laughed, it was to conceal my sentiments. Did you never cover sweet fruit with worthless leaves? Come, do not drop again so soon so faint a smile. I will not have you grave, nor very serious. I pity you; I must not love you: if I might, I would.

*Dante.* Yet how much love is due to me, O Bice, who have loved you, as you well remember, even from your

tenth year! But it is reported, and your words confirm it, that you are going to be married.

*Beatrice.* If so, and if I could have laughed at that, and if my laughter could have estranged you from me, would you blame me?

*Dante.* Tell me the truth.

*Beatrice.* The report is general.

*Dante.* The truth! the truth! Tell me, Bice.

*Beatrice.* Marriages, it is said, are made in heaven.

*Dante.* Is heaven, then, under the paternal roof?

*Beatrice.* It has been to me, hitherto.

*Dante.* And now you seek it elsewhere.

*Beatrice.* I seek it not. The wiser choose for the weaker. Nay, do not sigh so. What would you have, my grave, pensive Dante? What can I do?

*Dante.* Love me.

*Beatrice.* I always did.

*Dante.* Love me? Oh, bliss of heaven!

*Beatrice.* No, no, no! Forbear! Men's kisses are always mischievous and hurtful; everybody says it. If you truly loved me, you would never think of doing so.

*Dante.* Nor even this?

*Beatrice.* You forget that you are no longer a boy; and that it is not thought proper at your time of life to continue the arm at all about the waist. Beside, I think you would better not put your head against my bosom; it beats too much to be pleasant to you. Why do you wish it? Why fancy it can do you any good? It grows no cooler: it seems to grow even hotter. Oh, how it burns! Go, go; it hurts me too: it struggles, it aches, it throbs. Thank you, my gentle friend, for removing your brow away: your hair is very thick and long; and it began to heat me more than you can imagine. While it was there, I could not see your face so well, nor talk with you so quietly.

*Dante.* Oh! when shall we talk quietly in future?

*Beatrice.* When I am married. I shall often come to visit my father. He has always been solitary since my mother's death, which happened in my infancy, long before you knew me.

*Dante.* How can he endure the solitude of his house when you have left it?

*Beatrice.* The very question I asked him.

*Dante.* You did not then wish to — to — go away?

*Beatrice.* Ah, no! It is sad to be an outcast at fifteen.

*Dante.* An outcast?

*Beatrice.* Forced to leave a home.

*Dante.* For another?

*Beatrice.* Childhood can never have a second.

*Dante.* But childhood is now over.

*Beatrice.* I wonder who was so malicious as to tell my father that? He wanted me to be married a whole year ago.

*Dante.* And, Bice, you hesitated?

*Beatrice.* No; I only wept. He is a dear, good father. I never disobeyed him but in those wicked tears; and they ran the faster the more he reprehended them.

*Dante.* Say, who is the happy youth?

*Beatrice.* I know not who ought to be happy, if you are not.

*Dante.* I?

*Beatrice.* Surely you deserve all happiness.

*Dante.* Happiness! any happiness is denied me. Ah, hours of childhood! bright hours! what fragrant blossoms ye unfold! what bitter fruits to ripen!

*Beatrice.* Now cannot you continue to sit under that old fig tree at the corner of the garden? It is always delightful to me to think of it.

*Dante.* Again you smile: I wish I could smile too.

*Beatrice.* You were usually more grave than I, although very often, two years ago, you told me I was the graver. Perhaps I WAS then, indeed; and perhaps I ought to be now: but, really, I must smile at the recollection, and make you smile with me.

*Dante.* Recollection of what, in particular?

*Beatrice.* Of your ignorance that a fig tree is the brittlest of trees, especially when it is in leaf; and, moreover, of your tumble, when your head was just above the wall, and your hand (with the verses in it) on the very coping-stone. Nobody suspected that I went every day to the bottom of our

garden, to hear you repeat your poetry on the other side; nobody but yourself: you soon found me out. But on that occasion I thought you might have been hurt; and I clambered up our high peach tree in the grass plot nearest the place; and thence I saw Messer Dante with his white sleeve reddened by the fig juice, and the seeds sticking to it pertinaciously, and Messer blushing, and trying to conceal his calamity, and still holding the verses. They were all about me.

*Dante.* Never shall any verse of mine be uttered from my lips, or from the lips of others, without the memorial of Bice.

*Beatrice.* Sweet Dante! in the purity of your soul shall Bice live; as (we are told by the goat-herds and foresters) poor creatures have been found preserved in the serene and lofty regions of the Alps, many years after the breath of life had left them. Already you rival Guido Cavalcanti and Cino da Pistoja: you must attempt — nor perhaps, shall it be vainly — to surpass them in celebrity.

*Dante.* If ever I am above them,— and I must be,— I know already what angel's hand will have helped me up the ladder. Beatrice, I vow to heaven, shall stand higher than Selvaggia, high and glorious and immortal as that name will be. You have given me joy and sorrow; for the worst of these (I will not say the least) I will confer on you all the generations of our Italy, all the ages of our world. But, first (alas, from me you must not have it!) may happiness, long happiness, attend you!

*Beatrice.* Ah! those words rend your bosom! Why should they?

*Dante.* I could go away contented, or almost contented, were I sure of it. Hope is nearly as strong as despair, and greatly more pertinacious and enduring. You have made me see clearly that you never can be mine in this world; but at the same time, O Beatrice, you have made me see quite as clearly that you may and must be mine in another. I am older than you: precedency is given to age, and not to worthiness, in our way to heaven. I will watch over you; I will pray for you when I am nearer to God, and purified from the stains of earth and mortality. He will permit me

to behold you lovely as when I left you. Angels in vain should call me onward.

*Beatrice.* Hush, sweetest Dante ! hush !

*Dante.* It is there where I shall have caught the first glimpse of you again, that I wish all my portion of Paradise to be assigned me; and there, if far below you, yet within the sight of you, to establish my perdurable abode.

*Beatrice.* Is this piety? Is this wisdom? O Dante ! And may not I be called away first?

*Dante.* Alas ! alas ! how many small feet have swept off the early dew of life, leaving the path black behind them ! But to think that you should go before me ! It almost sends me forward on my way, to receive and welcome you. If indeed, O Beatrice ! such should be God's immutable will, sometimes look down on me when the song to him is suspended. Oh ! look often on me with prayer and pity; for there all prayers are accepted, and all pity is devoid of pain. Why are you silent?

*Beatrice.* It is very sinful not to love all creatures in the world. But is it true, O Dante ! that we always love those the most who make us the most unhappy?

*Dante.* The remark, I fear, is just.

*Beatrice.* Then, unless the Virgin be pleased to change my inclinations, I shall begin at last to love my betrothed; for already the very idea of him renders me sad, wearisome, and comfortless. Yesterday, he sent me a bunch of violets. When I took them up, delighted as I felt at that sweetest of odors, which you and I once inhaled together —

*Dante.* And only once.

*Beatrice.* You know why. Be quiet now, and hear me. I dropped the posy; for around it, hidden by various kinds of foliage, was twined the bridal necklace of pearls. O Dante ! how worthless are the finest of them (and there are many fine ones) in comparison with those little pebbles, some of which (for perhaps I may not have gathered up all) may be still lying under the peach tree, and some (do I blush to say it?) under the fig ! Tell me not who threw these, nor for what. But you know you were always thoughtful, and sometimes reading, sometimes writing,

and sometimes forgetting me, while I waited to see the crimson cap, and the two bay leaves I fastened in it, rise above the garden wall. How silently you are listening, if you do listen!

*Dante.* Oh, could my thoughts incessantly and eternally dwell among these recollections, undisturbed by any other voice,— undisturbed by any other presence! Soon must they abide with me alone, and be repeated by none but me,— repeated in the accents of anguish and despair! Why could you not have held in the sad home of your heart that necklace and those violets.

*Beatrice.* My Dante! we must all obey: I, my father; you, your God. He will never abandon you.

*Dante.* I have ever sung, and will forever sing, the most glorious of his works: and yet, O Bice! he abandons me, he casts me off; and he uses your hand for this infliction.

*Beatrice.* Men travel far and wide, and see many on whom to fix or transfer their affections; but we maidens have neither the power nor the will. Casting our eyes on the ground, we walk along the straight and narrow road prescribed for us; and, doing thus, we avoid in great measure the thorns and entanglements of life. We know we are performing our duty; and the fruit of this knowledge is contentment. Season after season, day after day, you have made me serious, pensive, meditative, and almost wise. Being so little a girl, I was proud that you, so much taller, should lean on my shoulder to overlook my work. And greatly more proud was I when in time you taught me several Latin words, and then whole sentences, both in prose and verse; pasting a strip of paper over, or obscuring with impenetrable ink, those passages in the poets which were beyond my comprehension, and might perplex me. But proudest of all was I when you began to reason with me. What will now be my pride, if you are convinced by the first arguments I ever have opposed to you; or if you only take them up and try if they are applicable. Certainly do I know (indeed, indeed I do) that even the patience to consider them will make you happier. Will it not, then, make me so? I entertain no other wish. Is not this true love?

*Dante.* Ah, yes! the truest, the purest, the least perishable; but not the sweetest. Here are the rue and hyssop; but where the rose?

*Beatrice.* Wicked must be whatever torments you; and will you let love do it? Love is the gentlest and kindest breath of God. Are you willing that the Tempter should intercept it, and respire it polluted into your ear? Do not make me hesitate to pray to the Virgin for you, nor tremble lest she look down on you with a reproachful pity. To her alone, O Dante! dare I confide all my thoughts. Lessen not my confidence in my only refuge.

*Dante.* God annihilate a power so criminal! Oh, could my love flow into your breast with hers! It should flow with equal purity.

*Beatrice.* You have stored my little mind with many thoughts; dear because they are yours, and because they are virtuous. May I not, O my Dante! bring some of them back again to your bosom; as the CONTADINA lets down the string from the cottage-beam in winter, and culls a few bunches of the soundest for the master of the vineyard? You have not given me glory that the world should shudder at its eclipse. To prove that I am worthy of the smallest part of it, I must obey God; and, under God, my father. Surely, the voice of Heaven comes to us audibly from a parent's lips. You will be great, and, what is above all greatness, good.

*Dante.* Rightly and wisely, my sweet Beatrice, have you spoken in this estimate. Greatness is to goodness what gravel is to porphyry: the one is a movable accumulation, swept along the surface of the earth; the other stands fixed and solid and alone, above the violence of war and of the tempest, above all that is residuous of a wasted world. Little men build up great ones; but the snow colossus soon melts. The good stand under the eye of God; and therefore stand.

*Beatrice.* Now you are calm and reasonable, listen to Bice. You must marry.

*Dante.* Marry?

*Beatrice.* Unless you do, how can we meet again, unreservedly? Worse, worse than ever! I cannot bear to see

those large, heavy tears following one another, heavy and slow as nuns at the funeral of a sister. Come, I will kiss off one, if you will promise me faithfully to shed no more. Be tranquil, be tranquil; only hear reason. There are many who know you; and all who know you must love you. Don't you hear me? Why turn aside? and why go further off? I will have that hand. It twists about as if it hated its confinement. Perverse and peevish creature! you have no more reason to be sorry than I have; and you have many to the contrary which I have not. Being a man, you are at liberty to admire a variety, and to make a choice. Is that no comfort to you?

*Dante.*

"Bid this bosom cease to grieve?
Bid these eyes fresh objects see?
Where's the comfort to believe
None might once have rival'd me?
What! my freedom to receive!
Broken hearts, are they the free?
For another can I live
When I may not live for thee?"

*Beatrice.* I will never be fond of you again, if you are so violent. We have been together too long, and we may be noticed.

*Dante.* Is this our last meeting? If it is — and that it is, my heart has told me — you will not, surely you will not refuse —

*Beatrice.* Dante! Dante! they make the heart sad after: do not wish it. But prayers — oh, how much better are they! how much quieter and lighter they render it! They carry it up to heaven with them; and those we love are left behind no longer.

## THE MAID OF ORLEANS AND AGNES SOREL

*AGNES.* If a boy could ever be found so beautiful and so bashful, I should have taken you for a boy about fifteen years old. Really and without flattery, I think you very lovely.

*Jeanne.* I hope I shall be greatly more so.

*Agnes.* Nay, nay: do not expect to improve, except a little in manner. Manner is the fruit, blushes are the blossom: these must fall off before the fruit sets.

*Jeanne.* By God's help, I may be soon more comely in the eyes of men.

*Agnes.* Ha, ha! even in piety there is a spice of vanity. The woman can only cease to be the woman when angels have disrobed her in Paradise.

*Jeanne.* I shall be far from loveliness, even in my own eyes, until I execute the will of God in the deliverance of his people.

*Agnes.* Never hope it.

*Jeanne.* The deliverance that is never hoped, seldom comes. We conquer by hope and trust.

*Agnes.* Be content to have humbled the proud islanders. Oh, how I rejoice that a mere child has done so!

*Jeanne.* A child of my age, or younger, chastised the Philistines, and smote down the giant their leader.

*Agnes.* But Talbot is a giant of another mold: his will is immovable; his power is irresistible; his word of command is, CONQUER.

*Jeanne.* It shall be heard no longer. The tempest of battle drowns it in English blood.

*Agnes.* Poor simpleton! The English will recover from the stupor of their fright, believing thee no longer to be a sorceress. Did ever sword or spear intimidate them? Hast thou never heard of Crecy? Hast thou never heard of Agincourt? Hast thou never heard of Poitiers, where the chivalry of France was utterly vanquished by sick and starving men, one against five? The French are the eagle's plume; the English are his talon.

*Jeanne.* The talon and the plume shall change places.

*Agnes.* Too confident!

*Jeanne.* O lady! is any one too confident in God?

*Agnes.* We may mistake his guidance. Already, not only the whole host of the English, but many of our wisest and most authoritative Churchmen, believe you on their consciences to act under the instigation of Satan.

*Jeanne.* What country or what creature has the Evil One ever saved? With what has he tempted me? — with reproaches, with scorn, with weary days, with slumberless nights, with doubts, distrusts, and dangers, with absence from all who cherish me, with immodest, soldierly language, and perhaps an untimely and a cruel death.

*Agnes.* But you are not afraid.

*Jeanne.* Healthy and strong, yet always too timorous, a few seasons ago I fled away from the lowings of a young steer, if he ran opposite; I awaited not the butting of a full-grown kid; the barking of a house-dog at our neighbor's gate turned me pale as ashes; and (shame upon me!) I scarcely dared kiss the child, when he called on me with burning tongue in the pestilence of a fever.

*Agnes.* No wonder! A creature in a fever! what a frightful thing!

*Jeanne.* It would be, were it not so piteous.

*Agnes.* And did you kiss it? Did you really kiss the lips?

*Jeanne.* I fancied mine would refresh them a little.

*Agnes.* And did they? I should have thought mine could do but trifling good in such cases.

*Jeanne.* Alas! when I believed I had quite cooled them, it was death had done it.

*Agnes.* Ah! this is courage.

*Jeanne.* The courage of the weaker sex, inherent in us all, but as deficient in me as in any until an infant taught me my duty by its cries. Yet never have I quailed in the front of the fight, where I directed our ranks against the bravest. God pardon me, if I err! but I believe his Spirit flamed within my breast, strengthened my arm, and led me on to victory.

*Agnes.* Say not so, or they will burn thee alive, poor child!

Why fallest thou before me? I have some power, indeed; but in this extremity I could little help thee: the priest never releases the victim.

What! how! thy countenance is radiant with a heavenly joy: thy humility is like an angel's at the feet of God; I am unworthy to behold it.

Rise, Jeanne, rise!

*Jeanne.* Martyrdom too! The reward were too great for such an easy and glad obedience. France will become just and righteous; France will praise the Lord for her deliverance.

*Agnes.* Sweet enthusiast! I am confident, I am certain, of thy innocence.

*Jeanne.* O Lady Agnes!

*Agnes.* Why fixest thou thy eyes on me so piteously? Why sobbest thou,—thou, to whom the representation of an imminent death to be apprehended for thee left untroubled, joyous, exulting? Speak; tell me.

*Jeanne.* I must. This also is commanded me. You believe me innocent?

*Agnes.* In truth, I do; why, then, look abashed? Alas! alas! could I mistake the reason? I spoke of innocence!

Leave me, leave me. Return another time. Follow thy vocation.

*Jeanne.* Agnes Sorel! be thou more than innocent, if innocence is denied thee. In the name of the Almighty, I call on thee to earn his mercy.

*Agnes.* I implore it incessantly, by day, by night.

*Jeanne.* Serve him as thou mayest best serve him; and thy tears, I promise thee, shall soon be less bitter than those which are dropping on this jeweled hand, and on the rude one which has dared to press it.

*Agnes.* What can I,—what can I do?

*Jeanne.* Lead the King back to his kingdom.

*Agnes.* The King is in France.

*Jeanne.* No, no, no!

*Agnes.* Upon my word of honor.

*Jeanne.* And at such a time, O Heaven! in idleness and sloth?

*Agnes.* Indeed, no. He is busy (this is the hour) in feeding and instructing two young hawks. Could you but see the little miscreants, how they dare to bite and claw and tug at him! He never hurts or scolds them for it; he is so good natured: he even lets them draw blood: he is so very brave!

Running away from France! Who could have raised such a report? Indeed, he is here. He never thought of leaving the country; and his affairs are becoming more and more prosperous ever since the battle. Can you not take my asseveration? Must I say it? he is now in this very house.

*Jeanne.* Then, not in France. In France, all love their country. Others of our kings, old men tell us, have been captives; but less ignominiously. Their enemies have respected their misfortunes and their honor.

*Agnes.* The English have always been merciful and generous.

*Jeanne.* And will you be less generous, less merciful?

*Agnes.* I?

*Jeanne.* You; the beloved of Charles.

*Agnes.* This is too confident. No, no, do not draw back; it is not too confident: it is only too reproachful. But your actions have given you authority. I have, nevertheless, a right to demand of you what creature on earth I have ever treated ignominiously or unkindly.

*Jeanne.* Your beloved; your King.

*Agnes.* Never. I owe to him all I have, all I am.

*Jeanne.* Too true! But let him in return owe to you, O Lady Agnes, eternal happiness, eternal glory. Condescend to labor with the humble handmaiden of the Lord, in fixing his throne and delivering his people.

*Agnes.* I cannot fight; I abominate war.

*Jeanne.* Not more than I do; but men love it.

*Agnes.* Too much.

*Jeanne.* Often too much; for often unjustly. But when God's right hand is visible in the vanguard, we who are called must follow.

*Agnes.* I dare not; indeed, I dare not.

*Jeanne.* You dare not?—you who dare withhold the King from his duty!

*Agnes.* We must never talk of their duties to our princes.

*Jeanne.* Then, we omit to do much of our own. It is now mine; but, above all, it is yours.

*Agnes.* There are learned and religious men who might more properly.

*Jeanne.* Are these learned and religious men in the court? Pray tell me: since, if they are, seeing how poorly they have sped, I may peradventure, however unwillingly, however blamably, abate a little of my reverence for learning, and look for pure religion in lower places.

*Agnes.* They are modest; and they usually ask of me in what manner they may best please their master.

*Jeanne.* They believe, then, that your affection is proportional to the power you possess over him. I have heard complaints that it is usually quite the contrary. But can such great men be loved? And do you love him? Why do you sigh so?

*Agnes.* Life is but sighs; and, when they cease, 'tis over.

*Jeanne.* Now deign to answer me: do you truly love him?

*Agnes.* From my soul, and above it.

*Jeanne.* Then, save him!

Lady, I am grieved at your sorrow, although it will hereafter be a source of joy unto you. The purest water runs from the hardest rock. Neither worth nor wisdom come without an effort; and patience and piety and salutary knowledge spring up and ripen from under the harrow of affliction. Before there is wine or there is oil, the grape must be trodden and the olive must be pressed.

I see you are framing in your heart the resolution.

*Agnes.* My heart can admit nothing but his image.

*Jeanne.* It must fall thence at last.

*Agnes.* Alas! alas! Time loosens man's affections. I may become unworthy. In the sweetest flower there is much that is not fragrance, and which transpires when the freshness has passed away.

Alas, if he should ever cease to love me!

*Jeanne.* Alas, if God should!

*Agnes.* Then, indeed, he might afflict me with so grievous a calamity.

*Jeanne.* And none worse after?

*Agnes.* What can there be?

O Heaven! mercy! mercy!

*Jeanne.* Resolve to earn it: one hour suffices.

*Agnes.* I am lost. Leave me, leave me.

*Jeanne.* Do we leave the lost? Are they beyond our care? Remember who died for them, and them only.

*Agnes.* You subdue me. Spare me: I would only collect my thoughts.

*Jeanne.* Cast them away. Fresh herbage springs from under the withered. Be strong; and, if you love, be generous. Is it more glorious to make a captive than to redeem one?

*Agnes.* Is he in danger? Oh!—you see all things—is he? is he? is he?

*Jeanne.* From none but you.

*Agnes.* God, it is evident, has given to thee alone the power of rescuing both him and France. He has bestowed on thee the mightiness of virtue.

*Jeanne.* Believe, and prove thy belief, that he has left no little of it still in thee.

*Agnes.* When we have lost our chastity, we have lost all, in his sight and in man's. But man is unforgiving; God is merciful.

*Jeanne.* I am so ignorant, I know only a part of my duties: yet those which my Maker has taught me I am earnest to perform. He teaches me that divine love has less influence over the heart than human; he teaches me that it ought to have more; finally, he commands me to announce to thee, not his anger, but his will.

*Agnes.* Declare it; Oh! declare it. I do believe his holy word is deposited in thy bosom.

*Jeanne.* Encourage the King to lead his vassals to the field.

*Agnes.* When the season is milder.

*Jeanne.* And bid him leave you for ever.

*Agnes.* Leave me! one whole campaign! one entire summer! Oh, anguish! it sounded in my ears as if you said, "for ever."

*Jeanne.* I say it again.

*Agnes.* Thy power is superhuman; mine is not.

*Jeanne.* It ought to be, in setting God at defiance. The mightiest of the angels rued it.

*Agnes.* We did not make our hearts.

*Jeanne.* But we can mend them.

*Agnes.* Oh! mine (God knows it) bleeds.

*Jeanne.* Say rather it expels from it the last stagnant drop of its rebellious sin. Salutary pangs may be painfuller than mortal ones.

*Agnes.* Bid him leave me! wish it! permit it! think it near! believe it ever can be! Go, go. I am lost eternally.

*Jeanne.* And Charles too.

*Agnes.* Hush! hush! What has he done that other men have not done also?

*Jeanne.* He has left undone what others do. Other men fight for their country.

I always thought it was pleasant to the young and beautiful to see those they love victorious and applauded. Twice in my lifetime I have been present at wakes, where prizes were contended for,—what prizes I quite forget: certainly not kingdoms. The winner was made happy; but there was one made happier. Village maids love truly: ay, they love glory too; and not their own. The tenderest heart loves best the courageous one: the gentle voice says, "Why wert thou so hazardous?" The deeper-toned replies, "For thee, for thee."

*Agnes.* But if the saints of heaven are offended, as I fear they may be, it would be presumptuous in the King to expose his person in battle until we have supplicated and appeased them.

*Jeanne.* One hour of self-denial, one hour of stern exertion against the assaults of passion outvalues a life of prayer.

*Agnes.* Prayer, if many others will pray with us, can do all things. I will venture to raise up that arm which has only one place for its repose; I will steal away from that undivided pillow, fragrant with fresh and unextinguishable love.

*Jeanne.* Sad earthly thoughts!

*Agnes.* You make them sad; you cannot make them earthly. There is a divinity in a love descending from on high, in theirs who can see into the heart and mold it to their will.

*Jeanne.* Has man that power?

*Agnes.* Happy, happy girl! to ask it, and unfeignedly.

*Jeanne.* Be happy too.

*Agnes.* How? how?

*Jeanne.* By passing resolutely through unhappiness. It must be done.

*Agnes.* I will throw myself on the pavement, and pray until no star is in the heavens. Oh, I will so pray, so weep!

*Jeanne.* Unless you save the tears of others, in vain you shed your own.

*Agnes.* Again I ask you, What CAN I do?

*Jeanne.* When God has told you what you ought to do, he has already told you what you can.

*Agnes.* I will think about it seriously.

*Jeanne.* Serious thoughts are folded up, chested, and unlooked at: lighter, like dust, settle all about the chamber. The promise to think seriously dismisses and closes the door on the thought. Adieu! God pity and pardon you. Through you the wrath of Heaven will fall upon the kingdom.

*Agnes.* Denouncer of just vengeance, recall the sentence! I tremble before that countenance severely radiant: I sink amid that calm, more appalling than the tempest. Look not into my heart with those gentle eyes! Oh, how they penetrate! They ought to see no sin: sadly must it pain them.

*Jeanne.* Think not of me; pursue thy destination; save France.

*Agnes* (*after a long pause*). Glorious privilege! divine appointment! Is it thus, O my Redeemer, my crimes are visited?

Come with me, blessed Jeanne! come instantly with me to the King: come to him whom thy virtue and valor have rescued.

*Jeanne.* Not now; nor ever with thee. Again I shall behold him,—a conqueror at Orleans, a king at Rheims. Regenerate Agnes! be this thy glory, if there be any that is not God's.

## HENRY VIII. AND ANNE BOLEYN

*HENRY.* Dost thou know me, Nanny, in this yeoman's dress? 'S blood! does it require so long and vacant a stare to recollect a husband after a week or two? No tragedy-tricks with me! a scream, a sob, or thy kerchief a trifle the wetter, were enough. Why, verily the little fool faints in earnest. These whey faces, like their kinsfolk the ghosts, give us no warning. (*Sprinkling water over her.*) Hast had water enough upon thee? Take that, then: art thyself again?

*Anne.* Father of mercies! do I meet again my husband, as was my last prayer on earth? Do I behold my beloved lord — in peace — and pardoned, my partner in eternal bliss? It was his voice. I cannot see him: why cannot I? Oh why do these pangs interrupt the transports of the blessed?

*Henry.* Thou openest thy arms: faith! I came for that. Nanny, thou art a sweet slut.* Thou groanest, wench: art

* Henry was not unlearned, nor indifferent to the costlier externals of a gentleman; but in manners and language he was hardly on a level with our hostlers of the present day. He was fond of bear-baitings and other such amusements in the midst of the rabble, and would wrestle with Francis I. His reign is one continued proof, flaring and wearisome as a Lapland summer day, that even the English form of government, under a sensual king with money at his disposal, may serve only to legitimatize injustice. The Constitution was still insisted on, in all its original strength and purity, by those who had abolished many of its fundamental laws, and had placed the remainder at the discretion of the King. It never has had a more zealous advocate than Empson. This true patriot of legitimacy requested on his trial, that, "if he and Dudley were punished, it might not be divulged to other nations, lest they should infer that the final dissolution of the English government was approaching."

The government was whatever the King ordered; and he a ferocious and terrific thing, swinging on high between two windy superstitions, and caught and propelled alternately by fanaticism and lust. In Anne Boleyn, the frank and unsuspicious gayety of her temper, the restless playfulness of high spirits, which we often saw formerly in the families of country gentlemen, first captivated the affections and afterward

in labor? Faith! among the mistakes of the night, I am ready to think almost that thou hast been drinking, and that I have not.

*Anne.* God preserve your Highness: grant me your forgiveness for one slight offense. My eyes were heavy; I fell asleep while I was reading. I did not know of your presence at first; and, when I did, I could not speak. I strove for utterance: I wanted no respect for my liege and husband.

*Henry.* My pretty warm nestling, thou wilt then lie! Thou wert reading, and aloud too, with thy saintly cup of water by thee, and — what! thou art still girlishly fond of those dried cherries!

*Anne.* I had no other fruit to offer your Highness the first time I saw you, and you were then pleased to invent for me some reason why they should be acceptable. I did not dry these: may I present them, such as they are? We shall have fresh next month.

*Henry.* Thou art always driving away from the discourse. One moment it suits thee to know me, another not.

*Anne.* Remember, it is hardly three months since I miscarried:* I am weak, and liable to swoons.

*Henry.* Thou hast, however, thy bridal cheeks, with lustre upon them when there is none elsewhere, and obstinate lips resisting all impression; but, now thou talkest about miscarrying, who is the father of that boy?

*Anne.* The Father is yours and mine; He who hath taken him to his own home, before (like me) he could struggle or cry for it.

raised the jealousy of Henry. Lightness of spirit, which had made all about her happy the whole course of her life, made her so the last day of it. She was beheaded on the 19th of May, and Henry on the morrow married Jane Seymour.

*She miscarried of a son, January 29, 1536: the King concluded from this event that his marriage was disagreeable to God. He had abundance of conclusions for believing that his last marriage was disagreeable to God, whenever he wanted a fresh one, and was ready in due time to give up this too with the same resignation; but he never had any CONCLUSIONS of doing a thing disagreeable to God when a divorce or decapitation was in question.

*Henry.* Pagan, or worse, to talk so! He did not come into the world alive: there was no baptism.

*Anne.* I thought only of our loss: my senses are confounded. I did not give him my milk, and yet I loved him tenderly; for I often fancied, had he lived, how contented and joyful he would have made you and England.

*Henry.* No subterfuges and escapes. I warrant, thou canst not say whether at my entrance thou wert waking or wandering.

*Anne.* Faintness and drowsiness came upon me suddenly.

*Henry.* Well, since thou really and truly sleepedst, what didst dream of?

*Anne.* I begin to doubt whether I did indeed sleep.

*Henry.* Ha! false one — never two sentences of truth together! But come, what didst think about, asleep or awake?

*Anne.* I thought that God had pardoned me my offenses, and had received me unto him.

*Henry.* And nothing more?

*Anne.* That my prayers had been heard and my wishes were accomplishing: the angels alone can enjoy more beatitude than this.

*Henry.* Vexatious little devil! she says nothing now about me, merely from perverseness. — Hast thou never thought about me, nor about thy falsehood and adultery?

*Anne.* If I had committed any kind of falsehood, in regard to you or not, I should never have rested until I had thrown myself at your feet and obtained your pardon; but, if ever I had been guilty of that other crime, I know not whether I should have dared to implore it, even of God's mercy.

*Henry.* Thou hast heretofore cast some soft glances upon Smeaton; hast thou not?

*Anne.* He taught me to play on the virginals, as you know, when I was little, and thereby to please your Highness.

*Henry.* And Brereton and Norris, what have they taught thee?

*Anne.* They are your servants, and trusty ones.

*Henry.* Has not Weston told thee plainly that he loved thee?

*Anne.* Yes; and —

*Henry.* What didst thou?

*Anne.* I defied him.

*Henry.* Is that all?

*Anne.* I could have done no more if he had told me that he hated me. Then, indeed, I should have incurred more justly the reproaches of your Highness: I should have smiled.

*Henry.* We have proofs abundant: the fellows shall one and all confront thee. Ay, clap thy hands and kiss thy sleeve, harlot!

*Anne.* Oh, that so great a favor is vouchsafed me! My honor is secure; my husband will be happy again; he will see my innocence.

*Henry.* Give me now an account of the moneys thou hast received from me within these nine months. I want them not back: they are letters of gold in record of thy guilt. Thou hast had no fewer than fifteen thousand pounds in that period, without even thy asking; what hast done with it, wanton?

*Anne.* I have regularly placed it out to interest.

*Henry.* Where? I demand of thee.

*Anne.* Among the needy and ailing. My Lord Archbishop has the account of it, sealed by him weekly.* I also had a copy myself: those who took away my papers may easily find it; for there are few others, and they lie open.

*Henry.* Think on my munificence to thee; recollect who made thee. Dost sigh for what thou hast lost?

*Anne.* I do, indeed.

*Henry.* I never thought thee ambitious; but thy vices creep out one by one.

* The Duke of Norfolk obtained an order that the Archbishop of Canterbury should retire to his palace of Lambeth on the Queen's trial. Burnet, very sharp-sighted on irregularities in ladies, says that she had distributed, in the last nine months of her life, between fourteen and fifteen thousand pounds among the poor,— a sum equal in value to nearly five times the amount at present. It tends to prove how little she could have reserved for vanities or favorites.

*Anne.* I do not regret that I have been a queen and am no longer one; nor that my innocence is called in question by those who never knew me: but I lament that the good people who loved me so cordially, hate and curse me; that those who pointed me out to their daughters for imitation, check them when they speak about me; and that he whom next to God I have served with most devotion is my accuser.

*Henry.* Wast thou conning over something in that dingy book for thy defense? Come, tell me, what wast thou reading?

*Anne.* This ancient chronicle. I was looking for some one in my own condition, and must have missed the page. Surely in so many hundred years there shall have been other young maidens, first too happy for exaltation, and after too exalted for happiness, —not, perchance, doomed to die upon a scaffold, by those they ever honored and served faithfully: that, indeed, I did not look for nor think of; but my heart was bounding for any one I could love and pity. She would be unto me as a sister dead and gone; but hearing me, seeing me, consoling me, and being consoled. O my husband! it is so heavenly a thing —

*Henry.* To whine and whimper, no doubt, is vastly heavenly.

*Anne.* I said not so; but those, if there be any such, who never weep, have nothing in them of heavenly or of earthly. The plants, the trees, the very rocks and unsunned clouds, show us at least the semblances of weeping; and there is not an aspect of the globe we live on, nor of the waters and skies around it, without a reference and similitude to our joys or sorrows.

*Henry.* I do not remember that notion anywhere. Take care no enemy rake out of it something of materialism. Guard well thy empty hot brain: it may hatch more evil. As for those odd words, I myself would fain see no great harm in them, knowing that grief and frenzy strike out many things which would else lie still, and neither spirt nor sparkle. I also know that thou hast never read any thing but Bible and history, — the two worst books in the world for young people, and the most certain to lead

astray both prince and subject. For which reason I have interdicted and entirely put down the one, and will (by the blessing of the Virgin and of holy Paul) commit the other to a rigid censor. If it behooves us kings to enact what our people shall eat and drink,— of which the most unruly and rebellious spirit can entertain no doubt,— greatly more doth it behoove us to examine what they read and think. The body is moved according to the mind and will: we must take care that the movement be a right one, on pain of God's anger in this life and the next.

*Anne.* O my dear husband! it must be a naughty thing, indeed, that makes him angry beyond remission. Did you ever try how pleasant it is to forgive any one? There is nothing else wherein we can resemble God perfectly and easily.

*Henry.* Resemble God perfectly and easily! Do vile creatures talk thus of the Creator?

*Anne.* No, Henry, when his creatures talk thus of him, they are no longer vile creatures! When they know that he is good, they love him; and when they love him, they are good themselves. O Henry! my husband and King! the judgments of our Heavenly Father are righteous: on this, surely, we must think alike.

*Henry.* And what, then? Speak out: again I command thee, speak plainly! thy tongue was not so torpid but this moment. Art ready? Must I wait?

*Anne.* If any doubt remains upon your royal mind of your equity in this business; should it haply seem possible to you that passion or prejudice, in yourself or another, may have warped so strong an understanding,— do but supplicate the Almighty to strengthen and enlighten it, and he will hear you.

*Henry.* What! thou wouldst fain change thy quarters, ay?

*Anne.* My spirit is detached and ready, and I shall change them shortly, whatever your Highness may determine. Ah! my native Bickling is a pleasant place. May I go back to it? Does that kind smile say, YES? Do the hounds ever run that way now? The fruit trees must be all in full blossom, and the gorse on the hill above quite dazzling. How good it was in you to plant your park at

Greenwich after my childish notion, tree for tree, the very same as at Bickling! Has the hard winter killed them or the winds loosened the stakes about them?

*Henry.* Silly child! as if thou shouldst see them any more.

*Anne.* Alas, what strange things happen! But they and I are nearly of the same age; young alike, and without hold upon anything.

*Henry.* Yet thou appearest hale and resolute, and (they tell me) smirkest and smilest to everybody.

*Anne.* The withered leaf catches the sun sometimes, little as it can profit by it; and I have heard stories of the breeze in other climates that sets in when daylight is about to close, and how constant it is, and how refreshing. My heart, indeed, is now sustained strangely: it became the more sensibly so from that time forward, when power and grandeur and all things terrestrial were sunk from sight. Every act of kindness in those about me gives me satisfaction and pleasure, such as I did not feel formerly. I was worse before God chastened me; yet I was never an ingrate. What pains have I taken to find out the village girls who placed their posies in my chamber ere I arose in the morning! How gladly would I have recompensed the forester who lit up a brake on my birthnight, which else had warmed him half the winter! But these are times past: I was not Queen of England.

*Henry.* Nor adulterous nor heretical.

*Anne.* God be praised!

*Henry.* Learned saint! thou knowest nothing of the lighter, but perhaps canst inform me about the graver, of them.

*Anne.* Which may it be, my liege?

*Henry.* Which may it be? Pestilence! I marvel that the walls of this tower do not crack around thee at such impiety.

*Anne.* I would be instructed by the wisest of theologians: such is your Highness.

*Henry.* Are the sins of the body, foul as they are, comparable to those of the soul?

*Anne.* When they are united, they must be worse.

*Henry.* Go on, go on: thou pushest thy own breast against the sword. God hath deprived thee of thy reason for thy punishment. I must hear more: proceed, I charge thee.

*Anne.* An aptitude to believe one thing rather than another, from ignorance or weakness, or from the more persuasive manner of the teacher, or from his purity of life, or from the strong impression of a particular text at a particular time, and various things beside, may influence and decide our opinion; and the hand of the Almighty, let us hope, will fall gently on human fallibility.

*Henry.* Opinion in matters of faith! rare wisdom! rare religion! Troth, Anne! thou hast well sobered me. I came rather warmly and lovingly; but these light ringlets, by the holy rood, shall not shade this shoulder much longer. Nay, do not start; I tap it for the last time, my sweetest. If the Church premitted it, thou shouldst set forth on thy long journey with the eucharist between thy teeth, however loath.

*Anne.* Love your Elizabeth, my honored lord, and God bless you! She will soon forget to call me. Do not chide her: think how young she is.*

Could I, could I kiss her, but once again! it would comfort my heart,— or break it.

## PRINCESS MARY AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH

*MARY.* My dear, dear sister! it is long, very long, since we met.

*Elizabeth.* Methinks it was about the time they chopped off our Uncle Seymour's head for him. Not that he was OUR uncle, though: he was only Edward's.

* Elizabeth was not quite three years old at her mother's death, being born the 7th of September, 1533.

It does not appear that the Defender of the Faith brought his wife to the scaffold for the good of her soul, nor that she was pregnant at the time, which would have added much to the merit of the action,

*Mary.* The Lord Protector, if not your uncle, was always doatingly fond of you; and he often declared to me, even within your hearing, he thought you very beautiful.

*Elizabeth.* He said as much of you, if that is all; and he told me why: "NOT TO VEX ME,"—as if, instead of vexing me, it would not charm me. I beseech your Highness is there anything remarkable or singular in thinking me — what he thought me?

*Mary.* No, indeed; for so you are. But why call me HIGHNESS, drawing back and losing half your stature in the circumference of the courtesy.

*Elizabeth.* Because you are now, at this blessed hour, my lawful Queen.

*Mary.* Hush, prithee hush! The Parliament has voted otherwise.

*Elizabeth.* They would choose you.

*Mary.* What would they do with me?

*Elizabeth.* Trump you.

*Mary.* I am still at a loss.

*Elizabeth.* Bamboozle you.

*Mary.* Really, my dear sister, you have been so courted by the gallants, that you condescend to adopt their language in place of graver.

*Elizabeth.* Cheat you, then: will that do?

*Mary.* Comprehensibly.

*Elizabeth.* I always speak as the thing spoken of requires. To the point. Would our father have minded the caitiffs?

*Mary.* Naming our father, I should have said, OUR FATHER NOW IN BLISS; for surely he must be, having been a rock of defense against the torrent of irreligion.

*Elizabeth.* Well; in bliss or out, there, here, or anywhere, would he, royal soul! have minded Parliament? No such fool he. There were laws before there were parliaments; and there were kings before there were laws.

as there is the probability that the child would have been heretical. Casper Scioppius, who flourished in the same century, says in his "*Classicum Belli Sacri*" that the children of heretics should not be pardoned, lest, if they grow up, they be implicated in the wickedness of their parents, and perish eternally.

Were I in your Majesty's place (God forbid the thought should ever enter my poor weak head, even in a dream!), I would try the mettle of my subjects: I would mount my horse, and head them.

*Mary.* Elizabeth, you were always a better horsewoman than I am: I should be ashamed to get a fall among the soldiers.

*Elizabeth.* Pish! pish! it would be among knights and nobles — the worst come to the worst. Lord o' mercy! do you think they never saw such a thing before?

*Mary.* I must hear of no resistance to the powers that be. Beside, I am but a weak woman.

*Elizabeth.* I do not see why women should be weak, unless they like.

*Mary.* Not only the Commons, but likewise the peers, have sworn allegiance.

*Elizabeth.* Did you ever in your lifetime, in any chronicle or commentary, read of any parliament that was not as ready to be forsworn as to swear?

*Mary.* Alas!

*Elizabeth.* If ever you did, the book is a rare one, kept in an out-of-the-way library, in a cedar chest all to itself, with golden locks and amber seals thereto.

*Mary.* I would not willingly think so ill of men.

*Elizabeth.* For my part, I can't abide 'em. All that can be said is, some are not so bad as others. You smile, and deem the speech a silly and superfluous one. We may live, Sister Mary, to see and acknowledge that it is not quite so sure and flat a verity as it now appears to us. I never come near a primrose but I suspect an adder under it; and, the sunnier the day, the more misgivings.

*Mary.* But we are now, by the settlement of the monarchy, farther out of harm's way than ever.

*Elizabeth.* If the wench has children to-morrow, as she may have, they will inherit.

*Mary.* No doubt they would.

*Elizabeth.* No doubt? I will doubt: and others shall doubt too. The heirs of my body — yours first — God prosper them! Parliament may be constrained to retrace its steps. One half sees no harm in taking bribes; the other,

no guilt in taking fright. Corruption is odious and costly; but, when people have yielded to compulsion, conscience is fain to acquiesce. Men say they were forced, and what is done under force is invalid.

*Mary.* There is nothing like compulsion.

*Elizabeth.* Then let there be. Let the few yield to the many, and all to the throne. Now is your time to stir. The furnace is mere smut, and no bellows to blow the embers. Parliament is without a leader. Three or four turnspits are crouching to leap upon the wheel; but, while they are snarling and snapping one at another, what becomes of the roast? Take them by the scuff, and out with 'em. The people will applaud you. They want bread within doors, and honesty without. They have seen enough of partisans and parliaments.

*Mary.* We cannot do without one.

*Elizabeth.* Convoke it, then; but call it with sound of trumpet. Such a body is unlikely to find a head. There is little encouragement for an honest knight or gentleman to take the station. The Commons slink away with lowered shoulders, and bear hateful compunction against the very names and memory of those braver men who, in dangerous times and before stern, authoritative, warlike sovereigns, supported their pretensions. Kings, who peradventure would have strangled such ringleaders, well remember and well respect them; their fellows would disown their benefactors and maintainers. Kings abominate their example; clowns would efface the images on their sepulchres. What forbearance on our part can such knaves expect, or what succor from the people?

*Mary.* What is done is done.

*Elizabeth.* Oftentimes it is easier to undo than to do. I should rather be glad than mortified at what has been done yonder. In addition to those churls and chapmen in the lower House, there are also among the peers no few who voted most audaciously.

*Mary.* The majority of them was of opinion that the Lady Jane should be invested with royal state and dignity.

*Elizabeth.* The majority! So much the better,—so much the better, say I. I would find certain folk who should

make sharp inquest into their title-deeds, and spell the indentures syllable by syllable. Certain lands were granted for certain services, which services have been neglected. I would not in such wise neglect the lands in question, but annex them to my royal domains.

*Mary.* Sister! sister! you forget that the Lady Jane Grey (as was) is now queen of the realm.

*Elizabeth.* Forget it, indeed! The vile woman! I am minded to call her as such vile women are called out of doors.

*Mary.* Pray, abstain; not only forasmuch as it would be unseemly in those sweet, slender, delicate lips of yours, but also by reason that she is adorned with every grace and virtue, bating (which, indeed, outvalues them all) the true religion. Sister, I hope and believe I in this my speech have given you no offense; for your own eyes, I know, are opened. Indeed, who that is not willfully blind can err in so straight a road, even if so gentle and so sure a guidance were wanting? The mind, sister, the mind itself, must be crooked which deviates a hair's breadth. Ay, that intelligent nod would alone suffice to set my bosom quite at rest thereupon. Should it not?

*Elizabeth.* It were imprudent in me to declare my real opinion at this juncture: we must step warily when we walk among cocatrices. I am barely a saint,—indeed, far from it; and I am much too young to be a martyr. But that odious monster, who pretends an affection for reformation, and a reverence for learning, is counting the jewels in the crown, while you fancy she is repeating her prayers or conning her Greek.

Sister Mary, as God is in heaven, I hold nothing so detestable in a woman as hypocrisy,—add thereunto, as you fairly may, avarice, man-hunting, lasciviousness. The least atom of the least among these vices is heavy enough to weigh down the soul to the bottomless pit.

*Mary.* Unless divine grace—

*Elizabeth.* Don't talk to me. Don't spread the filth fine.

Now could not that empty fool, Dudley, have found some other young person of equal rank with Mistress Jane, and

of higher beauty? Not that any other such, pretty as the boy is, would listen to his idle discourse.

And, pray, who are these Dudleys? The first of them was made a man of by our grandfather. And what was the man, after all? Nothing better than a huge smelting pot, with a commodious screw at the colder end of the ladle.

I have no patience with the bold harlotry.

*Mary.* I see you have not, sister!

*Elizabeth.* No, nor have the people. They are on tiptoe for rising in all parts of the kingdom.

*Mary.* What can they do? God help them!

*Elizabeth.* Sister Mary! good Sister Mary! did you say, GOD HELP THEM? I am trembling into a heap. It is well you have uttered such words to safe and kindred ears. If they should ever come whispered at the Privy Council, it might end badly.

I believe my visit hath been of as long continuance as may seem befitting. I must be gone.

*Mary.* Before your departure let me correct a few of your opinions in regard to our gentle kinswoman and most gracious Queen. She hath nobly enlarged my poor alimony. Look here! to begin.

*Elizabeth.* What! all golden pieces? I have not ten groats in the world.

*Mary.* Be sure she will grant unto you plenteously. She hath condescended to advise me of her intent. Meanwhile, I do entreat you will take home with you the purse you are stroking down, thinking about other things.

*Elizabeth.* Not I, not I, if it comes from such a creature.

*Mary.* You accept it from me.

*Elizabeth.* Then, indeed, unreservedly. Passing through your hands, the soil has been wiped away. However, as I live, I will carefully wash every piece in it with soap and water. Do you believe they can lose anything of their weight thereby?

*Mary.* Nothing material.

*Elizabeth.* I may reflect and cogitate upon it. I would not fain offer anybody light money.

Truth! I fear the purse, although of chamois and double stitched, is insufficient to sustain the weight of the gold, which must be shaken violently on the road as I return. Dear Sister Mary, as you probably are not about to wear that head-tire, could you, commodiously to yourself, lend it me awhile, just to deposit a certain part of the moneys therein? for the velvet is stout, and the Venetian netting close and stiff: I can hardly bend the threads. I shall have more leisure to admire its workmanship at home.

*Mary.* Elizabeth, I see you are grown forgiving. In the commencement of our discourse, I suggested a slight alteration of manner in speaking of our father. Do you pray for the repose of his soul morning and night?

*Elizabeth.* The doubt is injurious.

*Mary.* Pardon me! I feel it. But the voices of children, O Elizabeth, come to the ear of God above all other voices. The best want intercession. Pray for him, Elizabeth; pray for him.

*Elizabeth.* Why not? He did indeed — but he was in a passion — order my mother up the three black stairs, and he left her pretty head on the landing; but I bear him no malice for it.

*Mary.* Malice! The baneful word hath shot up from hell in many places, but never between child and parent. In the space of that one span, on that single sod from Paradise, the serpent never trailed. Husband and wife were severed by him, then again clashed together; brother slew brother: but parent and child stand where their Creator first placed them, and drink at the only source of pure, untroubled love.

*Elizabeth.* Besides, you know, being King, he had clearly a right to do it, plea or no plea.

*Mary.* We will converse no longer on so dolorous a subject.

*Elizabeth.* I will converse on it as long as such is my pleasure.

*Mary.* Being my visitor, you command here.

*Elizabeth.* I command nowhere. I am blown about like a leaf: I am yielding as a feather in a cushion, only one among a million. But I tell you, honestly and plainly, I

do not approve of it, anyhow! It may have grown into a trick and habit with him: no matter for that; in my view of the business, it is not what a husband ought to do with a wife. And, if she did — but she did not; and I say it.

*Mary.* It seems, indeed, severe.

*Elizabeth.* Yea, afore God, methinks it smacks a trifle of the tart.

*Mary.* Our father was God's vicegerent. Probably it is for the good of her soul, poor lady! Better suffer here than hereafter. We ought to kiss the rod, and be thankful.

*Elizabeth.* Kiss the rod, forsooth! I have been constrained erewhile even unto that; and no such a child neither. But I would rather have kissed it fresh and fair, with all its buds and knots upon upon it, than after it had bestowed on me, in such a roundabout way, such a deal of its embroidery and lace work. I thank my father for all that. I hope his soul lies easier than my skin did.

*Mary.* The wish is kind; but prayers would much help it. Our father, of blessed memory, now (let us hope) among the saints, was somewhat sore in his visitations; but they tended heavenward.

*Elizabeth.* Yea, when he cursed and cuffed and kicked us.

*Mary.* He did kick, poor man!

*Elizabeth.* Kick! Fifty folks, young and old, have seen the marks his kicking left behind.

*Mary.* We should conceal all such his infirmities. They arose from an irritation in the foot, whereof he died.

*Elizabeth.* I only know I could hardly dance or ride for them; chiefly caught, as I was, fleeing from his wrath. He seldom vouchsafed to visit me: when he did, he pinched my ear so bitterly I was fain to squeal. And then he said I should turn out like my mother: calling me by such a name, moreover, as is heard but about the kennel; and even there it is never given to the young.

*Mary.* There was choler in him at certain times and seasons. Those who have much will, have their choler excited when opposite breath blows against it.

*Elizabeth.* Let them have will; let them have choler too, in God's name: but it is none the better, as gout is, for flying to hand or foot.

*Mary.* I have seen — now do, pray, forgive me —

*Elizabeth.* Well, what have you seen?

*Mary.* My sweet little sister lift up the most delicate of all delicate white hands, and with their tiny narrow pink nails tear off ruffs and caps, and take sundry unerring aims at eyes and noses.

*Elizabeth.* Was that any impediment or hindrance to riding and dancing? I would always make people do their duty, and always will. Remember (for your memory seems accurate enough) that, whenever I scratched anybody's face, I permitted my hand to be kissed by the offender within a day or two.

*Mary.* Undeniable.

*Elizabeth.* I may, peradventure, have been hasty in my childhood: but all great hearts are warm; all good ones are relenting. If, in combing my hair, the hussy lugged it, I obeyed God's command and referred to the *lex talionis.* I have not too much of it; and every soul on earth sees its beauty. A single one would be a public loss. Uncle Seymour — but what boots it? There are others who can see perhaps as far as Uncle Seymour.

*Mary.* I do remember his saying that he watched its growth as he would a melon's. And how fondly did those little, sharp, gray eyes of his look and wink when you blushed and chided his flattery!

*Elizabeth.* Never let any man dare to flatter me: I am above it. Only the weak and ugly want the refreshment of that perfumed fan. I take but my own; and touch it who dares!

Really, it is pleasant to see in what a pear-form fashion both purse and caul are hanging. Faith! they are heavy: I could hardly lift them from the back of the chair.

*Mary.* Let me call an attendant to carry them for you.

*Elizabeth.* Are you mad? They are unsealed, and ill-tied: any one could slip his hand in.

And so that — the word was well nigh out of my mouth — gave you all this gold?

*Mary.* For shame! Oh, for shame!

*Elizabeth.* I feel shame only for her. It turns my cheeks red,—together with some anger upon it. But I cannot keep my eyes off that book—if book it may be—on which the purse was lying.

*Mary.* Somewhat irreverently, God forgive me! But it was sent at the same time by the same fair creature, with many kind words. It had always been kept in our father's bedroom closet, and was removed from Edward's by those unhappy men who superintended his education.

*Elizabeth.* She must have thought all those stones are garnets: to me they look like rubies, one and all. Yet, over so large a cover, they cannot all be rubies.

*Mary.* I believe they are; excepting the glory in the centre, which is composed of chrysolites. Our father was an excellent judge in jewelry, as in everything else; and he spared no expenditure in objects of devotion.

*Elizabeth.* What creature could fail in devotion with an object such as that before the eyes? Let me kiss it,—partly for my Saviour's and partly for my father's sake.

*Mary.* How it comforts me, O Elizabeth, to see you thus press it to your bosom! Its spirit, I am confident, has entered there. Disregard the pebbles: take it home; cherish it evermore. May there be virtue, as some think there is, even in the stones about it! God bless you, strengthen you, lead you aright, and finally bring you to everlasting glory!

*Elizabeth* (*going*). The Popish puss!

## MELANCTHON AND CALVIN

*CALVIN.* Are you sure, O Melancthon, that you yourself are among the elect?

*Melancthon.* My dear brother, so please it God, I would rather be among the many.

*Calvin.* Of the damned?

*Melancthon.* Alas! no. But I am inclined to believe that the many will be saved and will be happy, since Christ came into the world for the redemption of sinners.

*Calvin.* Hath not our Saviour said explicitly that many are called, but few chosen?

*Melancthon.* Our Saviour?—hath he said it?

*Calvin.* HATH he, forsooth! Where is your New Testament?

*Melancthon.* In my heart.

*Calvin.* Without this page, however.

*Melancthon.* When we are wiser and more docile, that is, when we are above the jars and turmoils and disputations of the world,—our Saviour will vouchsafe to interpret what, through the fumes of our intemperate vanity, is now indistinct or dark. He will plead for us before no inexorable judge. He came to remit the sins of man; not the sins of a few, but of many; not the sins of many, but of all.

*Calvin.* What! of the benighted heathen too?—of the pagan? of the idolater?

*Melancthon.* I hope so; but I dare not say it.

*Calvin.* You would include even the negligent, the indifferent, the skeptic, the unbeliever.

*Melancthon.* Pitying them for a want of happiness in a want of faith. They are my brethren; they are God's children. He will pardon the presumption of my wishes for their welfare; my sorrow that they have fallen, some through their blindness, others through their deafness, others through their terror, others through their anger peradventure at the loud denunciations of unforgiving man. If I would forgive a brother, may not he, who is immeasurably better and more merciful, have pity on a child? He came on earth to take our nature upon him: will he punish, will he reprehend us, for an attempt to take as much as may be of his upon ourselves?

*Calvin.* There is no bearing any such fallacies.

*Melancthon.* Is it harder to bear these fallacies (as they appear to you, and perhaps are, for we all are fallible, and many even of our best thoughts are fallacies),—is it harder, O my friend, to bear these, than to believe in the eternal punishment of the erroneous?

*Calvin.* ERRONEOUS, indeed! Have they not the Book of Life, now at last laid open before them, for their guidance?

*Melancthon.* No, indeed; they have only two or three places, dog-eared and bedaubed, which they are commanded to look into and study. These are so uninviting that many close again the volume of salvation, clasp it tight, and throw it back in our faces. I would rather show a man green fields than gibbets; and, if I called him to enter the service of a plenteous house and powerful master, he may not be rendered the more willing to enter it by my pointing out to him the stocks in the gateway, and telling him that nine-tenths of the household, however orderly, must occupy that position. The book of Good News, under your interpretation, tells people not only that they MAY go and be damned, but that, unless they are lucky, they MUST inevitably. Again, it informs another set of inquirers that, if once they have been under what they feel to be the influence of grace, they never can relapse. All must go well who have once gone well; and a name once written in the list of favorites can never be erased.

*Calvin.* This is certain.

*Melancthon.* Let us hope, then, and in holy confidence let us believe, that the book is large and voluminous; that it begins at an early date of man's existence; and that, amid the agitation of inquiry, it comprehends the humble and submissive doubter. For doubt itself, between the richest patrimony and utter destitution, is quite sufficiently painful; and surely it is a hardship to be turned over into a criminal court for having lost in a civil one. But if all who have once gone right can never go astray, how happens it that so large a part of the angels fell off from their allegiance? They were purer and wiser than we are, and had the advantage of seeing God face to face. They were the ministers of his power; they knew its extent, yet they defied it. If we err, it is in relying too confidently on his mercies, not in questioning his omnipotence. If our hopes forsake us, if the bonds of sin bruise and corrode us, so that we cannot walk upright, there is, in the midst of these calamities, no proof that we are utterly lost. Danger far greater is there in the presumption of an especial favor,

which men incomparably better than ourselves can never have deserved. Let us pray, O Calvin, that we may hereafter be happier than our contentions and animosities will permit us to be at present; and that our opponents, whether now in the right or in the wrong, may come at last where all error ceases.

*Calvin.* I am uncertain whether such a wish is rational; and I doubt more whether it is religious. God hath willed them to walk in their blindness. To hope against it, seems like repining at his unalterable decree,—a weak indulgence in an unpermitted desire; an unholy entreaty of the heart that he will forego his vengeance, and abrogate the law that was from the beginning. Of one thing I am certain: we must lop off the unsound.

*Melancthon.* What a curse hath metaphor been to religion! It is the wedge that holds asunder the two great portions of the Christian world. We hear of nothing so commonly as fire and sword. And here, indeed, what was metaphor is converted into substance and applied to practice. The unsoundness of doctrine is not cut off nor cauterized; the professor is. The head falls on the scaffold, or fire surrounds the stake, because a doctrine is bloodless and incombustible. Fierce, outrageous animals, for want of the man who has escaped them, lacerate and trample his cloak or bonnet. This, although the work of brutes, is not half so brutal as the practice of theologians,—seizing the man himself, instead of bonnet or cloak.

*Calvin.* We must leave such matters to the magistrate.

*Melancthon.* Let us instruct the magistrate in his duty: this is ours. Unless we can teach humanity, we may resign the charge of religion. For fifteen centuries, Christianity has been conveyed into many houses, in many cities, in many regions, but always through slender pipes; and never yet into any great reservoir in any part of the earth. Its principal ordinances have never been observed in the polity of any state whatever. Abstinence from spoliation, from oppression, from bloodshed, has never been inculcated by the chief priests of any. These two facts excite the doubts of many in regard to a Divine origin and a Divine protection. Wherefore, it behooves us the more especially to

preach forbearance. If the people are tolerant one toward another in the same country, they will become tolerant in time toward those whom rivers or seas have separated from them. For, surely, it is strange and wonderful that nations which are near enough for hostility should never be near enough for concord. This arises from bad government; and bad government arises from a negligent choice of counselors by the prince, usually led or terrified by a corrupt, ambitious, wealthy (and therefore un-Christian) priesthood. While their wealth lay beyond the visible horizon, they tarried at the cottage, instead of pricking on for the palace.

*Calvin.* By the grace and help of God, we will turn them back again to their quiet and wholesome resting-place, before the people lay a rough hand upon the silk.

But you evaded my argument on predestination.

*Melancthon.* Our blessed Lord himself, in his last hours, ventured to express a wish before his Heavenly Father that the bitter cup might pass away from him. I humbly dare to implore that a cup much bitterer may be removed from the great body of mankind,—a cup containing the poison of eternal punishment, where agony succeeds to agony, but never death.

*Calvin.* I come armed with the gospel.

*Melancthon.* Tremendous weapon!—as we have seen it through many ages, if man wields it against man; but, like the fabled spear of old mythology, endued with the faculty of healing the saddest wound its most violent wielder can inflict. Obscured and rusting with the blood upon it, let us hasten to take it up again, and apply it, as best we may, to its appointed uses.

The life of our Saviour is the simplest exposition of his words. Strife is what he both discountenanced and forbade. We ourselves are right-minded, each of us all; and others are right-minded in proportion as they agree with us, chiefly in matters which we insist are well worthy of our adherence, but which whosoever refuses to embrace displays a factious and un-Christian spirit. These for the most part are matters which neither they nor we understand, and which, if we did understand them, would little profit us. The weak will be supported by the strong, if

they can; if they cannot, they are ready to be supported even by the weaker, and cry out against the strong as arrogant or negligent, or deaf or blind; at last, even their strength is questioned, and the more if, while there is fury all around them, they are quiet.

I remember no discussion on religion in which religion was not a sufferer by it, if mutual forbearance and belief in another's good motives and intentions are (as I must always think they are) its proper and necessary appurtenances.

*Calvin.* Would you never make inquiries?

*Melancthon.* Yes, and as deep as possible: but into my own heart; for that belongs to me, and God hath entrusted it most especially to my own superintendence.

*Calvin.* We must also keep others from going astray by showing them the right road, and, if they are obstinate in resistance, then by coercing and chastising them through the magistrate.

*Melancthon.* It is sorrowful to dream that we are scourges in God's hand, and that he appoints for us no better work than lacerating one another. I am no enemy to inquiry where I see abuses, and where I suspect falsehood. The Romanists, our great oppressors, think it presumptuous to search into things abstruse; and let us do them the justice to acknowledge that, if it is a fault, it is one which they never commit. But surely we are kept sufficiently in the dark by the infirmity of our nature: no need to creep into a corner and put our hands before our eyes. To throw away or turn aside from God's best gifts is verily a curious sign of obedience and submission. He not only hath given us a garden to walk in; but he hath planted it also for us, and he wills us to know the nature and properties of everything that grows up within it. Unless we look into them and handle them and register them, how shall we discover this to be salutary, that to be poisonous; this annual, that perennial?

*Calvin.* Here we coincide; and I am pleased to find in you less apathy than I expected. It becomes us, moreover, to denounce God's vengeance on a sinful world.

*Melancthon.* Is it not better and pleasanter to show the wanderer by what course of life it may be avoided? Is it

not better and pleasanter to enlarge on God's promises of salvation, than to insist on his denunciations of wrath? Is it not better and pleasanter to lead the wretched up to his mercy seat, than to hurl them by thousands under his fiery chariot?

*Calvin.* We have no option. By our Heavenly Father many are called, but few are chosen.

*Melancthon.* There is scarcely a text in the Holy Scriptures to which there is not an opposite text, written in characters equally large and legible; and there has usually been a sword laid upon each. Even the weakest disputant is made so conceited by what he calls religion, as to think himself wiser than the wisest who thinks differently from him; and he becomes so ferocious by what he calls holding it fast, that he appears to me as if he held it fast much in the same manner as a terrier holds a rat, and you have about as much trouble in getting it from between his incisors. When at last it does come out, it is mangled, distorted, and extinct.

*Calvin.* M. Melancthon, you have taken a very perverse view of the subject. Such language as yours would extinguish that zeal which is to enlighten the nations, and to consume the tares by which they are overrun.

*Melancthon.* The tares and the corn are so intermingled throughout the wide plain which our God hath given us to cultivate, that I would rather turn the patient and humble into it to weed it carefully, than a thresher who would thresh wheat and tare together before the grain is ripened, or who would carry fire into the furrows when it is.

*Calvin.* Yet even the most gentle, and of the gentler sex, are inflamed with a holy zeal in the propagation of the faith.

*Melancthon.* I do not censure them for their earnestness in maintaining truth. We not only owe our birth to them, but also the better part of our education; and, if we were not divided after their first lesson, we should continue to live in a widening circle of brothers and sisters all our lives. After our infancy and removal from home, the use of the rod is the principal thing we learn of our alien preceptors; and, catching their dictatorial language, we soon

begin to exercise their instrument of enforcing it, and swing it right and left, even after we are paralyzed by age, and until death's hand strikes it out of ours. I am sorry you have cited the gentler part of the creation to appear before you, obliged as I am to bear witness that I myself have known a few specimens of the fair sex become a shade less fair among the perplexities of religion. Indeed, I am credibly informed that certain of them have lost their patience, running up and down in the dust where many roads diverge. This, surely, is not walking humbly with their God, nor walking with him at all; for those who walk with him are always readier to hear HIS voice than their own, and to admit that it is more persuasive. But at last the zealot is so infatuated, by the serious mockeries he imitates and repeats, that he really takes his own voice for God's. Is it not wonderful that the words of eternal life should have hitherto produced only eternal litigation; and that, in our progress heavenward, we should think it expedient to plant unthrifty thorns over bitter wells of blood in the wilderness we leave behind us?

*Calvin.* It appears to me that you are inclined to tolerate even the rank idolatry of our persecutors. Shame! shame!

*Melancthon.* Greater shame if I tolerated it within my own dark heart, and waved before it the foul incense of self-love.

*Calvin.* I do not understand you. What I do understand is this, and deny it at your peril,—I mean at the peril of your salvation,—that God is a jealous God: he himself declares it.

*Melancthon.* We are in the habit of considering the God of Nature as a jealous God, and idolatry as an enormous evil,—an evil which is about to come back into the world, and to subdue or seduce once more our strongest and most sublime affections. Why do you lift up you eyes and hands?

*Calvin.* An evil ABOUT to come back!—ABOUT to come! Do we not find it in high places?

*Melancthon.* We do indeed, and always shall, while there are any high places upon earth. Thither will men creep, and there fall prostrate.

*Calvin.* Against idolatry we still implore the Almighty that he will incline our hearts to keep his law.

*Melancthon.* The Jewish law; the Jewish idolatry: you fear the approach of this, and do not suspect the presence of a worse.

*Calvin.* A worse than that which the living God hath denounced?

*Melancthon.* Even so.

*Calvin.* Would it not offend, would it not wound to the quick, a mere human creature, to be likened to a piece of metal or stone, a calf or monkey?

*Melancthon.* A mere human creature might be angry; because his influence among his neighbors arises in great measure from the light in which he appears to them; and this light does not emanate from himself, but may be thrown on him by any hand that is expert at mischief. Beside, the likeness of such animals to him could never be suggested by reverence or esteem, nor be regarded as a type of any virtue. The mere human creature, such as human creatures for the most part are, would be angry; because he has nothing which he can oppose to ridicule but resentment.

*Calvin.* I am in consternation at your lukewarmness. If you treat idolaters thus lightly, what hope can I entertain of discussing with you the doctrine of grace and predestination?

*Melancthon.* Entertain no such hope at all. Wherever I find in the Holy Scriptures a disputable doctrine, I interpret it as judges do, in favor of the culprit: such is man. The benevolent judge is God. But, in regard to idolatry, I see more criminals who are guilty of it than you do. I go beyond the stone quarry and the pasture, beyond the graven image and the ox stall. If we bow before the distant image of good, while there exists within our reach one solitary object of substantial sorrow, which sorrow our efforts can remove, we are guilty (I pronounce it) of idolatry: we prefer the intangible effigy to the living form. Surely we neglect the service of our Maker, if we neglect his children. He left us in the chamber with them, to take care of them, to feed them, to admonish them, and

occasionally to amuse them; instead of which, after a warning not to run into the fire, we slam the door behind us in their faces, and run eagerly downstairs to dispute and quarrel with our fellows of the household who are about their business. The wickedness of idolatry does not consist in any inadequate representation of the Deity; for, whether our hands or our hearts represent him, the representation is almost alike inadequate. Every man does what he hopes and believes will be most pleasing to his God; and God, in his wisdom and mercy, will not punish gratitude in its error.

*Calvin.* How do you know that?

*Melancthon.* Because I know his loving-kindness, and experience it daily.

*Calvin.* If men blindly and wilfully run into error when God hath shown the right way, he will visit it on their souls.

*Melancthon.* He will observe from the serenity of heaven — a serenity emanating from his presence — that there is scarcely any work of his creation on earth which hath not excited, in some people or other, a remembrance, an admiration, a symbol, of his power. The evil of idolatry is this: Rival nations have raised up rival deities; war hath been denounced in the name of Heaven; men have been murdered for the love of God; and such impiety hath darkened all the regions of the world, that the Lord of all things hath been invoked by all simultaneously as the Lord of hosts. This is the only invocation in which men of every creed are united, — an invocation to which Satan, bent on the perdition of the human race, might have listened from the fallen angels.

*Calvin.* We cannot hope to purify men's hearts until we lead them away from the abomination of Babylon; nor will they be led away from it until we reduce the images to dust. So long as they stand, the eye will hanker after them, and the spirit be corrupt.

*Melancthon.* And long afterward, I sadly fear.

We attribute to the weakest of men the appellations and powers of Deity; we fall down before them; we call the impious and cruel by the title of GRACIOUS and MOST RELIGIOUS: and, even in the house of God himself, and before

his very altar, we split his Divine Majesty asunder, and offer the largest part of the most corrupt and most corrupting of his creatures.

*Calvin.* Not WE, M. Melancthon. I will preach, I will exist, in no land of such abomination.

*Melancthon.* So far, well; but religion demands more. Our reformers knock off the head from Jupiter: thunderbolt and sceptre stand. The attractive, the impressive, the august, they would annihilate; leaving men nothing but their sordid fears of vindictive punishment, and their impious doubts of our Saviour's promises.

*Calvin.* We should teach men to retain forever the fear of God before their eyes, never to cease from the apprehension of his wrath, to be well aware that he often afflicts when he is farthest from wrath, and that such infliction is a benefit bestowed by him.

*Melancthon.* What! if only a few are to be saved when the infliction is over?

*Calvin.* It becometh not us to repine at the number of vessels which the supremely wise Artificer forms, breaks, and casts away, or at the paucity it pleaseth him to preserve. The ways of Providence are inscrutable.

*Melancthon.* Some of them are, and some of them are not; and in these it seems to be his design that we should see and adore his wisdom. We fancy that all our inflictions are sent us directly and immediately from above: sometimes we think it in piety and contrition, but oftener in moroseness and discontent. It would, however, be well if we attempted to trace the causes of them. We should probably find their origin in some region of the heart which we never had well explored, or in which we had secretly deposited our worst indulgences. The clouds that intercept the heavens from us come not from the heavens, but from the earth.

Why should we scribble our own devices over the Book of God, erasing the plainest words, and rendering the Holy Scriptures a worthless palimpsest? Cannot we agree to show the nations of the world that the whole of Christianity is practicable, although the better parts never have been practised, no — not even by the priesthood — in any single

one of them? Bishops, confessors, saints, martyrs, have never denounced to king or people, nor ever have attempted to delay or mitigate, the most accursed of crimes, the crime of Cain,— the crime indeed whereof Cain's was only a germ,— the crime of fratricide ; war, war, devastating, depopulating, soul-slaughtering, heaven-defying war. Alas ! the gentle call of mercy sounds feebly, and soon dies away, leaving no trace on the memory : but the swelling cries of vengeance, in which we believe we imitate the voice of Heaven, run and reverberate in loud peals and multiplied echoes along the whole vault of the brain. All the man is shaken by them ; and he shakes all the earth.

Calvin ! I beseech you, do you who guide and govern so many, do you (whatever others may) spare your brethren. Doubtful as I am of lighter texts, blown backward and forward at the opening of opposite windows, I am convinced and certain of one grand immovable verity. It sounds strange ; it sounds contradictory.

*Calvin.* I am curious to hear it.

*Melancthon.* You shall. This is the tenet : There is nothing on earth divine beside humanity.

## GALILEO, MILTON, AND A DOMINICAN

*MILTON.* Friend ! let me pass.

*Dominican.* Whither? To whom?

*Milton.* Into the prison ; to Galileo Galilei.

*Dominican.* Prison ! We have no prison.

*Milton.* No prison here ! What sayest thou?

*Dominican.* Son ! For heretical pravity indeed, and some other less atrocious crimes, we have a seclusion, a confinement, a penitentiary : we have a locality for softening the obdurate, and furnishing them copiously with reflection and recollection ; but prison we have none.

*Milton.* Open !

*Dominican* (*to himself*). What sweetness ! what authority ! what a form ! what an attitude ! what a voice !

*Milton.* Open! Delay me no longer.

*Dominican.* In whose name?

*Milton.* In the name of humanity and of God.

*Dominican.* My sight staggers; the walls shake; he must be — do angels ever come hither?

*Milton.* Be reverent, and stand apart. [*To Galileo.*] Pardon me, sir, an intrusion.

*Galileo.* Young man! if I may judge by your voice and manner, you are little apt to ask pardon or to want it. I am as happy at hearing you as you seem unhappy at seeing me. I perceive at once that you are an Englishman.

*Milton.* I am.

*Galileo.* Speak, then, freely; and I will speak freely, too. In no other man's presence, for these many years,— indeed, from my very childhood, — have I done it.

*Milton.* Sad fate for any man! most sad for one like you! — the follower of truth, the companion of reason in her wanderings on earth!

*Galileo.* We live among priests and princes and empoisoners. Your dog, by his growling, seems to be taking up the quarrel against them.

*Milton.* We think and feel alike in many things. I have observed that the horses and dogs of every country bear a resemblance in character to the men. We English have a wonderful variety of both creatures. To begin with the horses: some are remarkable for strength, others for spirit; while in France there is little diversity of race, — all are noisy and windy, skittish and mordacious, prancing and libidinous, fit only for a rope, and fond only of a ribbon. Where the ribbon is not to be had, the jowl of a badger will do: anything but what is native to the creature is a decoration. In Flanders, you find them slow and safe, tractable and substantial. In Italy, there are few good for work, none for battle; many for light carriages, for standing at doors, and for every kind of street-work.

*Galileo.* Do let us get among the dogs.

*Milton.* In France, they are finely combed and pert and pettish; ready to bite if hurt, and to fondle if caressed; without fear, without animosity, without affection. In Italy, they creep and shiver and rub their skins against

you, and insinuate their slender beaks into the patronage of your hand, and lick it, and look up modestly, and whine decorously, and supplicate with grace. The moment you give them anything, they grow importunate; and, the moment you refuse them, they bite. In Spain and England, the races are similar; so, indeed, are those of the men. Spaniards are Englishmen in an ungrafted state,—however, with this great difference, that the English have ever been the least cruel of nations, excepting the Swedes; and the Spaniards the most cruel, excepting the French. Then they were, under one and the same religion, the most sanguinary and sordid of all the institutions that ever pressed upon mankind.

*Galileo.* To the dogs, to the dogs again, be they of what breed they may!

*Milton.* The worst of them could never have driven you up into this corner, merely because he had been dreaming, and you had disturbed his dream. How long shall this endure?

*Galileo.* I sometimes ask God how long. I should repine, and almost despair, in putting the question to myself or another.

*Milton.* Be strong in him through reason, his great gift.

*Galileo.* I fail not, and shall not fail. I can fancy that the heaviest link in my heavy chain has dropped off me since you entered.

*Milton.* Let me, then, praise our God for it! Not those alone are criminal who placed you here, but those no less who left unto them the power of doing it. If the learned and intelligent in all the regions of Europe would unite their learning and intellect, and would exert their energy in disseminating the truth throughout the countries they inhabit, soon must the ignorant and oppressive, now at the summit of power, resign their offices; and the most versatile nations, after this purifying and perfect revolution, rest for ages. But, bursting from their collegiate kennels, they range and hunt only for their masters; and are content at last to rear up and catch the offal thrown among them negligently and often too with scourges on their cringing spines, as they scramble for it. Do they run through mire and thorns,

do they sweat from their tongues' ends, do they breathe out blood, for this? The Dominican is looking in; not to interrupt us, I hope, for my idle exclamation.

*Galileo.* Continue to speak generously, rationally, and in Latin; and he will not understand one sentence. The fellow is the most stupid, the most superstitious, the most hardhearted, and the most libidinous in the confraternity. He is usually at my door, that he may not be at others', where he would be more in the way of his superiors. You Englishmen are inclined to melancholy; but what makes you so very grave, so much graver than before?

*Milton.* I hardly know which is more afflicting,— to hear the loudest expression of intolerable anguish from the weak who are sinking under it, or to witness an aged and venerable man bearing up against his sufferings with unshaken constancy. And, alas, that blindness should consummate your sufferings!

*Galileo.* There are worse evils than blindness, and the best men suffer most by them. The spirit of liberty, now rising up in your country, will excite a blind enthusiasm, and leave behind a bitter disappointment. Vicious men will grow popular, and the interests of the nation will be entrusted to them; because they descend from their station in order as they say, to serve you.

*Milton.* Profligate impostors! We know there are such among us; but truth shall prevail against them.

*Galileo.* In argument, truth always prevails finally; in politics, falsehood always: else would never states fall into decay. Even good men, if indeed good men will ever mix with evil ones for any purpose, take up the trade of politics, at first intending to deal honestly; the calm bower of the conscience is soon converted into the booth of inebriating popularity; the shouts of the multitude then grow unexciting, then indifferent, then troublesome; lastly, the riotous supporters of the condescendent falling half-asleep, he looks agape in their faces, springs upon his legs again, flings the door behind him, and escapes in the livery of Power. When Satan would have led our Saviour into temptation, he did not conduct him where the looser passions were wandering;

he did not conduct him amid flowers and herbage, where a fall would have only been a soilure to our frail human nature : no, he led him up to an exceedingly high mountain, and showed him palaces and towers and treasuries, knowing that it was by those alone that he himself could have been so utterly lost to rectitude and beatitude. Our Saviour spurned the temptation, and the greatest of his miracles was accomplished. After which, even the father of lies never ventured to dispute his divine nature.

*Dominican.* I must not suffer you to argue on theology ; you may pervert the young man.

*Milton.* In addition to confinement, must this fungus of vapid folly stain your cell? If so, let me hope you have received the assurance that the term of your imprisonment will be short.

*Galileo.* It may be, or not, as God wills : it is for life.

*Milton.* For life !

*Galileo.* Even so. I regret that I cannot go forth ; and my depression is far below regret when I think that, if ever I should be able to make a discovery, the world is never to derive the benefit. I love the fields, and the country air, and the sunny sky, and the starry ; and I could keep my temper when, in the midst of my calculations, the girls brought me flowers from lonely places, and asked me their names, and puzzled me. But now I fear lest a compulsory solitude should have rendered me a little moroser. And yet methinks I could bear again a stalk to be thrown in my face, as a deceiver, for calling the blossom that had been on it Andromeda ; and could pardon as easily as ever a slap on the shoulder for my Ursa Major. Pleasant Arcetri !

*Milton.* I often walk along its quiet lanes, somewhat too full of the white eglantine in the narrower parts of them. They are so long and pliant, a little wind is enough to blow them in the face ; and they scratch as much as their betters.

*Galileo.* Pleasant Arcetri !

*Milton.* The sigh that rises at the thought of a friend may be almost as genial as his voice. 'Tis a breath that seems rather to come from him than from ourselves.

*Galileo.* I sighed not at any thought of friendship. How do I know that any friend is left me? I was thinking that, in those unfrequented lanes, the birds that were frightened could fly away. Pleasant Arcetri! Well: we (I mean those who are not blind) can see the stars from all places; we may know that there are other worlds, and we may hope that there are happier. So, then, you often walk to that village?

*Milton.* Oftener to Fiesole.

*Galileo.* You like Fiesole better?

*Milton.* Must I confess it? For a walk, I do.

*Galileo.* So did I,—so did I. What friends we are already! I made some observations from Fiesole.

*Milton.* I shall remember it on my return, and shall revisit the scenery with fresh delight. Alas! is this a promise I can keep, when I must think of you here?

*Galileo.* My good, compassionate young man! I am concerned that my apartment allows you so little space to walk about.

*Milton.* Could ever I have been guilty of such disrespect! O sir, far remote, far beyond all others, is that sentiment from my heart! It swelled, and put every sinew of every limb into motion, at your indignity. No, no! Suffer me still to bend in reverence and humility on this hand, now stricken with years and with captivity!—on this hand, which science has followed, which God himself has guided, and before which all the worlds above us, in all their magnitudes and distances, have been thrown open.

*Galileo.* Ah, my too friendly enthusiast! may yours do more, and with impunity.

*Milton.* At least, be it instrumental in removing from the earth a few of her heaviest curses; a few of her oldest and worst impediments to liberty and wisdom,—mitres, tiaras, crowns, and the trumpery whereon they rest. I know but two genera of men,—the annual and the perennial. Those who die down, and leave behind them no indication of the places whereon they grow, are cognate with the gross matter about them; those on the contrary, who, ages after their departure, are able to sustain the lowliest, and to exalt the highest,—those are surely the spirits of

God, both when upon earth and when with him. What do I see, in letting fall the sleeve? The scars and lacerations on your arms show me that you have fought for your country.

*Galileo.* I cannot claim that honor. Do not look at them. My guardian may understand that.

*Milton.* Great God! they are the marks of the torture!

*Galileo.* My guardian may understand that likewise. Let us converse about something else.

*Milton.* Italy! Italy! Italy! drive thy poets into exile, into prison, into madness! — spare, spare thy one philosopher! What track can the mind pursue, in her elevations or her plains or her recesses, without the dogging and prowling of the priesthood?

*Galileo.* They have not done with me yet. A few days ago they informed me that I was accused or suspected of disbelieving the existence of devils. When I protested that in my opinion there are almost as many devils as there are men, and that every wise man is the creator of hundreds at his first appearance, they told me with much austerity and scornfulness of rebuke, that this opinion is as heretical as the other; and that we have no authority from Scripture for the believing that the complement exceeded some few legions, several of which were thinned and broken by beating up their quarters,— thanks chiefly to the Dominicans. I bowed, as became me; for these are worthy masters, and their superiors, the successors of Peter, would burn us for teaching any thing untaught before.

*Milton.* They would burn you, then, for resembling the great apostle himself?

*Galileo.* In what but denying the truth and wearing chains?

*Milton.* Educated with such examples before them, literary societies are scarcely more tolerant to the luminaries of imagination than theological societies are to the luminaries of science. I myself, indeed, should hesitate to place Tasso on an equality, or nearly on an equality, with Ariosto; yet, since his pen hath been excelled on the Continent by only two in sixteen centuries, he might have expected more favor, more forbearance, than he found. I was shocked at

the impudence of his critics in this country: their ignorance less surprised me.*

*Galileo.* Of yours I am unable to speak.

*Milton.* So much the better.

*Galileo.* Instead of it, you will allow me to express my admiration of what (if I understand anything) I understand. No nation has produced any man, except Aristoteles, comparable to either of the Bacons. The elder was the more wonderful; the later in seasou was the riper and the greater. Neither of them told all he knew, or half he thought; and each was alike prodigal in giving, and prudent in witholding. The learning and genius of Francis led him onward to many things which his nobility and stateliness disallowed. Hence was he like the leisurely and rich agriculturist, who goeth out a-field after dinner, well knowing where lie the nests and covies; and in such idle hour throweth his hat partly over them, and they clutter and run and rise and escape from him without his heed, to make a louder whirr thereafter, and a longer flight elsewhere.

*Milton.* I believe I have discovered no few inaccuracies in his reasoning, voluntary or involuntary. But I apprehend he committed them designedly, and that he wanted in wisdom but the highest,— the wisdom of honesty. It is comfortable to escape from him, and return again to Sorrento and Tasso. He should have been hailed as the worthy successor, not scrutinized as the presumptuous rival, of the happy Ferrarese. He was ingenious, he was gentle, he was brave; and what was the reward? Did cities con-

*Criticism is still very low in Italy. Tiraboschi has done little for it: nothing can be less exact than his judgments on the poets. There is not one remarkable sentence, or one happy expression, in all his volumes. The same may be said of Abbate Cesarotti, and of the Signor Calsabigi, who wrote on Alfieri. There is scarcely a glimpse of poetry in Alfieri; yet his verses are tight-braced, and his strokes are animating,— not, indeed, to the Signor Calsabigi. The Italians are grown more generous to their literary men in proportion as they are grown poorer in them. Italy is the only great division of Europe where there never hath existed a Review bearing some authority or credit. These things do not greatly serve literature; but they rise from it, and show it.

tend for his residence within them? Did princes throw open their palaces at his approach? Did academies send deputations to invite and solicit his attendance? Did senators cast branches of laurel under his horse's hoofs? Did prelates and princes hang tapestries from their windows, meet him at the gates, and conduct him in triumph to the Capitol? Instead of it, his genius was derided, his friendship scorned, his love rejected; he lived despairingly, he died broken hearted.

*Galileo.* My friend! my friend! you yourself in your language are almost a poet.

*Milton.* I may be, in time to come.

*Galileo.* What! with such an example before your eyes? Rather be a philosopher: you may be derided in this too; but you will not be broken hearted. I am ashamed when I reflect that the worst enemies of Torquato, pushing him rudely against Ariosto, are to be found in Florence.

*Milton.* Be the difference what it may between them, your academicians ought to be aware that the lowest of the animals are nearer to the highest of them, than these highest are to the lowest of those two. For in what greatly more do they benefit the world than the animals do, or how much longer remain in the memory of their species?

*Galileo.* Little, very little; and the same thing may be easily proved of those whom they praise and venerate. My knowledge of poetry is narrow; and, having little enthusiasm, I discover faults where beauties escape me. I never would venture to say before our Italians what I will confess to you. In reading the "*Gerusalemme Liberata*," I remarked that among the epithets the poet is fondest of *grande:* I had remarked that Virgil is fondest of *altus*. Now, we cannot make any thing greater or higher by clapping these words upon it: where the substructure is not sufficiently broad and solid, they will not stick. The first verses in the "*Gerusalemme*," for instance, are —

> "*Canto le arme pietose e 'l capitano*
> *Che il gran sepolcro liberò di Cristo.*"

Surely, the poet would rather have had a great captain than a great cenotaph.

*Milton.* He might have written, with a modester and less sonorous exordium,—

*Canto le arme pietose e 'l capitano,*
*Lui che il sepolcro liberò di Cristo.*

*Galileo.* It would not have done for our people, either the unlearned or learned. They must have HIGH, GIGANTIC, IMMENSE; they must have ebony, gold, azure; they must have honey, sugar, cinnamon, as regularly in their places as blue-lettered jars, full or empty, are found in apothecaries' shops. Dante and Ariosto, different as they are, equally avoided these sweet viscidities. I wish you would help me to exonerate Tasso from the puffy piece of impediment at the beginning of his march.

*Milton.* Let us imagine that he considered all Jerusalem as the sepulchre of Christ.

*Galileo.* No friend or countryman hath said it for him. We will accept it, and go on. Our best histories, excepting Giovio's and Davila's, contain no picture, no character, no passion, no eloquence; and Giovio's is partial and faithless. Criticism is more verbose and less logical here than among the French, the Germans, and the Dutch.

*Milton.* Let us return to Ariosto and Tasso, who, whatever the academicians may gabble in their assemblies, have delighted the most cultivated minds, and will delight them for incalculable ages.

*Galileo.* An academician, a dunghill-cock, and a worm do indeed form a triangle more nearly equilateral than an academician, a Lodovico, and a Torquato. The Dominican is listening yet. Behold, he comes in!

*Dominican.* Young gentleman, I did not suspect, when you entered, that you would ever talk about authors whose writings are prohibited. Ariosto is obscene. I have heard the same of Tasso, in some part or other.

*Milton.* Prythee, begone!

*Dominican.* We retire together.

*Galileo.* It would be better to leave me, if he urges it, otherwise I may never expect again the pleasure I have received to-day.

*Dominican.* Signor Galileo, do you talk of pleasure to young persons? Most illustrious signorino, the orders of my superior are to reconduct you.

*Milton.* Adieu, then, O too great man!

*Galileo.* For to-day, adieu!

*Dominican* (*out of the door*). In my lowly cell, O signorino (if your excellency in her inborn gentleness could condescend to favor her humblest slave with her most desired presence), are prepared some light refreshments.

*Milton.* Swallow them, swallow them; thou seemest thirsty: I enter but one cell here.

*Dominican* (*aside, having bowed respectfully*). Devil! heretic! never shalt thou more!

## THE EMPRESS CATHARINE AND PRINCESS DASHKOF

*CATHARINE.* Into his heart! into his heart! If he escapes, we perish.

Do you think, Dashkof, they can hear me through the double door? Yes; hark! they heard me: they have done it.

What bubbling and gurgling! he groaned but once.

Listen! his blood is busier now than it ever was before. I should not have thought it could have splashed so loud upon the floor, although our bed, indeed, is rather of the highest.

Put your ear against the lock.

*Dashkof.* I hear nothing.

*Catharine.* My ears are quicker than yours, and know these notes better. Let me come. Hear nothing! You did not wait long enough, nor with coolness and patience. There!—there again! The drops are now like lead: every half minute they penetrate the eider-down and the mattress. How now! which of these fools has brought his dog with him? What tramping and lapping! the creature will carry the marks all about the palace with his feet and muzzle.

*Dashkof.* Oh, heavens!

*Catharine.* Are you afraid?

*Dashkof.* There is a horror that surpasses fear, and will have none of it. I knew not this before.

*Catharine.* You turn pale and tremble. You should have supported me, in case I had required it.

*Dashkof.* I thought only of the tyrant. Neither in life nor in death could any one of these miscreants make me tremble. But the husband slain by his wife!—I saw not into my heart; I looked not into it, and it chastises me.

*Catharine.* Dashkof, are you, then, really unwell?

*Dashkof.* What will Russia, what will Europe, say?

*Catharine.* Russia has no more voice than a whale. She may toss about in her turbulence; but my artillery (for now, indeed, I can safely call it mine) shall stun and quiet her.

*Dashkof.* God grant—

*Catharine.* I cannot but laugh at thee, my pretty Dashkof! God grant, forsooth! He has granted all we wanted from him at present,—the safe removal of this odious Peter.

*Dashkof.* Yet Peter loved YOU; and even the worst husband must leave, surely, the recollection of some sweet moments. The sternest must have trembled, both with apprehension and with hope, at the first alteration in the health of his consort; at the first promise of true union, imperfect without progeny. Then, there are thanks rendered together to heaven, and satisfactions communicated, and infant words interpreted; and when the one has failed to pacify the sharp cries of babyhood, pettish and impatient as sovereignty itself, the success of the other in calming it, and the unenvied triumph of this exquisite ambition, and the calm gazes that it wins upon it.

*Catharine.* Are these, my sweet friend, your lessons from the Stoic school? Are not they, rather, the pale-faced reflections of some kind epithalamiast from Livonia or Bessarabia? Come, come away. I am to know nothing at present of the deplorable occurrence. Did not you wish his death?

*Dashkof.* It is not his death that shocks me.

*Catharine.* I understand you: beside, you said as much before.

*Dashkof.* I fear for your renown.

*Catharine.* And for your own good name,—ay, Dashkof?

*Dashkof.* He was not, nor did I ever wish him to be, my friend.

*Catharine.* You hated him.

*Dashkof.* Even hatred may be plucked up too roughly.

*Catharine.* Europe shall be informed of my reasons, if she should ever find out that I countenanced the conspiracy. She shall be persuaded that her repose made the step necessary; that my own life was in danger; that I fell upon my knees to soften the conspirators; that, only when I had fainted, the horrible deed was done. She knows already that Peter was always ordering new exercises and uniforms; and my ministers can evince at the first audience my womanly love of peace.

*Dashkof.* Europe may be more easily subjugated than duped.

*Catharine.* She shall be both, God willing.

*Dashkof.* The majesty of thrones will seem endangered by this open violence.

*Catharine.* The majesty of thrones is never in jeopardy by those who sit upon them. A sovereign may cover one with blood more safely than a subject can pluck a feather out of the cushion. It is only when the people does the violence that we hear an ill report of it. Kings poison and stab one another in pure legitimacy. Do your republican ideas revolt from such a doctrine?

*Dashkof.* I do not question this right of theirs, and never will oppose their exercise of it. But if you prove to the people how easy a matter it is to extinguish an emperor, and how pleasantly and prosperously we may live after it, is it not probable that they also will now and then try the experiment; particularly, if any one in Russia should hereafter hear of glory and honor, and how immortal are these by the consent of mankind, in all countries and ages, in him who releases the world, or any part of it, from a lawless and ungovernable despot? The chances of escape are many, and the greater if he should have no accomplices. Of his renown there is no doubt at all: that

is placed above chance and beyond time, by the sword he hath exercised so righteously.

*Catharine.* True; but we must reason like democrats no longer. Republicanism is the best thing we can have, when we cannot have power; but no one ever held the two together. I am now autocrat.

*Dashkof.* Truly, then, may I congratulate you. The dignity is the highest a mortal can attain.

*Catharine.* I know and feel it.

*Dashkof.* I wish you always may.

*Catharine.* I doubt not the stability of power: I can make constant both fortune and love. My Dashkof smiles at this conceit: she has here the same advantage, and does not envy her friend even the autocracy.

*Dashkof.* Indeed I do, and most heartily.

*Catharine.* How?

*Dashkof.* I know very well what those intended who first composed the word; but they blundered egregiously. In spite of them, it signifies power over oneself,—of all power the most enviable, and the least consistent with power over others.

I hope and trust there is no danger to you from any member of the council-board inflaming the guards or other soldiery.

*Catharine.* The members of the council-board did not sit AT it, but UPON it; and their tactics were performed cross-legged. What partisans are to be dreaded of that commander-in-chief whose chief command is over pantaloons and facings, whose utmost glory is perched on loops and feathers, and who fancies that battles are to be won rather by pointing the hat than the cannon?

*Dashkof.* Peter was not insensible to glory; few men are: but wiser heads than his have been perplexed in the road to it, and many have lost it by their ardor to attain it. I have always said that, unless we devote ourselves to the pnblic good, we may perhaps be celebrated; but it is beyond the power of fortune, or even of genius, to exalt us above the dust.

*Catharine.* Dashkof, you are a sensible, sweet creature; but rather too romantic on PRINCIPLE, and rather too visionary on glory. I shall always both esteem and love you;

but no other woman in Europe will be great enough to endure you, and you will really put the men *hors de combat.* Thinking is an enemy to beauty, and no friend to tenderness. Men can ill brook it one in another: in women it renders them what they would fain call "scornful" (vain assumption of high prerogative!) and what you would find bestial and outrageous. As for my reputation, which I know is dear to you, I can purchase all the best writers in Europe with a snuffbox each, and all the remainder with its contents. Not a gentleman of the Academy but is enchanted by a toothpick, if I deign to send it him. A brilliant makes me Semiramis; a watch-chain, Venus; a ring, Juno. Voltaire is my friend.

*Dashkof.* He was Frederick's.

*Catharine.* I shall be the PUCELLE of Russia. No! I had forgotten: he has treated her scandalously.

*Dashkof.* Does your Majesty value the flatteries of a writer who ridicules the most virtuous and glorious of his nation; who crouched before that monster of infamy, Louis XV.; and that worse monster, the king his predecessor? He reviled, with every indignity and indecency, the woman who rescued France; and who alone, of all that ever led the armies of that kingdom, made its conquerors — the English — tremble. Its monarchs and marshals cried and ran like capons, flapping their fine crests from wall to wall, and cackling at one breath defiance and surrender. The village girl drew them back into battle, and placed the heavens themselves against the enemies of Charles. She seemed supernatural: the English recruits deserted; they would not fight against God.

*Catharine.* Fools and bigots.

*Dashkof.* The whole world contained none other, excepting those who fed upon them. The Maid of Orleans was pious and sincere: her life asserted it; her death confirmed it. Glory to her, Catharine, if you love glory. Detestation to him who has profaned the memory of this most holy martyr,— the guide and avenger of her king, the redeemer and saviour of her country.

*Catharine.* Be it so; but Voltaire buoys me up above some impertinent, troublesome qualms.

*Dashkof.* If Deism had been prevalent in Europe, he would have been the champion of Christianity; and, if the French had been Protestants, he would have shed tears upon the papal slipper. He buoys up no one; for he gives no one hope. He may amuse: dullness itself must be amused, indeed, by the versatility and brilliancy of his wit.

*Catharine.* While I was meditating on the great action I have now so happily accomplished, I sometimes thought his wit feeble. This idea, no doubt, originated from the littleness of everything in comparison with my undertaking.

*Dashkof.* Alas! we lose much when we lose the capacity of being delighted by men of genius, and gain little when we are forced to run to them for incredulity.

*Catharine.* I shall make some use of my philosopher at Ferney. I detest him as much as you do; but where will you find me another who writes so pointedly? You really, then, fancy that people care for truth? Innocent Dashkof! Believe me, there is nothing so delightful in life as to find a liar in a person of repute. Have you never heard good folks rejoicing at it? Or, rather, can you mention to me any one who has not been in raptures when he could communicate such glad tidings? The goutiest man would go on foot without a crutch to tell his friend of it at midnight; and would cross the Neva for the purpose, when he doubted whether the ice would bear him. Men, in general, are so weak in truth, that they are obliged to put their bravery under it to prop it. Why do they pride themselves, think you, on their courage, when the bravest of them is by many degrees less courageous than a mastiff bitch in the straw? It is only that they may be rogues without hearing it, and make their fortunes without rendering an account of them.

Now we chat again as we used to do. Your spirits and your enthusiasm have returned. Courage, my sweet Dashkof; do not begin to sigh again. We never can want husbands while we are young and lively. Alas! I cannot always be so. Heigho! But serfs and preferment will do: none shall refuse me at ninety,— Paphos or Tobolsk.

Have not you a song for me?

*Dashkof.* German or Russian?

*Catharine.* Neither, neither. Some frightful word might drop — might remind me — no, nothing shall remind me. French, rather: French songs are the liveliest in the world.

Is the rouge off my face?

*Dashkof.* It is rather in streaks and mottles; excepting just under the eyes, where it sits as it should do.

*Catharine.* I am heated and thirsty: I cannot imagine how. I think we have not yet taken our coffee. Was it so strong? What am I dreaming of? I could eat only a slice of melon at breakfast; my duty urged me THEN, and dinner is yet to come. Remember, I am to faint at the midst of it when the intelligence comes in, or rather when, in despite of every effort to conceal it from me, the awful truth has flashed upon my mind. Remember, too, you are to catch me, and to cry for help, and to tear those fine flaxen hairs which we laid up together on the toilet; and we are both to be as inconsolable as we can be for the life of us. Not now, child, not now. Come, sing. I know not how to fill up the interval. Two long hours yet! — how stupid and tiresome! I wish all things of the sort could be done and be over in a day. They are mightily disagreeable when by nature one is not cruel. People little know my character. I have the tenderest heart upon earth. I am courageous, but I am full of weaknesses. I possess in perfection the higher part of men, and — to a friend I may say it — the most amiable part of women. Ho, ho! at last you smile: now, your thoughts upon that.

*Dashkof.* I have heard fifty men swear it.

*Catharine.* They lied, the knaves! I hardly knew them by sight. We were talking of the sad necessity.—Ivan must follow next: he is heir to the throne. I have a wild, impetuous, pleasant little *protégé*, who shall attempt to rescue him. I will have him persuaded and incited to it, and assured of pardon on the scaffold. He can never know the trick we play him; unless his head, like a bottle of Bordeaux, ripens its contents in the sawdust. Orders are given that Ivan be dispatched at the first disturbance in the

precincts of the castle; in short, at the fire of the sentry. But not now,—another time: two such scenes together, and without some interlude, would perplex people.

I thought we spoke of singing: do not make me wait, my dearest creature! Now cannot you sing as usual, without smoothing your dove's-throat with your handkerchief, and taking off your necklace? Give it me, then; give it me. I will hold it for you: I must play with something.

Sing, sing; I am quite impatient.

## MACHIAVELLI AND GUICCIARDINI

*GUICCIARDINI.* It grieves me, Ser Niccolo, to learn by your letter that Fortune has been ungrateful and unjust to you. Hard is it that a statesman who hath served his country conscientiously and ably should be reduced so nearly to poverty.

*Machiavelli.* The hardship, my compassionate friend, lies chiefly in the necessity of entreating as a favor what I believe to be my due. Having served our Florence faithfully, I claim only a small remuneration from the Medici.

*Guicciardini.* Gratitude is not in the vocabulary of princes, and republics insist on every man's services, deeming him sufficiently paid for them by a place, however subordinate, in the government. You are become out of favor by writing what appears to be satirical in your "*Principe.*" Can you deny to me, who am your trusty and hearty friend, that, in this wise and profound work, you make it appear how such high functionaries, in order to acquire and retain their power, must act occasionally with violence and dishonesty?

*Machiavelli.* Is it not true?

*Guicciardini.* And, by being true, is it not the more dangerous to him who utters and promulgates it?

*Machiavelli.* I desired to show my countrymen what they must expect if they prefer an absolute prince to a free republic.

*Guicciardini.* All desires out of the domestic circle lead to disappointment; most of them, to grief. Are we less tranquil than under the late regimen?

*Machiavelli.* The sleeper is more tranquil than the wide awake, and the dead even than he.

*Guicciardini.* It is somewhat for the generous, patriotic, and energetic to have escaped persecution. After your commentary on Livy, I feared you might, notwithstanding all your caution and prudence, take up Tacitus. Then might you, peradventure, have been accused of personalities: hemlock and hellebore and other simples, sedatives prescribed for the unruly, are to be gathered in Tuscany.

*Machiavelli.* Dante Alighieri, the glory of our country, dared openly to avow himself an innovator and reformer. He would have called in the Emperor of Germany to rule the whole of Italy.

*Guicciardini.* Were it practicable, it might have been well for us. The vilest and most ineradicable of vermin is that which generates in the skin: we can sweep away the outlying.

*Machiavelli.* No people can flourish where any man sets at defiance the magistrates and the laws. An appeal out of them is treason, and punishment should be summary and prompt. Beside a conclave of princes set over us by a priest, we, at present, lie ground between an upper and a nether millstone. Germany and France crush us into powder, and leave nothing but the husks. Better is it to be subject to the Emperor of Germany than to the King of France. For the German powers would encourage our commerce, through interest; the French, through jealousy, would repress it.

*Guicciardini.* It was impossible for the Emperor of Germany to become sovereign of Italy, as Alighieri wished and ventured to propose, unless by abolishing the temporal power of the Pope.

*Machiavelli.* Republican as I am, I would willingly see all Italy under one constitutional hereditary prince. At present, we have no choice between the bear and the wolf. The bear hugs to suffocation, breaks a few ribs, then, tearing out a mouthful, lies down; the wolf springs at the

throat, strangles the animal, tears the heart out, and laps up the last drop of blood. Neither you nor I can speculate far into the future. Yet we both of us can see clearly what is about us and nigh. The French are incapable of freedom, and will never let others enjoy it. The Germans have as much liberty as they want or know what to do with. They are a moral people, and sigh after the purity of religion. It appears to be an axiom with princes, that the more corruptions there are in it, the more easily are men governed. But, under a good government, a religion will gradually become good, and revolutions will be unnecessary. I do not believe that, during our lifetime, there will be any in this country. Yet who could have foreseen the prodigious one which has been lately almost accomplished in the Netherlands? There are now living many men, and not extremely old, who remember Spain the most powerful and the most prosperous of kingdoms. What is she now become? England crushed her armada, and left her scarcely enough of its timbers for an *auto-da-fé*. Nearer to ourselves than the scene where Spain sank, never to rise again, the Hollanders are cooking their fish to-day over the splinters they have broken off from the old fisherman's chair, while the banners of Castile and Leon droop in ignominy over the Knights of the Garter.

Now to the matter of union and consolidation.

England could unite to her discordant kingdoms and divers races, speaking different languages. Is it, indeed, going too far in speculation that the provinces of Italy, both on the Peninsula and on the Adriatic, living in harmony and speaking in the same mother tongue, may become united?

*Guicciardini.* On such a consummation you, a republican, hardly can dream.

*Machiavelli.* I do dream of it, and when I am most awake. My republicanism is for my country, not for my city. Florence was my cradle, Florence taught me my letters; but there were masters who made me hold up my head, and walk with them beyond the gates.

*Guicciardini.* The nurse had well nigh shaken thee out of the cradle, and the masters have brought thee among

thorns. We all have our projects, and generally on things farthest from our reach. The most accredited of philosophers often tread upon unsound ground. Never was a scheme less practicable than Plato's Republic, redundant with whims and puerilities. Did no obstruction lie in your path on your road to the consolidation of Italy? Did never the two rival cities, Genoa and Venice, rise up before you? Both of them are opulent and powerful: both would be more opulent and more powerful by going hand in hand.

But Venice, whose nobility is higher than any other in Europe, would never take the ring off her finger. She is queen of the Adriatic, and arbitress of the Levant. Remembering that she hath often set at defiance both Emperor and Pope, she would not receive any sovereign, and most unwillingly one from across the Alps.

*Machiavelli.* Never was any government so politic as hers hath continued to be from century to century; never any people so long contented. In other countries, the nobles are the worst of slaves, because they adulate the worst of masters. Flattery in Venice is no less exuberant; but the victorious admiral or the cherished maiden are the flattered. Ariosto breathes his spirit into the gondolier, by day and by night, and music swells above the ripple of the lagoon.

*Guicciardini.* Ser Niccolo, you are growing quite poetical.

*Machiavelli.* Venice herself is poetry, and creates a poet out of the dullest clay. Woe betide the wretch who desecrates and humiliates her! She may fall; but she shall rise again.

*Guicciardini.* Our hopes at the present time must rest contentedly. It was impossible for the Emperor of Germany to become sole sovereign of Italy, as Alighieri wished, abolishing the temporal power of the Pope. France and Spain are interested in maintaining it; that is, they are playing as partners, sitting on opposite sides of the table. If Italy is ever to be under one potentate, the only one eligible is the Duke of Savoy, he being already her guardian. Care, however, must be taken that his family never intermarry with the stranger. We have families in our

own country more illustrious by exploits and wisdom than the Bourbons or the Hapsburgs; and if antiquity, as it seems to be, is considered a title to reverence, we have fifty more ancient. With other nations, if ours were united, we should require no alliances. They would only involve us in difficulties and wars.

Freedom of traffic is advantageous to all. When the seas are open, man's eyes will open. We want little from abroad, and we shall want less. Our wines are richer than those of Spain, which usually taste of the pigskin or goatskin; and the best of the French owe their odor and flavor to the root of that lily which grows profusely in the crevices and on the summits of our city walls. These roots we never use but for perfumery, and export them in quantities from Livorno. The wool of Taranto, celebrated by Virgil in his "Georgics," is less deteriorated than everything else in the Neapolitan territory. We might clothe our wealthier neighbors with it, as we do with our silks and velvets. Manufacturers of linen and lace would easily be tempted from the Netherlands. Sicily and Sardinia could produce not only a profusion of flax, but also of cotton. The island of Sardinia is scarcely a quarter peopled. Horace celebrates its "*segetes feraces.*" There is in it a more extensive and a more fertile plain than perhaps in any other island.

*Machiavelli.* Nothing can be hoped for where priests and monks swarm in all seasons. Other grubs and insects die down: these never do. Even locusts, after they have consumed the grain and herbage, take flight or are swept away, and leave no living progeny on the ground behind them. The vermin between skin and flesh are ineradicable.

*Guicciardini.* What can we do with the religious?

*Machiavelli.* Teach them religion. Teach them to earn by labor the bread they eat. Some confraternities work already: make all to.

*Guicciardini.* Remember, there are aged and infirm in monasteries: to deprive them of a decent and comfortable subsistence, as was done in England, would be inhumane, not to them only, but also to the poor wretches who lived by them.

*Machiavelli.* It would be; but such a case might be obviated, by stationing them in their native towns and villages where friends are living. The less afflicted may visit the sick and instruct the children: a few of them can do more, or are willing to do so much. The bishops, out of their vast revenues, ought to supply whatever may yet be needful.

*Guicciardini.* Perhaps you would curtail their revenues and their number.

*Machiavelli.* Jesus Christ ordained twelve to preach his gospel to all nations. Surely twice the number is sufficient for Italy. I would allow a spacious house and garden to each, and 2,000 crowns* annually from the public treasury. Sardinia and wild Corsica might also have each of them four prelates.

*Guicciardini.* Sardinia in another century could be what she was under the old Romans.

*Machiavelli.* Religion in their time was no hinderer of labor, no encourager of idleness, no mendicant in purple and fine linen and a jeweled bonnet three stories high.

Another generation will see better things; another, but not the next.

*Guicciardini.* After the "*Purgatorio*," we arrive at the "*Paradiso*"! Vision! vision!

*Machiavelli.* Holy visions are at last accomplished.

## MILTON AND MARVEL

*MARVEL.* Years have passed over our heads, friend Milton, since the first conversation we held together on the subject of poetry. It was mainly, I think, if not entirely, on the dramatic. We will now exchange a few words, and more than a few if you are willing, on the other kinds of it. The desire was excited in me by your present of "Paradise Regained," which I thanked you for

* 2,000 crowns at that time were equal to 5,000 now. The French bishops have about £700, with houses in their cities, not palaces.

by letter as soon as I had read it through; and I now, in person, thank you for it again.

*Milton.* Parents are usually the most fond of their last offspring, especially if the fruit of their declining years: I was of mine; I now hesitate.

*Marvel.* Be contented: you have fairly got the better of the Devil. There is little in either of your poems that the reader would wish out. This cannot be said of the great Italian. Nearly all the characters in the "*Inferno*" and "*Purgatorio*" are wretches who excite no sympathy, and forward no action. Marking, page after page, the good, bad, and indifferent, I find scarcely a fifth part noted for reading a second time. This is not the case in the "Iliad," the "Æneid," the "Paradise Lost."

*Milton.* The great poet of Italy — for great he was by intensity of thought and comprehension — constructed a hell and a purgatory for the accommodation of popes, prelates, and other dignitaries. Daring as he was, he was afraid of nearer fires than those below; hence a compendious satire he entitled a divine comedy. Never was there so spacious a theatre with so many actors.

*Marvel.* Faith! it is a comedy in which the actors find no joke.

*Milton.* Alighieri wanted flexibility of muscle, and wore an iron mask; yet how warm are the tears which the lover of Beatrice shed over Francesca da Rimini, and over the children of Ugolino! I would rather have written two such scenes than twenty such poems as the "Faerie Queen."

*Marvel.* Allegory grows tiresome: nevertheless, you have found, as I have heard you say, much to please you in Spenser. The heart, I confess it, is never touched by him; and he does not excite even a light emotion.

*Milton.* He leads us into no walks of Nature. A poet must do that, or forfeit his right to a seat in the upper house.

*Marvel.* Grave as you are, and ever were, you have expressed to me your delight in the "Canterbury Tales," and in him —

> "Who left untold
> The story of Cambuscan bold."

*Milton.* Frequently do I read the "Canterbury Tales," and with pleasure undiminished. They are full of character and of life. You would hardly expect in so early a stage of our language such harmony as comes occasionally on the ear: it ceases with the verse; but we are grateful for it, shortly as it stays with us.

*Marvel.* Happily, you are now at leisure for a ramble in the open field of poetry, and to catch the Muses —

> "Dancing in the checker'd shade."

Think what a pleasure it is to have landed at last, after all the perils of a tempestuous sea.

*Milton.* I would rather be on a tempestuous ocean than on a pestilential marsh, knowing that the one will grow calm, and that the other will not grow salubrious.

Andrew! we are sold like sheep, and we must not even bleat.

*Marvel.* What you have done, both in poetry and prose, was enough to startle the salesmen. Into your prose an irruption was often made by your poetry.

*Milton.* This is wrong. We should keep them distinct, however impetuous may be the loftier and the stronger.

*Marvel.* If you could have done it, we should have lost the grandest piece of harmony that ever was uttered from the heart of man.

*Milton.* Where is that?

*Marvel.* In your dissertation on Prelaty; it is this: —

> "When God commands to take the trumpet
> And blow a louder and a shriller blast,
> It rests not in Man's will what he shall do
> Or what he shall forbear."

Isaiah seems to be speaking.

*Milton.* The only resemblance is that Isaiah spoke also in vain.

The deafest man can hear praise, and is slow to think any an excess. Friendship may sometimes step a few paces in advance of truth; and who would check her? I had neither will nor power to break the imperious words that you cite, overruling my prose.

*Marvel.* Certainly you are not like the bleatings you have just now complained of. Your voice was never lowered to that key, my brave Milton.

*Milton.* I might not have retained what is left to me of it, were it not for your intercession.

*Marvel.* You overrate my services. True, I did go to the Lord Chancellor, who knew me by name only, and who courteously said "MR. MARVEL, I WILL SEE ABOUT IT." You know what that phrase means, spoken by high officials. He went immediately, with feather in hat above his embroidered robes, to "see about" the house he is building, which is to overtop the Somersets and Northumberlands. Lucky dog, lawyer Hyde!

Neither much disappointed nor at all discomfited, but well knowing that no time was to be lost, I went forthwith to my Lord Rochester, who noticed me when he was a stripling. He never looked so grave as when he heard me mention the cause of my visit. He turned his peruke half round, and said, "MY GOOD MARVEL, IT IS A TICKLISH THING." Without a moment's pause, I replied, "Do you mean the halter, my Lord?" The peruke was again in the first position, with a pleasant smile on each side of its exuberant curls. Patting me on the shoulder, he said, "Well, well, Marvel! I do like a hearty friend, even in a quondam stickler to the old rebel Nol. Hangmanship is not a craft I would patronize. But Master John Milton was bitter against us. He would even have set fire to the lawn sleeves, which I am in duty bound to reverence. 'But when the wicked man turneth away,'—you can go on with it; I may peradventure be at a fault. I hope our gracious King has forgotten the sad catastrophe of his father. If he has not, he may haply be reminded that John Milton had a hand in it; and then filial affection may, and indeed necessarily must, lead His Majesty toward the rope-walk. He hath so many cares of state, and is occupied in them so constantly and incessantly, that the occurrence in front of Whitehall shall have dropped out of his memory. Let us hope for the best." My reply was, "I will hope it, my Lord, from your known humanity and good temper. If my old friend receives no pardon from

his most gracious sovereign, he will be the only blind man that a gracious sovereign ever helped to mount the gallows."

Whereat his lordship broke into a peal of laughter, which stopped suddenly, and he said, "Faith and troth! blind! stone blind! It would be too bad. Charley must keep the long cap folded up, in readiness for some fellow whose eyes require it. You saw my coach at the door. I was going for a private audience. I will mention the matter the first thing I do." He did, and you know the result.

*Milton.* The Presbyterians are now more unfriendly to me than the Episcopalians are.

*Marvel.* Their tempers are sourer, and they are more exasperated by the persecutions they are suffering. You have become calmer and milder. The best apples, rough when they are first gathered, grow richer in flavor late. There are zealots who complain that you are lukewarm.

*Milton.* It is better to be lukewarm than to boil over. My opinions in theology have undergone a change. What they are will be known hereafter; I have written them in Latin, and I shall leave them behind me. For I would not anger any on this side of the grave. Resentment and controversy cool in the churchyard.

*Marvel.* There are temperate men in Italy, and perhaps elsewhere, so scandalized at the contests and cruelties of sects, that they almost doubt whether the death of the Emperor Julian was not a calamity to the world, and whether what we call "paganism" was ever so uncharitable — in other words, so un-Christian — as some exclusive creeds.

*Milton.* Physicians propose to cure the effect of one poison by administering another. Presbyterianism twisted back the neck of Prelaty, and poured a strong drastic down her throat. She kicked and screamed, and, when she got on her legs again, swore bitterly, and called her servants to kick the intruders down stairs.

*Marvel.* The old religions, on several accounts, are better than the later. They are less profuse of foul language, they domineer less, and they cost less; they withdraw none from agriculture or home. The priests exposed no wares

for sale, and they kept to their own temples and their own houses. I am no customer of those chapmen whose glass and crockery are so brittle as to draw blood if you break it. I side neither with the cropped nor the periwigged. I will never deal with the dealers in damnation, while I can hear cursing and swearing gratis in the stableyard.

*Milton.* Men's curses are stored up for them in heaven.

*Marvel.* Lucky fellows if they can get up there and find any thing better. May they not catch their own, tossed back to them, waiting below?

*Milton.* Andrew! in sooth thou art a merry-andrew. Methinks thou knowest more about the poets than about the divines. Curious name! as if the study and profession of what relates to divinity made the man himself divine, as the study and profession of physic entitles one, and justly, to be called a physician.

*Marvel.* Now then, having had enough of both, I am ready to be as disputatious as the worst of them. I am about to find fault with you on the score of poetry.

"*Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angit.*"

*Milton.* After the sweet, I am prepared for the bitter, which often happens in life; and it is only children who take the bitter first.

*Marvel.* Now for it. You were not a very young man when you wrote how —

> "Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
> Warbled his native wood-notes wild."

After acknowledging the prettiness of the verses, I deny the propriety of the application. No poet was ever less a warbler of "wood-notes wild." In his earliest poems he was elaborate, and not exempt from stiff conceits, — the fault of the age, as exemplified by Spenser.

*Milton.* In his later, he takes wing over the world, beyond human sight, but heard above the clouds.

*Marvel.* His Muse, to be in the fashion of the day, wore a starched ruff about her neck.

You have fringed Jonson's "learned sock." I never had patience to go through, or, to speak more properly, to UNDERGO, his tragedies. In coarse comedy he succeeds better;

but comedy ought never to be coarse. Indelicate as was Aristophanes, there was an easy motion and an unaffected grace in every step he took. Plautus comes far behind, and Terence not quite up to Plautus. Be not angry with me, if Molière is my delight.

*Milton.* He has written since I was a reader; and there is nobody in the house who can pronounce French intelligibly. My nephew reads Latin to me; and he reminded me one day that Sir Philip Sidney tried his hand at turning our English into Latin hexameters. Some of the Germans have done likewise. English and German hexameters sound as a heavy cart sounds bouncing over boulders.

*Marvel.* We often find in them a foot composed of two short syllables, instead of a spondee; and a trochee as often, which reminds us of a cripple, one of whose legs is shorter than the other, so that he cannot put it to the ground. I doubt whether in a hundred English hexameters there are three composed of dactyl and spondee.*

*Milton.* I know not whether it has ever been observed that the final foot of a hexameter is a trochee. So it is, with only two or three exceptions, in Virgil where *mons*, and another monosyllable in another place, end the verse.

*Marvel.* Why cannot we be contented with our own measures, as established by law and custom? None in Latin or Greek are more harmonious than several of them.

*Milton.* Fond as I am of Latin, and many as are the verses I have written in it, never was I so rash and inconsiderate as to force its metres into our own language, which is infinitely more capable of stops and variations.

*Marvel.* Not even the verses of Homer himself have that diversity of cadence which enchants us in "Paradise Lost." Who was the blockhead who invented the word

* Ovid was the first who subjected a strange language to Latin measures; and he acknowedges that he was ashamed of doing it.

"*Ah pudet! et Getico scripsi sermone libellum*
*Aptaque sunt nostris barbara verba modis.*"

Yet how would the philologist rejoice at the recovery of this LITTLE BOOK! For a book there was of it, and not only one composition. The Jesuits, clever at Latin versification, have not yet introduced it into China.

BLANK for its verse? Never was any one less appropriate. The Latin hexameter, closing with a dissyllable or trisyllable, wants the variety of the Greek, and terminates too frequently with consonants,—ANT, UNT, AM, UM, or S. To remove this obstruction from the sensitive ear, we have recourse to Homer and Milton.

*Milton.* Courtier! courtier! prythee hold thy tongue. Venerate one blind man, and continue to love the other.

## SECOND CONVERSATION

*Milton.* Happy am I to see you here again, after a travel of so many weeks, and through a country where the roads in many parts are deep and difficult.

*Marvel.* Truly, since our late unhappy war they have been but little mended, and less before. The armies required a few of them to be rendered commodious for cannon and trains. How these were brought so far as to Kineton, and over Edge Hill, is wonderful.

*Milton.* Yet you went beyond, even to the Upper Severn. How was this feat performed?

*Marvel.* Pondering the difficulties on one side and the conveniences on the other, I bought a palfrey at Highgate. Wink as the dealer might at him and me, I really found him fairly worth the eight guineas he cost me. He carried me to Oxford by the next nightfall, or soon after. Both of us rose and rested early, and neither had to complain of our provender. At Oxford, we rested a whole day, it being the Sabbath.

*Milton.* Virtuously and religiously done! Whether men sit idle and morose for lack of amusement, or whether they enjoy the day in innocent pleasure among their children and friends, I do no longer censure them, as I did formerly.

*Marvel.* Some lose their sourness by time, others become austere and crabbed. You once appeared too sedate, but never uncongenial.

*Milton.* I have seen reason to change some of my old habits and some of my old opinions. I fear I am morose

by nature : certain I am that the waters of Castalia are sweeter than the waters of Styx, and that the study, not of philosophy alone, but equally of poetry, corrects our evil humors. Any interesting book overlays and blunts asperity. Music, in which I always have delighted, both calms and elevates.

What are you waiting for so seriously ?

*Marvel.* To hear more truths from you.

*Milton.* You shall not, until you have reported to me somewhat more of your journey. As far as Edge Hill you have brought me, and no farther. Had the battle there been lost to us, the castle at Warwick would have suffered like its neighbor of Kenilworth ; for the valiant Earl was the fast friend of Cromwell. Lord Brooke, as you remember, was killed by a shot from Lichfield minster, by Dick Dyot, at the hall-door of Walter Noble in the close. His entrance had been watched, and this fatal missive intercepted his return from the representative of the city.

*Marvel.* We could have better spared another brave man. Brooke would never have betrayed us. Now, enough for politics, usually ending hopelessly, often dishonorably, where the sharper keeps the winning card under his ruffle.

You have endured my company as far as Oxford. Few walled cities are less capable of resisting a siege. It is commanded by Shotover Hill, and the Cherwell at a short distance is so narrow, and there are so many trees on its banks, that it might be bridged within sunset and sunrise, unperceived. I am certain that orders were given to abstain from bombarding the town, lest the colleges might suffer.

*Milton.* Cathedrals were also spared, at the urgent instance of the Protector, hateful as was their service to the people at large. Westminster Abbey was under his guardian eye ; and the towers of Windsor were left, for their beauty and their innocence in evil days.

*Marvel.* I wish you could have seen with me those of Warwick, and the more graceful, though less august, of Kenilworth. Their roofs are indeed battered down, and the chambers of the whole edifice are now tenanted by owls and daws. However, the windows are intact. None are so beautiful as they. Had they been inserted in the castle at

Warwick, it would be unequalled in beauty, as its towers are in magnificence.

*Milton.* Rous and Camden, and lately Dugdale, have rendered that country highly interesting. Yet rather would I see the chancel at Stratford than even the tower of Babel, had it been standing, or even the window of the Ark. Wretches so worthless as Dudley could erect the towers of Kenilworth. Who cares about him? What human heart hath he ever warmed or moved? Thousands will throb, age after age, at the very sound of our poet's name.

I might be glad to see these two castles, if sight were vouchsafed me; but neither of them, or any other, so gladly as Ludlow, now (like the more gorgeous of the two) dilapidated.

*Marvel.* I can easily believe it of you. It is an inheritance which you will bequeath to your country. The stones have fallen; but Comus stands above them, a warder who will never lose his office.

*Milton.* We look complacently on our earlier handiwork. The best sculptor might haply be glad to find in a corner some fragment of a clay model on which his fingers were employed before the knuckles were well knitten.

I am not dissatisfied, on the whole, with my "Mask of Comus"; yet there the scholar in his gown stood in the poet's way. I represented a boy talking like a philosopher, when he never could have heard even the name. I have often been too scholastic; yet I never brought Adam and Eve into the trim grove of Academus. It is almost as difficult to avoid faults in poetry as to reach beauties; faults being multitudinous and lying under our feet in that quarter, attainable beauties few and overhead.

Your palfrey did not carry you to Ludlow?

*Marvel.* No, I stopped short; yet I saw Sabrina before she had put her yellow cloak on for the fair at Bristow: I saw her where she met her brighter spouse Avon, fresh from watering the flowers under the chancel at Stratford. Pigheaded knaves have defaced the sacred image it contains. Who knows but in another age they may violate the tomb, fearless of the recorded curse denouncing such a sacrilege.

*Milton.* It grieved me to see places of worship harmed in any sort. In the last century abbeys and convents were demolished, as castles have been in ours. Never shall we or our children see such edifices as the abbeys of Evesham and Malmesbury, and some others. More is remaining of the rites there celebrated, than of the walls under which bows and courtesies were made in bedizened frocks to dolls and candles. Puffy lawn is substituted for gold lace; but palaces and manors stand where they stood. The Church "*mutavit dominos, et cedit in altera jura;*" but milords are milords yet, and lawgivers and offerers up of prayers for the murderers of nations. Glorious Reformation!

Will there never be a sanctuary in every private house? Will there never be a time when every mother will be the priestess of her children and family? Our duties are simple and learned easily. No sunrise but awakens one or other of them into activity and growth. Boys are educated, girls are not; yet girls should be educated first, and taught the most impressively. These slender and graceful columns are not only the ornament, but also the support, of society. Men are the braver for the reverence they bear toward them, and in them do they find their reward. I would that our cathedrals were turned into schoolrooms for the more advanced among the youths in age and study; and I would never grudge the bishops, then masters and ushers, a stipend of three or four hundred pounds a year, with a commodious house and garden for each. I live comfortably within one hundred, and, after my decease, my children will not be reduced to starvation.

*Marvel.* God forbid! but they must not work for their bread?

*Milton.* Verily and indeed must they; and this, O Andrew, is among His other blessings. He taught me the rudiments of my craft; they have learned theirs. Those are happier who work for a family than those who work for a state. The poor have always their Commonwealth: we have lost even the name.

*Marvel.* Our most gracious King will take especial care that the people at large do not run riotous in wealth and be submerged in luxury. Perhaps, in the midst of his necessi-

ties, he may transfer the lawn sleeves to wearers on whom they would be more becoming, and of whom the most modest is a street-walking orange girl.

*Milton.* Charles may properly be called a sapper and miner. He thinks our earlier constitution is just as deserving of overthrow as our later. I know not whether he has sold his regalia: I only know that he has sold his country. What must we think of a king who barters his patrimony for protection, or who recurs to any but his own people for protection? Whenever the weak make an alliance with the strong, they are the strong's dependents. A prudent nation will not permit its ruler to form a marriage with a foreign potentate. There are daughters in England still worthy to wear a crown. A time there was, but it was a distant one, when feuds among the nobility would have exasperated the jealousy of most among them by the King's choice of a wife out of one baronial family. Such danger is now over. The heir to the throne is united to the daughter of a subject,—a subject of mean family and powerless connections.

Such a peerage as is now patched up will never stand between king and people as the old barons did,—mainly, it is true, for their own ends. It grieves me that so many of their castles have been demolished. The ivy hath scarcely yet reached the basement of Ludlow, and its longest eventide shadows fall short of the Severn below them. Cromwell has been called the destroyer of the most magnificent edifices, unjustly: the Puritans were the carriers of this barbarous decree. The same ferocious men would have battered down the cathedrals. Our troopers did, indeed, stable their horses in some of them, ejecting idler and less serviceable cattle; and in several of them monuments were defaced. This was somewhat like tearing out a page from history,—not indeed an important one, yet the deed was wanton mischief. Yet what is this in the sight of wisdom and of our Creator, if we compare it with the bloodshed of thousands, in one place, in one hour? Men march into the field of battle in stately trim and after joyous music, and slay thousands to gratify one,—the only one whom it would be innocent to slay. He who commands them to break God's

image should experience God's vengeance where he has committed the offense. War will never cease, or long subside, while such creatures are permitted to exist. If two men quarrel and fight in the highway, there are many who come up and interpose; can none be found to act likewise in a wider field? Are there to be no restrictions on sturdier disturbers of the peace?

*Marvel.* Here I am quite in accord with you. Every parish should unite and surround and hunt down the marauders, most Christian, Catholic, and Apostolic; cage them, and exhibit them in the market-place.

Italy has been parceled out, bartered, and exchanged. I would treat them as they have treated the Italians, and as we do to other thieves and murderers; I would not draw and quarter them, but rather leave them whole in their deformity. Iron should hold what oaths could not. Italy, formed to be the Eden of the earth, is now torn to pieces by the bear and the monkey. In another age, the beautiful Venice, which has flourished for the greater part of a thousand years (which is longer than any city ever did before), may peradventure be the prey of one barbarian, and be sold to another. Her people, the best governed and the happiest, may be made discontented by some crowned Jack Cade, and then handcuffed by their deliverer.

*Milton.* No Demosthenes is living now.

*Marvel.* While England was England there existed one, — one only; let me grasp his hand.

*Milton.* Prythee, sit down; let me be proud, but never vain. Demosthenes was superlatively *μεγα κυδος Αχαιων.* Cicero was weaker in a weaker cause. He arraigned one powerful plunderer; but he left in his audience no few nearly as criminal. However, let not our admiration of so great a man fall off from him. He lived among and consorted with those, equally well educated as himself, who received a high gratification from the sight of their fellow-creatures torn piecemeal by wild beasts in the amphitheatre. The Romans were never quite civilized or quite humanized. Even at this day, the worship of a mother with an innocent babe, in her arms or at her breast, awakes no tenderness in them: they stab one

another on the church steps as they leave her. The wolf nurtured more than one couple.

*Marvel.* It is remarkable that the Northern nations are less cruel and sanguinary than the Southern. Where the air is keenest, it seems, the religion is purest.

*Milton.* Idleness looks toward easy gods and pardoners for pence. Popery will never flourish in Sweden and Norway, or the gospel be preached openly, or even tolerated, in Rome. The followers of Christ must take refuge in the catacombs, among their elder brethren.

*Marvel.* Fashions change perpetually. I should not wonder if, in the next reign, a slip from the robe of the scarlet lady becomes the general wear, instead of the magpie plumage now fluttering in churches.

*Milton.* There may also be candles on what is called the COMMUNION TABLE by Protestants and ALTAR by Papists, to commemorate the last supper of our Lord. Candles are unnecessary by daylight; and it was by daylight that our blessed Lord broke his last bread with his disciples. The principal meal, which the Romans called CŒNA, was taken before nightfall,—as we may learn from Catullus, Horace, Petronius, and many others. The HALL OF APOLLO, in the house of Lucullus, was not lighted up when Cicero was invited to his table; and no lamp shone down on the guests of Nasidienus.

*Marvel.* Recurring to the Romans, it appears to me that the earlier cooked a dinner as badly as the later a religion. Some of their receipts have been preserved. I would never have taken Apicius into my service at five farthings a day.

*Milton.* Culinary may be called the lowest of the arts; yet men are slow and long in acquiring it. Wild men paint and carve the images of animals long before they have learned to fry an omelet.

I know not what has brought us down into the kitchen.

*Marvel.* The fault must have been mine. We were talking of castles and abbeys and cathedrals, and the lords of them in their several degrees. We began with what is high and have descended to what is low. It is difficult to find "from this lowest depth a lower depth."

*Milton.* "*Raccende il gusto il mutar esca,*" says Ariosto; and the words are very applicable. An imaginary line may be drawn between conversation and dialogue. In conversation, as in the country, variety is pleasant and expected. We look from the ground before us into the remoter, and much of more than one quality lies between. In conversation we ought not to be didactic, in dialogue we may be: Galileo has done it. There are other authorities; but none so great.

I must now come back homeward from Italy.

If in the next or any remoter age our country should produce a sound historian, who holds up his head above his party and sees clearly and widely, will he be believed when he records what we have witnessed within the last few years? It will be called a traveler's STORY. Already a STORY is become a synonym for a LIE. Herodotus, the most instructive of historians, when he relates a marvelous tale of some occurrence in a far country, gives it us as a report: how will our forthcoming writers manage what shall have fallen into their hands from their father's, the eyewitness? Will they believe that a drop of Saxon blood is in their veins?

*Marvel.* Now you are speaking of history, let me express a wish that you had leisure or inclination to continue that which you began. Our own times do, indeed, seem as fabulous as the earlier. Did it never occur to you that many of us partake of the Roman? That, although the legions had left Britain, many of the inhabitants, and especially the settlers on the coast, descended from the invader?

*Milton.* Doubtless in three centuries there must have been a large intermixture of the races. London was somewhat of a mercantile city, and indeed an emporium, long before its occupation by the Romans. Tyre sent her merchants to the south of Ireland, and probably to the south of Britain,—certainly to the west. An oyster was a bait to a Roman; the rocks about our island were covered with them, while those on the Italian were scarce and worthless. Certainly, few merchants would abandon their habitations when the legionaries left the land. Their ships were manned by the hardy sailors of the North; and the capital (as

we call it) invested in them belonged in great measure to settlers from abroad, principally Roman, where it was safer than in their own city, where imperial purple was the merchandise, soldiers the salesmen and auctioneers.

We are a miscellaneous volume, the leaves well sewed together,— Roman, Norwegian, Dane, Saxon, chapter after chapter.

*Marvel.* It seems to me likely that, when the Roman military were recalled, they were prohibited from their usual rapine, and the wealthier townsmen took refuge in their ships. Many, if not most of these, were of half-breed. In Warwickshire, I saw a lock of black hair which had been taken from a tomb containing the bones of a Norman, buried in it within half a century of the invasion. There could scarcely have been time for an intermixture of Neustrian and Saxon. The Jutlanders and other Northerns were chiefly the crews of the wealthy Neustrian merchants, and soon were joined by their landsmen, who made several descents and occupied at last the whole country.

*Milton.* Here is likelihood without record ; for the bowmen and swordsmen were no penmen. At the Conquest there were flocks of them. Ravens find food after battles. It is worthy of a thought and a reflection that a lock of hair, such as what you mention, should remain unchanged in color and substance when body, bones, and brains had become earth. Thus it often happens that the vile outlasts the valuable ; and what is shorn off and thrown away is gathered up and treasured. Gentlemen are usually proud of Norman origin : none can prove unbroken in three generations ; Dane and Saxon are interlopers. The absurd pretenders would go up higher if they knew how, and would thank you if you told and persuaded them that they quite as certainly had some particle of the Roman in them after so many crosses. The Northmen were as valiant as the Romans, and greatly more capable of true civilization. They never sent into the arena the bravest men to be devoured by wild beasts or to slaughter one another, as the most civilized of the Romans did, age after age. They worshiped false gods : what people has not? And how few are there who do not even now? But their

priests were not hucksters of souls, nor covered sins with wafers. They never called their hearers SHEEP, and fleeced them as if they were. They never taught their fellow-men that it was a duty or a privilege to kiss their toes, or that the seat was holy which they had squatted on. As they could not write, they could not forge wills had they been so minded.

*Marvel.* I dare not follow where chemists are so expert in pharmacy. Even our own country bears hemlock and hensbane. We may walk more safely among the sticklers for antiquity of lineage, who probably have never learned by heart the verse of that poet who, with all his levity, has more unobtrusively sage verses than any, be he Roman or Athenian : —

> "*Genus et proavos et quæ non fecimus ipsi*
> *Vix ea nostra voco.*"

Ulysses is here represented as the speaker, characteristically and worthily.

*Milton.* We are all of the earth, earthy. They who are proud of family antiquity ought to be ashamed of beating a dog, who, we are certified, is of older creation. Probably the worms are of older still. Happily they are deaf and dumb; if they had ears and tongues, they would never so misapply them as we often do. We shall soon lie in the midst of them as quiet and mute as they are. We cause the bloodshed one of another, and often go far a-field to chase the unoffending. The greediest worms are guiltless of the like: they only exact what is their inheritance; we must pay them the debt we owe them; let it be unreluctantly!

## MARY AND BOTHWELL

*MARY.* Bothwell! Bothwell! what would you have? I can hardly believe my senses. It was wrong, it was very wrong indeed, to commit such an outrage. You forget my condition, my station, and what you owe me,— the allegiance, the duty —

*Bothwell.* Nay, nay, my gracious Queen! I thought of nothing else all our ride. What a sweet, fresh color it has given my royal mistress! Oh, could the ugly Elizabeth but see it, I should hail you Queen of England the next hour!

*Mary.* How dare you call my cousin ugly? and to my face! And do you think she would give the crown of England to look at me? O you silly man! But what can you mean?

*Bothwell.* I mean, she would burst and crack at it, like a dry and gnarly log of mountain-ash on a Christmas hearth.

*Mary.* At me? at my color? I cannot help laughing at your absurdity, most wicked, flattering, deceiving creature!

*Bothwell.* I flatter! I deceive! I never try to do what I am likely to fail in: here I must; here all must.

*Mary.* I wish you had, indeed, failed altogether.

*Bothwell.* So, then, my royal dove, I did not quite?

*Mary.* Impudent man! go away.

Ah, Bothwell! you are now a traitor after this. They would treat you like one. The laws call it abduction,—and God knows what beside.

*Bothwell.* Treat me like a traitor! — me! — the truest man among them! Yea, if I would let them, and this fair hand could sign it.

*Mary.* O Heaven! do not talk so; you make me very sad. I will never be so cruel to you as you have been to me.

*Bothwell.* The laws too; the laws, forsooth! Neither in our country, nor in any other, do the laws touch any thing higher than the collar of the most diminutive thief; and a lawyer is always at hand to change his coat and character with him for a groat.

*Mary.* With what derision and scorn you speak of laws and lawyers! You little know how vindictive they are.

*Bothwell.* Faith! we are not well acquainted; but I know enough of them to know that.

*Mary.* Are not you afraid?

*Bothwell.* I tremble in the presence of majesty and beauty. Where they are, there lies my law. I do confess

I am afraid, and hugely; for I feel hard knockings (there must surely be all the pandects) where my heart was lately.

*Mary.* You never had any heart, or you would not have treated me in this manner.

*Bothwell.* You shall want nothing with me: you shall never pine after the past.

*Mary.* Ah, but! — ah, but! — indeed, indeed, good Bothwell! he was very handsome; and you must acknowledge it. If he had only been less cross and jealous and wayward and childish —

*Bothwell.* Too childish by half for you, fair lady! and he was all those other little things besides.

*Mary.* What is over is over! God forgive you, bad man! Sinner! serpent! it was all you. And you dare smile! Shame upon you, varlet! Yes; now you look as you should do. Nobody ought to be more contrite. You may speak again, if you will only speak to the purpose. Come; no wicked thoughts! I mean if you will speak reasonably. But you really are a very, very wicked man, indeed.

*Bothwell.* Happy the man who hears those blessed words! They grow but on soft sweet lips, fresh pouting from ardent pressure.

*Mary.* If you presume to talk so, I will kill myself. Are you not ashamed?

*Bothwell.* My blushes quite consume me; I feel my hair crackle on my head; my beard would burn my fingers.

*Mary.* I will not laugh, sirrah!

*Bothwell.* No, my most gracious lady: in mercy stop half way! That smile is quite sufficient.

*Mary.* Do you fancy I am capable of smiling? I am quite serious. You have carried me away, and now you have nothing to do but to take me back again.

*Bothwell.* It would be dangerous: you have too many enemies.

*Mary.* I do not mind them while you are with me. Am I wild? You have frightened me so I scarcely know what I say.

*Bothwell.* A part of your understanding, most gracious lady, seems at last to have fallen on me.

*Mary.* Whither now would you carry me? You know it is quite against my will,—absolute, downright force.

*Bothwell.* Pardon, sweet lady! pardon my excess of zeal and devotion, my unutterable—

*Mary.* What?

*Bothwell.* Love.

*Mary.* A subject's is loyalty. Love, indeed!

*Bothwell.* Let me perish, but not against an iceberg.

*Mary.* Ah, bold, cruel man! this is scoffing. Does it end so?

*Bothwell.* Nay, never let it end so; never let it end at all: let one thing under heaven be eternal.

*Mary.* As if I, so helpless a creature, could order it.

*Bothwell.* What have the Powers above denied you?

*Mary.* Happiness, innocence, peace. No, they did not deny them. Bothwell! Bothwell! they were mine,—were they not?

*Bothwell.* And good things they are, no doubt; but there are other good things beside: all which you possess, and these too. These should not always be shut up in the casket. Where there are peace and happiness, there is sure to be innocence; for what else can any one wish? But those who can bring them into the hearts of others, and will not, I never will call innocent. I do not remember that any living person has entreated me, and met with a refusal.

*Mary.* Ah! such men may be beloved, but cannot love. What is that to me? It is unbecoming in me to reason with a profligate, or to listen any longer. You have often run, then, into such courses?

*Bothwell.* Alas! from my youth upward I have always been liable to these paroxysms.

*Mary.* For shame! I do not understand a single word of what you are saying. Again, I ask you, and I insist upon an answer, whither are you conducting me?

*Bothwell.* To freedom, to safety, to the protection of a dutiful subject, to the burning heart of a gallant man.

*Mary.* I am frightened out of my senses at the mere mention of any such things. What can you possibly mean? I never knew the like. I will not hear of it, you rebel! And you dare already—

*Bothwell.* Do you look so sternly on me, when you yourself have reduced me to this extremity? And now, worse! worse! do you deprive me of the last breath, by turning away from me those eyes,—the bright, unerring stars of my destiny?

*Mary.* If they had any power (but they have none!) I would strike you almost dead with them for that audacity. Again? O madman! madman! madman!

*Bothwell.* To mistake the lips for the hand,—hallucination!

*Mary.* Now, if you should (and you must!) be overtaken?

*Bothwell.* You would deliver me up to death and ignominy?

*Mary.* Our pure religion teaches us forgiveness.

*Bothwell.*

> Then by my troth is it pure and bright
> As a pewter plate on a Saturday night.

Here is a stave of my own to its honor and glory.

*Mary.* You sing too?

*Bothwell.* Yes; but I am no tenor.

*Mary* (*aside*). Ah, sweet soul! thou* wert gentle, fond, and faithful!

*Bothwell* (*catching the last word*). Capital for the faithful; and, moreover, it is the cleverest and rarest religion in the world. Few, even of the adventurously pious, so far interfere with the attributes of the Almighty as to take pardon into their own hands,—unless for offenses against others. There indeed they find as little difficulty in practicing as in preaching.

*Mary.* I am quite edified at seeing you grow so serious. I once heard that you had abandoned the religion of your ancestors.

*Bothwell.* I did not abandon it: it dropped off me unaware. Now to prove my constancy, I never would take another. It is hard that a man like me should be accused of irreligion. They may do anything with me they like, if they will only let me be quiet. I am long suffering: I never preach again.

* Thinking of Rizzio.

*Mary.* Well, at least you have not fallen into heresy: you are not malignant?

*Bothwell.* By Jupiter! no; neither the one nor the other. Sweet, gracious lady! how could you suspect me?

*Mary.* Because you men are so violent and so fond of change. You will never hear reason; you will never do your duty.

*Bothwell.* By the stars above! I will do mine before I ever presume to pray again.

*Mary.* And so, you dare to swear and laugh in my presence! I do really think, Bothwell, you are one of the most impudent men I ever met withal.

*Bothwell.* Ah, my beloved lady!—

*Mary.* Stop, stop! I shall not let you say that.

*Bothwell.* My most gracious Queen and mistress!

*Mary.* You are now, I believe, within the rules and regulations; that is, if you would not look up to me in such a very odd way. Modest men always look down on the eyelashes, not between them.

*Bothwell.* Happy the modest men, if they do.

*Mary.* There! now you look exactly as you should always.

*Bothwell.* Faint as I am, and sinking betwixt fear and love, I feel that, by thus taking my hand, your Highness in part forgives and entirely pities the most unfortunate of your servants. For, surely, he is the most unfortunate, who, having ventured the most to serve you, has given you thereby the most offense. I do not say I hazarded my freedom; it was lost when I first beheld you: I do not say I hazarded my life; I had none until to-day: and who dares touch it on the altar where I devote it? Lady, vouchsafe to hear me!

*Mary.* What a rough hand you have, Bothwell! what a heavy one! and (holy Virgin!) what a vastly broad one! it would cover I don't know what. And what a briery bower of hair overarching it! Curious! it is quite red all over,—everywhere but where there is this long scar, and these two ugly warts. Do I hurt you?

*Bothwell.* My heart and every fibre feel it, but can well bear it.

*Mary.* How much whiter the back of the hand is, for a moment, by just passing two fingers over it! — look! But, really, warts are frightful things; and scars not much better. And yet there are silly girls, who, when they have nothing else to think about, could kiss them.

*Bothwell.* Ay, ay; but be girls as silly as they will, I never let them play such idle tricks with me.

*Mary.* I am glad to hear it. I fancied you had said something very different: you must not joke; it vexes me.

*Bothwell.* The warts will vanish under the royal touch. As for the scar, I would not lose the scar for the crown of Scotland, in defense whereof I fairly won it.

*Mary.* Oh! you are a very brave man, but a very bold one.

*Bothwell.* Illiterate and ignorant as I am, I would gladly learn from the best informed and most intellectual of God's creatures, where lies the difference.

*Mary.* I don't know, I don't know. I am quite bewildered. Move your hand off my knee. Do not lay your cheek there, sir!

O Bothwell! I am tired to death. Take me back! oh, take me back! Pray do! if you have any pity.

*Bothwell.* Would your Highness be pleased to repose awhile, and remain by yourself in a chamber upstairs?

*Mary.* I think it might do me good.

*Bothwell.* May I order the trustiest of the handmaidens to attend your Highness?

*Mary.* You may. Go, go; I thought I desired you before not to look up at me in that manner. Thank you, gentle Bothwell! I did not speak too harshly, did I? If I did, you may kiss my hand.

*Bothwell.* If this scar and these warts (which are fast disappearing, I perceive) are become less frightful to your Highness, might the humblest of your servitors crave permission to conduct your Highness nigh unto the chamber door?

*Mary.* Ah me! where are my own women? where are my ushers?

*Bothwell.* Your Highness, in all your wrongs and straits, has the appointment of one supernumerary.

*Mary.* Be it so: I cannot help myself, as you know; and the blame is all yours.

*Bothwell.* When your Highness is ready to receive the services of the handmaiden, how may it please your Highness that she shall know it?

*Mary.* Let her tap twice with her knuckles: I can open the door myself,—or she may.

*Bothwell.* My Queen's most gracious commands shall be duly executed.

## BONAPARTE AND THE PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE

*PRESIDENT.* Sire, while the car of Victory is awhile suspended in its course, and mothers are embracing those pledges of affection which a frightful Revolution hath spared to their maternity, happy France is devising, under the auspices of her immortal hero, new pangs and afflictions for the tyrants of the ocean. The radiant star that shone upon your Majesty's nativity throws a lustre that eclipses the polar. It embellishes our soil, and renders it fruitful in all those resources of industry which will forever keep it independent of distant and less happy climates. The beet root, indigenous plant, satisfied all the wishes of a nation at once the most elegant and luxurious. "Frenchmen, I am contented with you," said her tutelary Genius: yes, your Majesty said it. Suddenly a thousand voices cry, "Let us make fresh sacrifices: we have wished; it is not enough; we will do more."

Ardent to fulfill their duties, and waiting but to be instructed how, the brave youth, and those whose gray hairs are so honorable, implore that paternal wisdom which never will cease to watch over them, that they may receive those august commands which will accomplish their destinies.

The enemy no longer pollutes our soil: France recovers her attitude. Your Majesty wishes no new provinces: greater triumphs, wider dominion, to the successor of Charlemagne and of Trajan! That mighty mind, to bless

a beloved and grateful people, shall make the animal kingdom confederate with the vegetable. Such are his conquests: the only ones that remain for him to achieve.

From the calm of their retreats the sages of France step forth,—and behold the decree which your Majesty had already uttered at the bottom of their hearts.

*Bonaparte.* Read it, and make haste.

*President.* "To put our implacable enemies to confusion; to drive proud Albion to despair; to abolish the feudal system; to wither for ever the iron arm of despotism; and to produce, or rather to place within the reach of all your Majesty's subjects, those luxuries which a long war, excited by the cupidity of the monopolizing islanders, seemed to have interdicted to our policy, and which our discretion taught us manfully to resign, it is proposed that every regiment in the French service be subjected to a mild and beneficent diabetes. Our chemists and physicians, ever laboring for the public good, have discovered that this disposition of the body, which if improperly managed might become a disease, is attended with the most useful results, and produces a large quantity of saccharine matter.

"The process was pointed out by Nature herself in the person of your Majesty, and of several of the grand dignitaries of the Empire, when the barbarians of the North flew from their capital, which they reduced to ashes, and threw themselves in consternation on the Vistula, the Oder, and the Elbe, to the very shores of the Cimbrian Chersonese."

*Bonaparte.* Strike out that foolery. Now start again.

*President.* "I therefore have the honor of submitting to your Majesty, that the sugar, the produce of this simple operation, be made subsidiary to that of the beet root in the proportion of one-third; and that this lively and long-desired sugar, so salutary to man from its prior relationship with his constituents principles, and so eager for its reunion, be the only sugar used in the French Empire and among the good and faithful allies of your Majesty: and further, that, after the expiration of fourteen years, every Power in amity with France may fabricate it within its own territory.

"His Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, and Mediator of Switzerland, was graciously pleased to make the following reply." May it please your Majesty to dictate one?

*Bonaparte.* Write.

"Sir, President of my Senate, I am content with you. My Minister of the Interior shall be charged to carry your proposition into effect."

And now you are here, you may lay your heads together and prepare an address to me on the birth of my son, the King of Rome. President! why do you lift up your shoulders?

*President.* May it please your Imperial Majesty, the glorious prince, whom France and the whole world sighs for, is unborn.

*Bonaparte.* What the devil is that to you? He will be born within a day or two, or at most a week, and I may not have leisure or inclination to send after you again. Write down my words.

"The star which, on the day of my birth, promised me a son, accomplishes its promise. The King of Rome descends on earth, already the defender of monarchy and religion."

Have you written, monsieur, what follows?

*President.* Yes, Sire; although imperfectly.

"France, to commemorate the event, will aggravate on some future day the grief and malignity of proud Albion, seizing in her despite the noblest monument she left behind in Egypt. That pyramid from which forty ages spoke to your Majesty the purest French in destined to stand at the bottom of your staircase at the Tuileries, and to bear on its summit the plumed hat of your adorable infant."

*Bonaparte.* The sentiment is truly French.

*President.* "Memnon shall resound the name to his satellite the Odeon."

*Bonaparte.* Bravo!

*President.* "And every department of the empire shall respond to the annunciation."

*Bonaparte.* Sounding and sensible: but you have fallen from Memnon. Make a dash again at England.

*President.* "Too long has France permitted the frightful chariot of Juggernaut, driven by relentless Albion, to crush the children of India. Her eagle has one more flight, only one more, to make. From the summit of that pyramid she shall cover with her wing the Thames, the Hydaspes, the Indus, and the Ganges, protecting the innocent and tearing the proud to pieces. No longer shall monopoly, with feudality in her train" —

*Bonaparte.* Stop there; alter that; reverse the order: feudality comes first.

*President.* —"Contract and poison the sources of existence. The laborer shall prune his vine unmolested in the happy plains of Cashemir; and Beauty, the child of France, shall deign to accept her graceful shawl, earnest of gratitude and good-will. The Georgians and Circassians, now groaning under the odious yoke of England"—

*Bonaparte.* Of Russia, I think, or Turkey. But let that pass: my good people will never find it out.

*President.* —"Shall throw it off their necks at the approach of the first French soldier; and Phasis and Choäspes and Liffy shall roll their golden sands to the feet of their deliverer. To accomplish in one campaign these high destinies, a son, worthy of his august genitor, in happy hour is born to your Majesty. Egypt, from whom your star removed you, Sire, lies desolate. The palace of the Pharaohs, the Alexanders, and the Ptolemies, flew open in vain at the distant sound of your foot. Never more shall it rejoice in your presence; but your legions, under their young Alcides, already invincible by his father's name, shall carry him thither on their conglomerated arms, to solemnize the banquet of Victory.

"Resound, O Memnon, thy prelude to that morning star, to which the brightened countenances of all nations are uplifted! Take thy station, O Pyramid, at the bottom of a staircase which a hundred kings have mounted and descended, but only one great man!"

*Bonaparte.* President! take some lemonade.

An instructive volume might be composed of the speeches made to Bonaparte and Louis XVIII. The adulation here falls short of

that presented to Charles X., by M. le Comte de Sèize, President of the Court of Cassation. « *Tous les Bourbons se ressemblent: ils sont tous de dignes descendans de St. Louis et de Henri IV. Ce sont toujours les mêmes vertus, la même foi, la même clémence, le même amour pour le peuple, le même désir de concilier les libertés publiques et les droits sacrés du trône.*» There is only one truth in all this, but it is too much of one: « *Tous les Bourbons se ressemblent.*» The eulogy was delivered in the reign of Ferdinand VII. of Spain and Ferdinand IV. of Naples.

## QUEEN ELIZABETH AND CECIL

*ELIZABETH.* I advise thee again, churlish Cecil, how that our Edmund Spenser, whom thou callest most uncourteously a whining whelp, hath good and solid reason for his complaint. God's blood! shall the lady that tieth my garter and shuffles the smock over my head, or the lord that steadieth my chair's back while I eat, or the other that looketh to my buckhounds lest they be mangy, be holden by me in higher esteem and estate than he who hath placed me among the bravest of past times, and will as safely and surely set me down among the loveliest in the future?

*Cecil.* Your Highness must remember he carouseth fully for such deserts: fifty pounds a year of unclipped moneys, and a butt of canary wine; not to mention three thousand acres in Ireland, worth fairly another fifty and another butt, in seasonable and quiet years.

*Elizabeth.* The moneys are not enough to sustain a pair of grooms and a pair of palfreys, and more wine hath been drunken in my presence at a feast. The moneys are given to such men, that they may not incline nor be obligated to any vile or lowly occupation; and the canary, that they may entertain such promising wits as court their company and converse; and that in such manner there may be alway in our land a succession of these heirs unto fame. He hath written, not indeed with his wonted fancifullness, nor in learned and majestical language, but in homely and rustic wise, some verses which have moved me, and haply the

more inasmuch as they demonstrate to me that his genius hath been dampened by his adversities. Read them.

*Cecil.*

«How much is lost when neither heart nor eye
Rosewinged Desire or fabling Hope deceives;
When boyhood with quick throb hath ceased to spy
The dubious apple in the yellow leaves;

«When, rising from the turf where youth reposed,
We find but deserts in the far-sought shore;
When the huge book of Fairy-land lies closed,
And those strong brazen clasps will yield no more.»

*Elizabeth.* The said Edmund hath also furnished unto the weaver at Arras, John Blanquieres, on my account, a description for some of his cunningest wenches to work at, supplied by mine own self, indeed, as far as the subject-matter goes, but set forth by him with figures and fancies, and daintily enough bedecked. I could have wished he had thereunto joined a fair comparison between Dian — no matter — he might perhaps have fared the better for it; but poets' wits, — God help them! — when did they ever sit close about them? Read the poesy, not overrich, and concluding very awkwardly and meanly.

*Cecil.*

«Where forms the lotus, with its level leaves
And solid blossoms, many floating isles,
What heavenly radiance swift descending cleaves
The darksome wave! Unwonted beauty smiles.

«On its pure bosom, on each bright-eyed flower,
On every nymph, and twenty sate around.
Lo! 'twas Diana — from the sultry hour
Hither she fled, nor fear'd the sight or sound.

«Unhappy youth, whom thirst and quiver-reeds
Drew to these haunts, whom awe forbade to fly!
Three faithful dogs before him rais'd their heads,
And watched and wonder'd at that fixèd eye.

«Forth sprang his favorite — with her arrow-hand,
Too late the goddess hid what hand may hide,
Of every nymph and every reed complain'd,
And dashed upon the bank the waters wide.

"On the prone head and sandal'd feet they flew —
Lo! slender hoofs and branching horns appear!
The last marr'd voice not e'en the favorite knew,
But bay'd and fasten'd on the upbraiding deer.

"Far be, chaste goddess, far from me and mine
The stream that tempts thee in the summer noon!
Alas that vengeance dwells with charms divine — "

*Elizabeth.* Pshaw! give me the paper: I forewarned thee how it ended,— pitifully, pitifully.

*Cecil.* I cannot think otherwise than that the undertaker of the aforecited poesy hath chosen your Highness; for I have seen painted — I know not where, but I think no farther off than Putney — the identically same Dian, with full as many nymphs, as he calls them, and more dogs. So small a matter as a page of poesy shall never stir my choler nor twitch my purse-string.

*Elizabeth.* I have read in Plinius and Mela of a runlet near Dodona, which kindled by approximation an unlighted torch, and extinguished a lighted one. Now, Cecil, I desire no such jetty to be celebrated as the decoration of my court: in simpler words, which your gravity may more easily understand, I would not from the fountain of honor give lustre to the dull and ignorant, deadening and leaving in its tomb the lamp of literature and genius. I ardently wish my reign to be remembered: if my actions were different from what they are, I should as ardently wish it to be forgotten. Those are the worst of suicides, who voluntarily and propensely stab or suffocate their fame, when God hath commanded them to stand on high for an example. We call him parricide who destroys the author of his existence: tell me, what shall we call him who casts forth to the dogs and birds of prey its most faithful propagator and most firm support? Mark me, I do not speak of that existence which the proudest must close in a ditch,— the narrowest, too, of ditches and the soonest filled and fouled, and whereunto a pinch of ratsbane or a poppyhead may bend him; but of that which reposes on our own good deeds, carefully picked up, skillfully put together, and decorously laid out for us by another's kind understanding: I speak of an existence such as no father is author of, or

provides for. The parent gives us few days and sorrowful; the poet, many and glorious: the one (supposing him discreet and kindly) best reproves our faults; the other best remunerates our virtues.

A page of poesy is a little matter: be it so; but of a truth I do tell thee, Cecil, it shall master full many a bold heart that the Spaniard cannot trouble; it shall win to it full many a proud and flighty one that even chivalry and manly comeliness cannot touch. I may shake titles and dignities by the dozen from my breakfast board; but I may not save those upon whose heads I shake them from rottenness and oblivion. This year they and their sovereign dwell together; next year, they and their beagle. Both have names, but names perishable. The keeper of my privy seal is an earl: what then? the keeper of my poultry yard is a Cæsar. In honest truth, a name given to a man is no better than a skin given to him: what is not natively his own falls off and comes to nothing.

I desire in future to hear no contempt of penmen, unless a depraved use of the pen shall have so cramped them as to incapacitate them for the sword and for the council chamber. If Alexander was the Great, what was Aristoteles who made him so, and taught him every art and science he knew, except three,— those of drinking, of blaspheming, and of murdering his bosom friends? Come along: I will bring thee back again nearer home. Thou mightest toss and tumble in thy bed many nights, and never eke out the substance of a stanza; but Edmund, if perchance I should call upon him for his counsel, would give me as wholesome and prudent as any of you. We should indemnify such men for the injustice we do unto them in not calling them about us, and for the mortification they must suffer at seeing their inferiors set before them. Edmund is grave and gentle: he complains of fortune, not of Elizabeth; of courts, not of Cecil. I am resolved,— so help me, God! — he shall have no further cause for his repining. Go, convey unto him those twelve silver spoons, with the apostles on them, gloriously gilded; and deliver into his hand these twelve large golden pieces, sufficing for the yearly maintenance of another horse and groom. Beside which, set open before

him with due reverence this Bible, wherein he may read the mercies of God toward those who waited in patience for his blessing; and this pair of crimson silk hose, which thou knowest I have worn only thirteen months, taking heed that the heel-piece be put into good and sufficient restoration, at my sole charges, by the Italian woman nigh the pollard elm at Charing-cross.

## JOHN OF GAUNT AND JOANNA OF KENT

*JOANNA.* How is this, my cousin,* that you are besieged in your own house, by the citizens of London? I thought you were their idol.

*Gaunt.* If their idol, madam, I am one which they may tread on as they list when down; but which, by my soul and knighthood! the ten best battle-axes among them shall find it hard work to unshrine.

Pardon me: I have no right perhaps to take or touch this hand; yet, my sister, bricks and stones and arrows are not presents fit for you. Let me conduct you some paces hence.

*Joanna.* I will speak to those below in the street. Quit my hand: they shall obey me.

*Gaunt.* If you intend to order my death, madam, your guards who have entered my court, and whose spurs and halberts I hear upon the staircase, may overpower my domestics; and, seeing no such escape as becomes my dignity, I submit to you. Behold my sword at your feet! Some formalities, I trust, will be used in the proceedings against me. Entitle me, in my attainder, not John of Gaunt, not Duke of Lancaster, not King of Castile; nor commemorate my father, the most glorious of princes, the

*Joanna, called the Fair Maid of Kent, was cousin of the Black Prince, whom she married. John of Gaunt was suspected of aiming at the crown in the beginning of Richard's minority, which, increasing the hatred of the people against him for favoring the sect of Wickliffe, excited them to demolish his house and demand his impeachment.

vanquisher and pardoner of the most powerful; nor style me, what those who loved or who flattered me did when I was happier, cousin to the Fair Maid of Kent. Joanna, those days are over! But no enemy, no law, no eternity can take away from me, or move further off, my affinity in blood to the conqueror in the field of Crecy, of Poitiers, and Najora. Edward was my brother when he was but your cousin; and the edge of my shield has clinked on his in many a battle. Yes, we were ever near,—if not in worth, in danger.

*Joanna.* Attainder! God avert it! Duke of Lancaster, what dark thought—alas! that the Regency should have known it! I came hither, sir, for no such purpose as to ensnare or incriminate or alarm you.

These weeds might surely have protected me from the fresh tears you have drawn forth.

*Gaunt.* Sister, be comforted! this visor, too, has felt them.

*Joanna.* O my Edward! my own so lately! Thy memory—thy beloved image—which never hath abandoned me, makes me bold: I dare not say "generous"; for in saying it I should cease to be so,—and who could be called generous by the side of thee? I will rescue from perdition the enemy of my son.

Cousin, you loved your brother. Love, then, what was dearer to him than his life; protect what he, valiant as you have seen him, cannot! The father, who foiled so many, hath left no enemies; the innocent child, who can injure no one, finds them!

Why have you unlaced and laid aside your visor? Do not expose your body to those missiles. Hold your shield before yourself, and step aside. I need it not. I am resolved—

*Gaunt.* On what, my cousin? Speak, and, by the Lord! it shall be done. This breast is your shield; this arm is mine.

*Joanna.* Heavens! who could have hurled those masses of stone from below? they stunned me. Did they descend all of them together; or did they split into fragments on hitting the pavement?

*Gaunt.* Truly, I was not looking that way: they came, I must believe, while you were speaking.

*Joanna.* Aside, aside! further back! disregard ME! Look! that last arrow sticks half its head deep in the wainscot. It shook so violently I did not see the feather at first.

No, no, Lancaster! I will not permit it. Take your shield up again; and keep it all before you. Now step aside: I am resolved to prove whether the people will hear me.

*Gaunt.* Then, madam, by your leave—

*Joanna.* Hold! forbear! Come hither! hither,—not forward.

*Gaunt.* Villains! take back to your kitchens those spits and skewers that you forsooth would fain call swords and arrows; and keep your bricks and stones for your graves!

*Joanna.* Imprudent man! who can save you? I shall be frightened: I must speak at once.

O good kind people! ye who so greatly loved me, when I am sure I had done nothing to deserve it, have I (unhappy me!) no merit with you now, when I would assuage your anger, protect your fair fame, and send you home contented with yourselves and me? Who is he, worthy citizens. whom ye would drag to slaughter?

True, indeed, he did revile some one. Neither I nor you can say whom,—some feaster and rioter, it seems, who had little right (he thought) to carry sword or bow, and who, to show it, hath slunk away. And then another raised his anger: he was indignant that, under his roof, a woman should be exposed to stoning. Which of you would not be as choleric in a like affront? In the house of which among you, should I not be protected as resolutely?

No, no: I never can believe those angry cries. Let none ever tell me again he is the enemy of my son, of his king, your darling child, Richard. Are your fears more lively than a poor weak female's? than a mother's? yours, whom he hath so often led to victory, and praised to his father, naming each—he, John of Gaunt, the defender of the helpless, the comforter of the desolate, the rallying signal of the desperately brave!

Retire, Duke of Lancaster! This is no time—

*Gaunt.* Madam, I obey; but not through terror of that puddle at the house door, which my handful of dust would dry up. Deign to command me!

*Joanna.* In the name of my son, then, retire!

*Gaunt.* Angelic goodness! I must fairly win it.

*Joanna.* I think I know his voice that crieth out, "Who will answer for him?" An honest and loyal man's, one who would counsel and save me in any difficulty and danger. With what pleasure and satisfaction, with what perfect joy and confidence, do I answer our right-trusty and well-judging friend!

"Let Lancaster bring his sureties," say you, "and we separate." A moment yet before we separate; if I might delay you so long, to receive your sanction of those sureties: for, in such grave matters, it would ill become us to be overhasty. I could bring fifty, I could bring a hundred, not from among soldiers, not from among courtiers; but selected from yourselves, were it equitable and fair to show such partialities, or decorous in the parent and guardian of a king to offer any other than herself.

Raised by the hand of the Almighty from amid you, but still one of you, if the mother of a family is a part of it, here I stand surety for John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, for his loyalty and allegiance.

*Gaunt* (*running toward Joanna*). Are the rioters, then, bursting into the chamber through the windows?

*Joanna.* The windows and doors of this solid edifice rattled and shook at the people's acclamation. My word is given for you: this was theirs in return. Lancaster! what a voice have the people when they speak out! It shakes me with astonishment, almost with consternation, while it establishes the throne: what must it be when it is lifted up in vengeance!

*Gaunt.* Wind; vapor—

*Joanna.* Which none can wield nor hold. Need I say this to my cousin of Lancaster?

*Gaunt.* Rather say, madam, that there is always one star above which can tranquilize and control them.

*Joanna.* Go, cousin! another time more sincerity!

*Gaunt.* You have this day saved my life from the people; for I now see my danger better, when it is no longer close before me. My Christ! if ever I forget —

*Joanna.* Swear not: every man in England hath sworn what you would swear. But if you abandon my Richard, my brave and beautiful child, may — Oh! I could never curse, nor wish an evil; but, if you desert him in the hour of need, you will think of those who have not deserted you, and your own great heart will lie heavy on you, Lancaster!

Am I graver than I ought to be, that you look dejected? Come, then, gentle cousin, lead me to my horse, and accompany me home. Richard will embrace us tenderly. Every one is dear to every other upon rising out fresh from peril; affectionately then will he look, sweet boy, upon his mother and his uncle! Never mind how many questions he may ask you, nor how strange ones. His only displeasure, if he has any, will be that he stood not against the rioters or among them.

*Gaunt.* Older than he have been as fond of mischief, and as fickle in the choice of a party.

I shall tell him that, coming to blows, the assailant is often in the right; that the assailed is always.

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